THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Apr. '83 $1.75

MAR 1 1983

CBN's Big Ben Kinchlow

Southern Baptists

Ross Perot: Computer Commando

Premenstrual Syndrome

Alexander Botts

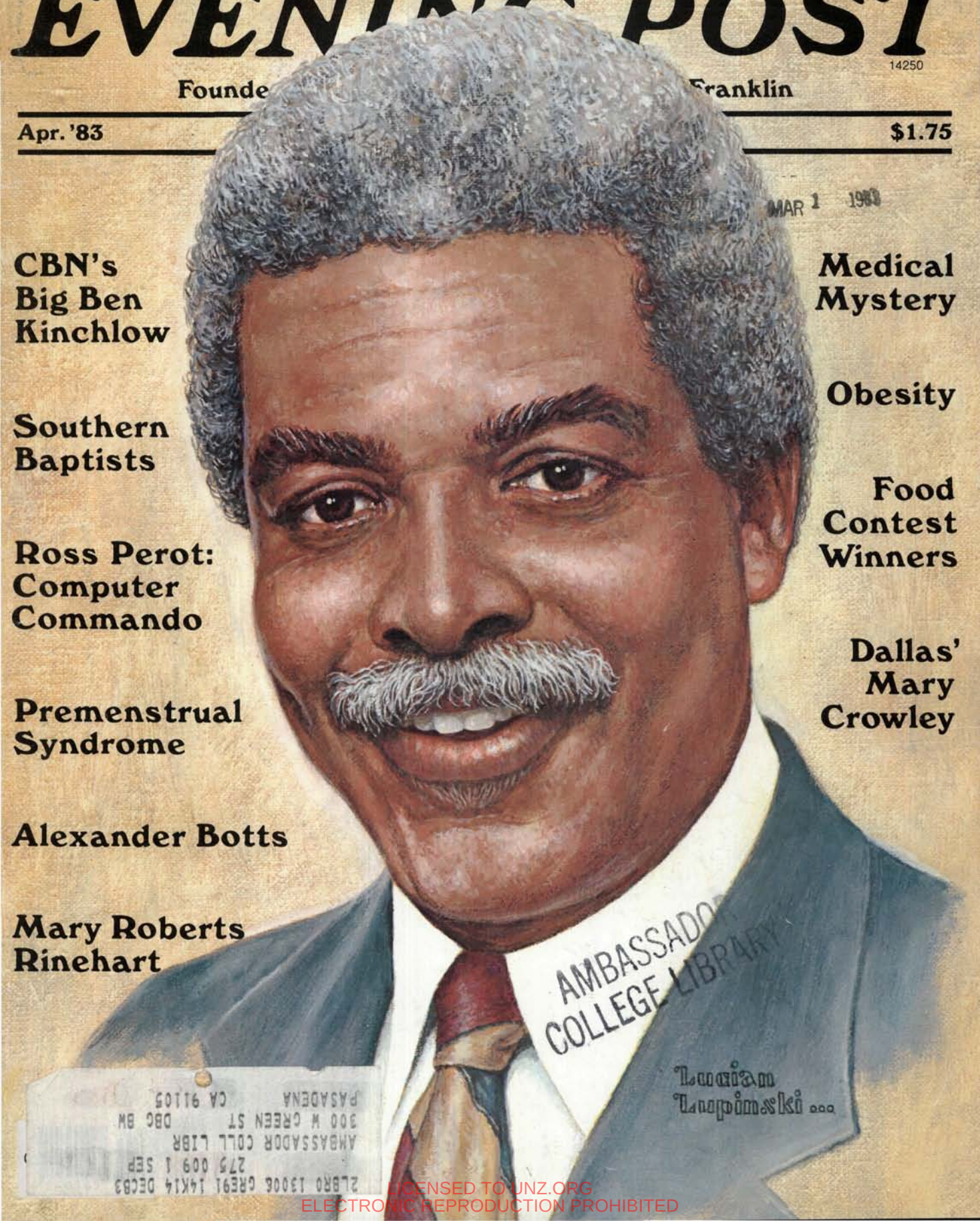
Mary Roberts Rinehart

Medical Mystery

Obesity

Food Contest Winners

Dallas' Mary Crowley



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GREAT AIRCRAFT OF HISTORY

Sopwith Camel shown actual size.

A collection of authentic hand-crafted pewter scale replicas of twelve legendary aircraft.

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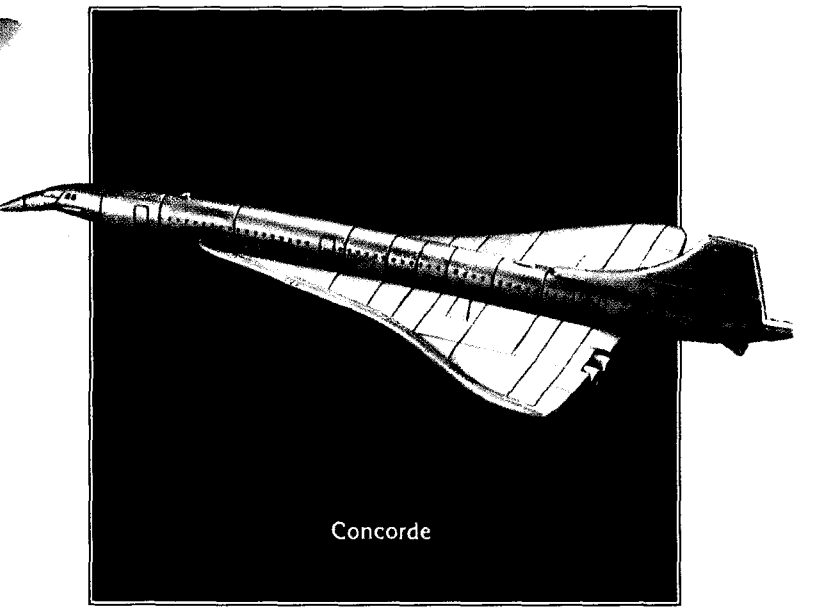
Flying Fortress


Concorde

Replicas above shown smaller than actual size. **Flying Fortress** wingspan 8"; **Concorde** length 8".

Come — let your imagination take wing, let your spirit soar, as you embark on one of the most thrilling and memorable collecting adventures of all time! For here, thundering out of the past and into your own private sculpture gallery are the Great Aircraft of History!

This is a collection which at once dazzles the eye, captures the imagination, and instills an incomparable pride of ownership. For here in authentic, hand-crafted pewter are precise scale replicas of the planes which comprise an "honor roll" of aviation. Indeed, these 12 airplanes will forever stand among the most significant in history!

Flying Machines That Have Shaped the Course of Modern Times

These airplanes are more than the greatest mechanical marvels of their age. They shaped the course of modern history, revolutionized world travel, and pioneered mankind's journey into space.

From Kitty Hawk to Outer Space

Of course, mankind has yearned to fly since the dawn of history, but it took two ingenious young Americans – the Wright Brothers – to give wings to man's eternal dream of flight. The Wright's rickety, yet soundly-designed **Flyer** actually flew for only 120 feet and 12 seconds. But it marked one of the most important milestones in the history of the human race.

Here, too, is the **Sopwith Camel**, the most successful British fighter of the First World War. It could maneuver with extraordinary speed making it a lethal foe. Indeed, it is a **Sopwith Camel** that is credited with downing the infamous German ace, Manfred von Richtofen, the Red Baron.

Here also is the **Lockheed Lightning.** This is the plane our pilots vowed would "pay 'em back" for Pearl Harbor. And it did – destroying more enemy aircraft in the Pacific than any other fighter!

And never to be forgotten is that modern supersonic marvel, the **Concorde.** This graceful giant is so aerodynamically efficient that it doesn't even require high-lift devices such as wing flaps or slots, which are standard equipment on other planes.

The **DC-3**...the famed **"Clipper"**...the **707**... the **Hellcat**...the **F-15**...all these great aircraft are included in this historic collection! In all, it is a sweeping panorama of the history of flight, right up to and including the **Space Shuttle,** which is probing the last frontier – outer space.

Authentic Scale Replicas Hand-Crafted in Fine Pewter

There is probably no other medium which so perfectly suits these planes as does pewter. It is prized among collectors for its classic elegance and dignity. Like the planes honored in this collection, its value is destined to stand the test of time.

Each plane will be authentic in scale and range up to a full 8" in wingspan or length. Each will be authentically reproduced down to the smallest detail. Moreover, each plane will be lovingly hand-finished and hand-polished by master craftsmen.

Accompanying the collection will be a fascinating historical booklet explaining each plane's development and the reasons for its permanent place in aeronautic history. Reading this information will add immeasurably to your enjoyment, for you will be able to cite fascinating, little-known facts about each plane to the many admirers of your collection.

An Exceptional Value Available only from the Danbury Mint

The original issue price of each of these **Great Aircraft of History** is a remarkable value at only $45, which includes shipping and handling. Judging by

(continued)

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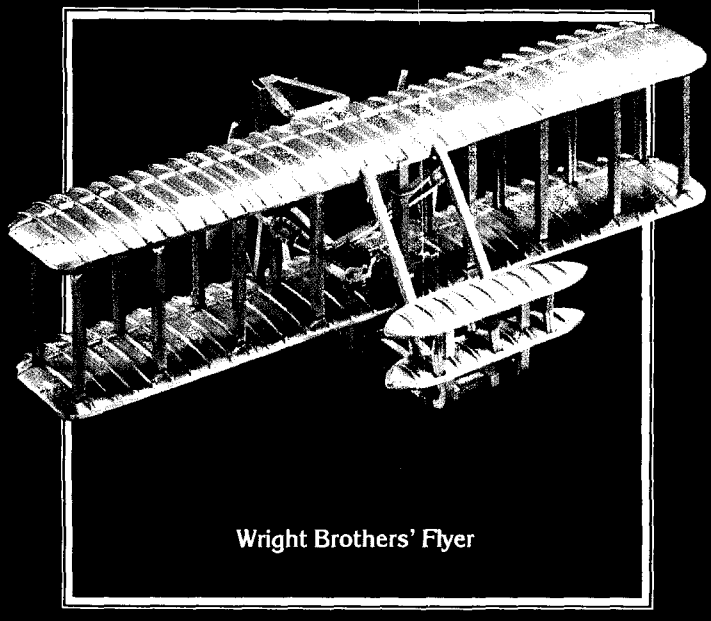
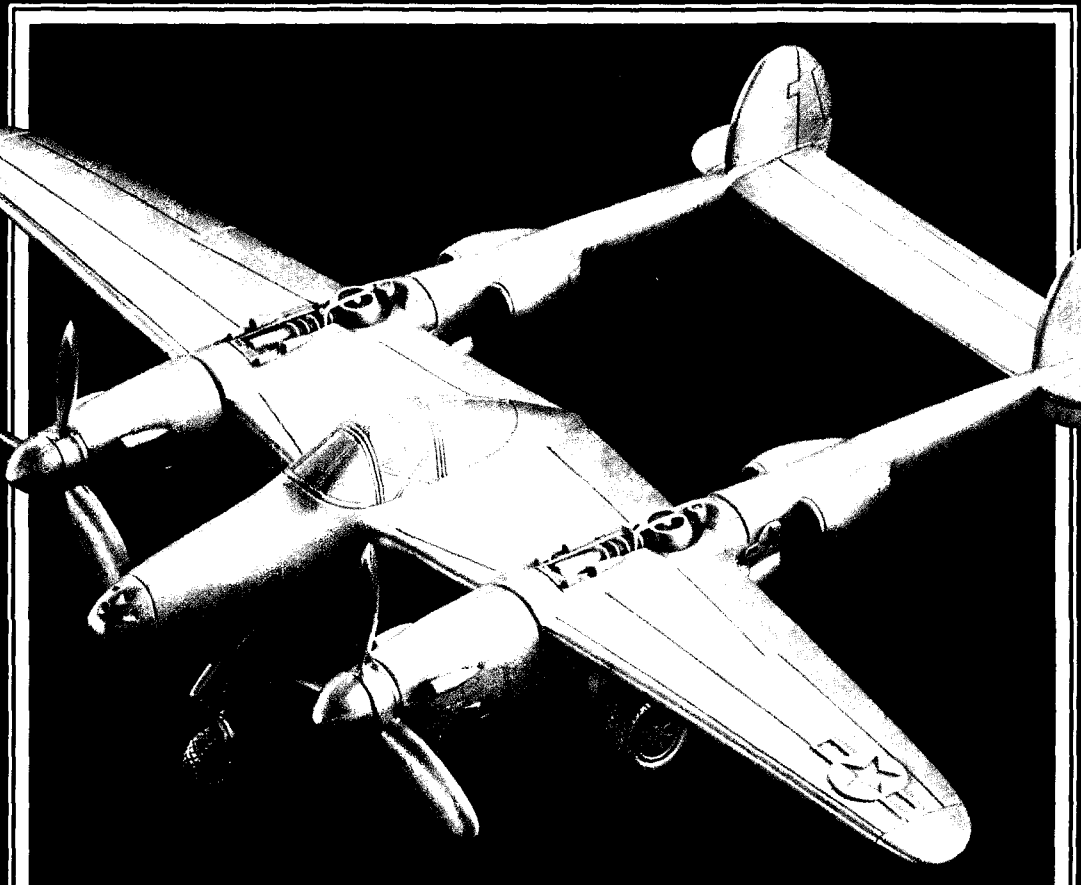
Flyer and **Piper Cub** replicas shown smaller than actual size. **Flyer** wingspan 7"; **Piper Cub** wingspan 6".



Wright Brothers' Flyer

Piper Cub

A collection of authentic hand-crafted pewter scale replicas of twelve legendary aircraft.



Lockheed Lightning

Lightning shown actual size.

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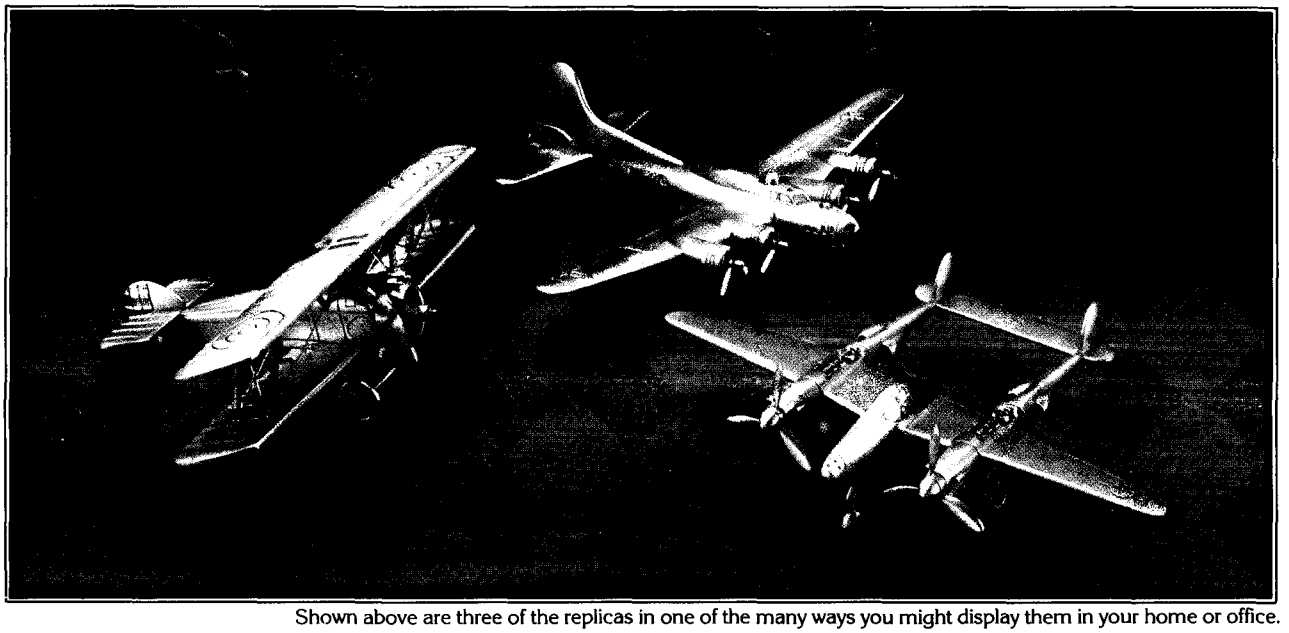

Shown above are three of the replicas in one of the many ways you might display them in your home or office.

(continued)
the price of pewter pieces generally available, comparable sculptures would sell for much more. Yet, thanks to this direct-by-mail offer, we save on "middleman" costs and can pass the savings along to you.

But perhaps even more important, there are no "comparable" pewter sculptures, for this collection is truly one of a kind. Each replica has been commissioned exclusively for the series by the Danbury Mint. They will be available only by advance reservation. None will be sold separately and none will be available in stores, not even the finest galleries.

Convenient Monthly Installments
Satisfaction Guaranteed

To reserve your collection, you need send no money now. The twelve replicas will be issued at the rate of one every two months. You will be billed for each replica in two convenient monthly installments of $22.50 each, or you may charge each monthly installment to your VISA or MasterCard.

If you should receive any replica you are not completely satisfied with, you may return it upon receipt for replacement or refund. And, you may cancel your subscription at any time.

Please Act Promptly

For production planning purposes, we ask that your attached reservation application be returned no later than June 30, 1983.

As you look at these photographs, I think you can visualize the dignity and grace, the decorative and conversational value they will bring to your home or office. They combine everything that makes a collection coveted — a treasured metal ... magnificent artistic skill...extraordinary handcraftsmanship in every detail...plus a theme that captures the imagination and uplifts the spirit by honoring one of mankind's greatest achievements – the miracle of flight.

This is as rare a combination of attractions as you are likely to find in one collection. Indeed, this is a unique collecting opportunity the likes of which may not pass your way again! To avoid disappointment, please return the reservation application today.

S12

Reservation Application

GREAT AIRCRAFT OF HISTORY

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5260
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Please return by June 30, 1983.
Limit: one set per subscriber.

Please accept my reservation application to the **Great Aircraft of History.** I understand that this is a collection of authentic hand-crafted pewter scale replicas of twelve legendary aircraft.

I need send no money now. The collection will be issued at the rate of one replica every two months. I will pay for each replica as billed in two convenient monthly installments of $22.50 each. Any replica I am not completely satisfied with may be returned upon receipt for replacement or refund, and this subscription may be cancelled by either party at any time.

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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

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City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each monthly installment charged to your: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

_____
Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature _____
Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

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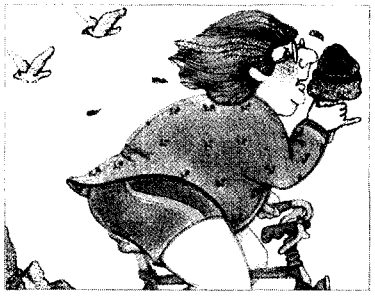
A U-Turn for Christ—brought Ben Kinchlow from the depths of darkness to the lights of the CBN's "700 Club." **42**



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Mary C. Crowley—"If you want love, give it away. If you want friendship, give it away." **58**

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SOCIETY
a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

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(Cover portrait by Lucian Lupinski)

The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN: 0048-9239), incorporating Country Gentleman, is published monthly in 1983, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June and July/Aug. by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc., at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, IN 46206, and at additional mailing offices.

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Membership Subscription Prices: U.S. and possessions: 1 year, $12.00. Canada: $15.00. All other countries: $17.00. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, circulation and business offices are located at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. **Postmaster: Send address changes to The Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 3400, Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621.** Allow six weeks for change of address.

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork or photographs.

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Roughly 50% of the people who visit Alaska don't include a cruise as part of their vacation.

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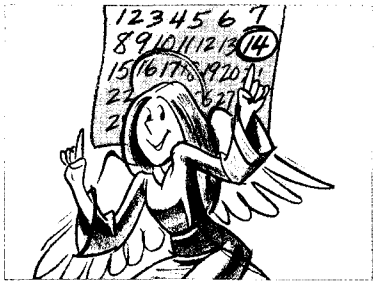
Super-Patriot Ross Perot—is convinced that love of country is what we need to get our nation out of its "economic mess." **50**



Premenstrual Syndrome—Now there is help for the thousands of women whose lives are being ruined by this affliction. **34**

Mary Roberts Rinehart—puts you in the driver's seat with two realistic policemen on patrol. **62**

Southern Baptist Diversities—include Billy Graham's crusades as well as store-front meetings, where 10 constitute a crowd. **70**

A Matter of Taste—Awful things can happen when the senses of smell and taste go awry. **66**

Letters

Cancer Prevention

I was pleased to see in *The Saturday Evening Post* for September 1982 your article "You Can Help Solve the Cancer Riddle" and the questionnaire that you are asking your readers to fill out. I think that it is fine that you are rendering this service to people.

I judge that what you plan to do with the questionnaire is to examine the individual questionnaires for practices that increase the likelihood of cancer developing in the person, and to notify him or her about them, especially anyone who is at high risk. You also say that you plan to report in the *Post* about the intuitive insights that are reported in the questionnaries.

I suggest that there is the possibility of making a contribution of a different sort. Your question #6 and several other questions are about cancer. It would accordingly be possible to divide the subjects into those who have cancer or who have had cancer and those various factors reported in the questionnaire. This sort of retrospective epidemiological study, carefully conducted, has value. I am not sure that a good study of this sort could be conducted on the basis of your questionnaire; the answer to the question would depend in part on the number of completed questionnaires that are returned to you.

If you were interested, we would be willing to collaborate with you in assessing the chance that such a retrospective analysis would be worthwhile and in carrying it out if it seemed to be worthwhile. It would, of course, involve a large amount of work.

We have an epidemiologist and biostatistician associated with our Institute, each on a part-time basis, so that we have available professional help for such a project.

Linus Pauling
Linus Pauling Institute of Science and Medicine
Palo Alto, California

For sometime I have had the matter of cancer research on my mind and heart. As I have been praying

continued on page 10

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PERILLO

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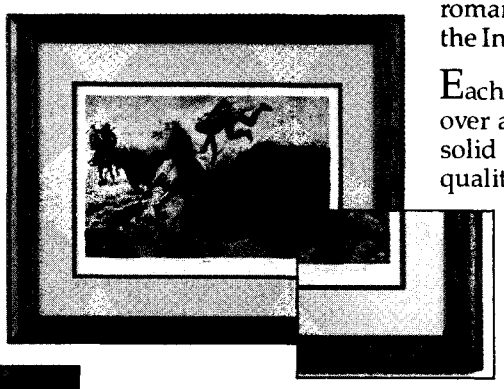
A LIMITED EDITION SERIES OF FOUR SIGNED, ATTRACTIVELY FRAMED PRINTS



Gregory Perillo is recognized as one of the country's foremost painters of the American Indians. His works are displayed in museums and galleries around the country, as well as in many private collections. Named "Artist of the Year" by the National Association of Limited Edition Dealers, Perillo has received numerous honors and awards.

Commissioned by Funk & Wagnalls to illustrate the American Indian section of their new encyclopedia, Perillo has created four captivating paintings depicting the life of the Navajo, the Plains Indians, the Eastern Woodlands Indians and the Chinook. His blending of stark realism against a romantic, rustic background reflects the life of the Indians in the early frontier days.

Each print is double matted in ecru linen over a warm brown inner matte, and set in a solid hardwood ash frame, behind optical quality plexiglas. Each measures 23" x 18¾."

This signed, limited edition series is available for $250 framed (plus $17 shipping and handling). The unframed series is available for $160 (including shipping and handling).

Send Reservation Order to: Funk & Wagnalls, Inc., P.O. Box 5071
F.D.R. Station, New York, NY 10022

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_____ Please bill me in 6 monthly installments. My reservation fee of $25 is enclosed.
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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____

Please allow 8 weeks for delivery. Add sales tax where applicable. SEP 1

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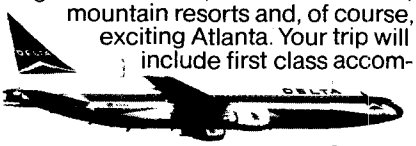
The Georgia Dream

GRAND PRIZE:

Win a family of four 2-week dream vacation via Delta Air Lines to Georgia plus $1,000 to spend as you choose. See the sun-drenched golden beaches, historic Savannah, mountain resorts and, of course, exciting Atlanta. Your trip will include first class accommodations at Villas · by the · Sea, Jekyll Island; Mulberry Inn, Savannah; Helendorf Inn, Helen; Stouffer's PineIsle, Lake Lanier; Hyatt Regency Atlanta and Stone Mountain Inn, Atlanta. Limousine service is provided by Sun Belt Limousine of Atlanta.



3 SECOND PRIZES:

Accommodations for a family of four at one of three Georgia vacation areas: Brunswick and the Golden Isles; fun-filled Atlanta; or the cool North Georgia Mountains.

200 THIRD PRIZES:

200 Georgia T-shirts and Atlanta Braves baseballs will be given away.

Name your dream vacation. Soaking up rays on a secluded beach.

Sailing back through time as you visit places out of a history book.

Escaping to the mountains where you can fish, sail, golf or just relax.

Or living it up in a big city with more things to see and do than there is time in the day.

Whatever your pleasure, Georgia has just the place to fit your daydream.

And nobody treats you better than Georgia and Delta. Or gives

Official Rules

1. To enter, hand print your name and address on the official entry form or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Mail to: Georgia Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1477, Atlanta, Georgia 30301. Entries must be postmarked by May 24, 1983 and received by June 1, 1983.

2. No purchase required. One entry per person.

3. Winners will be selected in a random drawing conducted by an independent judging organization, whose decisions will be final. All 204 prizes, worth approximately $12,000.00 will be awarded. Limit one prize per household. Odds of winning depend upon number of entries received.

4. Sweepstakes open to all residents, 18 years or older, of the continental U.S.A. except employees and their immediate families of Georgia Department of Industry & Trade, Shivers Communications, Delta Air Lines and their advertising agencies, and the judging organization. Void in Georgia and wherever prohibited or restricted by law.

5. All entries become the property of Georgia Department of Industry and Trade and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. No substitution of prizes. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. Winners may be required to submit proof of eligibility and to execute a release. Trip prizes must follow itinerary

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Who knows, you just might win. But even if you don't, your dream vacation is closer and more affordable than you think. In Georgia.

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furnished to winner. Grand prize trip must originate and terminate at the same domestic city served by Delta and must be taken during two consecutive weeks in August, 1983. Other trips must be taken before December 31, 1983.

6. To obtain list of winners, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Georgia Winners List, P.O. Box 1776, Atlanta, Georgia 30301. All such requests must be received by June 30, 1983.

Nobody treats you better than Georgia

Please enter my name in the Georgia Dream Vacation Sweepstakes. Send my 76-page color vacation guide and "Nobody treats you better" discount card.

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MAIL TO: Georgia Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1477, Atlanta, GA 30301

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Phone_____

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Georgia.

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for my own recovery and that of many friends, I have been led to a firm conviction to pray that God will be in the research laboratories all over the world, in the minds and hearts of the researchers, guiding their procedures to the end that he can reveal to them the cause of cancer. The greatest need in cancer research today, as many agree, is to find the *cause* of cancer. A problem cannot be solved until the cause of the problem can be found and dealt with. Then a control, a cure and even a method of prevention may be found. That would be a blessing as great or greater for all mankind as has been the polio vaccine.

My conviction about prayer in this matter was confirmed recently when I read an article by a prominent doctor in the field, which said, "If hundreds of thousands of people would unite in a prayer crusade to find the cause of cancer, the benefits would be astounding."

I want to be a part of the crusade, and I am asking my friends who know the power of God to join the crusade. So my request is that you will join your prayers with mine and many others so that God will work mightily in this area. Will you please ask others to join us?

Isa Mae Fischback

Members of the Saturday Evening Post Society have contributed generously to discovering the cause and prevention of cancer. To date, 26,000 have sent in our cancer surveys. Some have volunteered to encode the results. Your letter will help remind others to join together in prayer to attack our common scourge.

No Compromises

I hadn't taken a good look at a copy of your magazine for years when I was attracted by several articles in your February issue and bought a copy.

I am very favorably impressed! So many "family" magazines have let down their ethical standards to the point where I would be ashamed to have them in my home or accessible to my children. You have not compromised!

Thank you for acknowledging Christians as a legitimate subgroup in American society! Although it is angry in tone, Franky Schaeffer's article, "The Best-Seller Book Scandal Cover-Up," made an excellent point that has frequently occurred to me. I wish some magazine or newspaper would print a *real* best-seller list, taking Christian book sales into account.

Jessica Shaver
Long Beach, California

Post Inquiry

I am interested in getting some information on the enlarged photograph which is enclosed.

I came across the picture of my father, Walter G. Williams, who was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1901. Is it possible for me to find out the date of *The Saturday Evening Post* magazine in the picture? Would I be able to buy this particular magazine or the cover of this magazine from *The Saturday Evening Post*? I would appreciate any information that you can give me concerning this particular magazine. The *Post* may keep this picture, and I would indeed be pleased if it could be used in the archives or museum.

Mrs. June Peters
Morristown, New Jersey

The magazine shown is the September 12, 1914, issue of the Post. *Since our archives, unfortunately, contain only one copy of it, we're asking our readers if they would help you locate a copy. Thank you for the gift to the museum. Your father's picture is being framed to hang in the Our Boys Hall of Fame.*

Ex-Gay Testimony

I would like to know why it is that, nowadays, when one finds anything concerning homosexuality in print, it is almost always pro-gay, pro-lib, etc.

As a former "gay," I must say that these people are being subjected to a cruel hoax. Homosexuality is not normal; no conclusive scientific evidence exists to prove that one is born that way. No one has to stay that way if he chooses not to. Ex-gay groups are springing up all over the country and overseas (when was the last time you read that? Next to never, that's when!). One of the best is Love in Action, P.O. Box 2655, San Rafael, California 94912. A comprehensive referral list of other ex-gay groups can also be obtained by writing them.

George Fick
La Puente, California

A Restful Night's Sleep

I enjoy your articles on medicine in the *Post*. Concerning tryptophan, I use it because I've read so many articles about it. As I have a sleep problem and do not take any form of sleeping pills, I decided to give it a fair try.

I can't say enough about it—no aftereffects, etc., and I get up with a sense of well-being and want to get up. Several friends now take it also and are pleased with the results. Such a good restful night's sleep!

I use two 500 mg doses.

Alma Widmayer
California

Poke at Pork

Your article by Richard Simmons on "Take It or Live It" was, in my estimation, filled with irresponsible statements and showed a lack of knowledge as far as the nutritional value of pork and red meats is concerned.

If you eat pork just once on your birthday it may not kill you! (His statement). Really! I am sending you a copy of my pork report, which shows that pork is not dangerous to eat and that the misconceptions of its nutritional value are false. (These figures came from the Extension Staff of Montana State University in Bozeman, Montana.)

I would suggest that in the future you monitor your articles more closely.

Irene Gardner
Hammond, Montana

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Post People

National chairperson for the "Christian Children's Fund" is but one of actress ***Sally Struther***'s real-life roles. A talented artist/photographer, she also furthers her goal of seeing that "one day no child will have to go to bed hungry" by sponsoring seven children personally. She recently met one of the seven, Damino, face to face for the first time in Uganda. Her own child, Samantha, is now 3½.

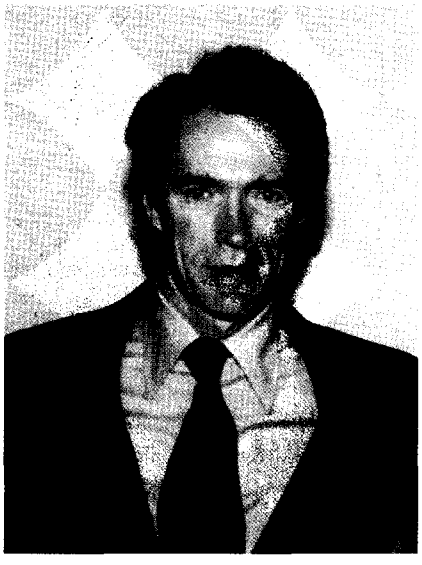
Besides filming *The Toy, The Sting II* and *Smokey is the Bandit,* ***Jackie Gleason*** still managed to knock the dimples off his usual quota of golf balls in 1982. He's not sponsoring his classic golf tournament this year, though. The Atlantic Ocean is too great a water hazard—the "Great One" is in London to costar with Laurence Olivier in "Mr. Johnson and Mr. Helpern," a made-for-cable-TV production.

Holly Coors

If you haven't seen ***Eva Gabor*** of late, then you haven't been watching TV's hit productions of "Love Boat" and "Fantasy Island" or the talk shows that this charming and witty actress frequently adorns. Nor have you been to John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch at Scottsdale, Arizona, where she often may be found volleying with the other notable "racketeers," not the least of whom is talk-show host ***Merv Griffin.***

Holly Coors

"Today's administration has created a long-absent aura of excitement in Washington." Who should know better than ***Betty Beale***, Field Newspaper Syndicate's popular Washington-based columnist?



Holly Coors

In shirtless scenes from his latest movie, ***Honkytonk Man, Clint Eastwood***, 52, although admitting to pleats instead of dimples, displays the body tone of a man half his age. How does he do it? It's no secret, he says. Clint exercises, sticks to a low-fat, high-vegetable diet, steers away from red meat and gulps vitamins (C and B) the way President Reagan pops jelly beans.

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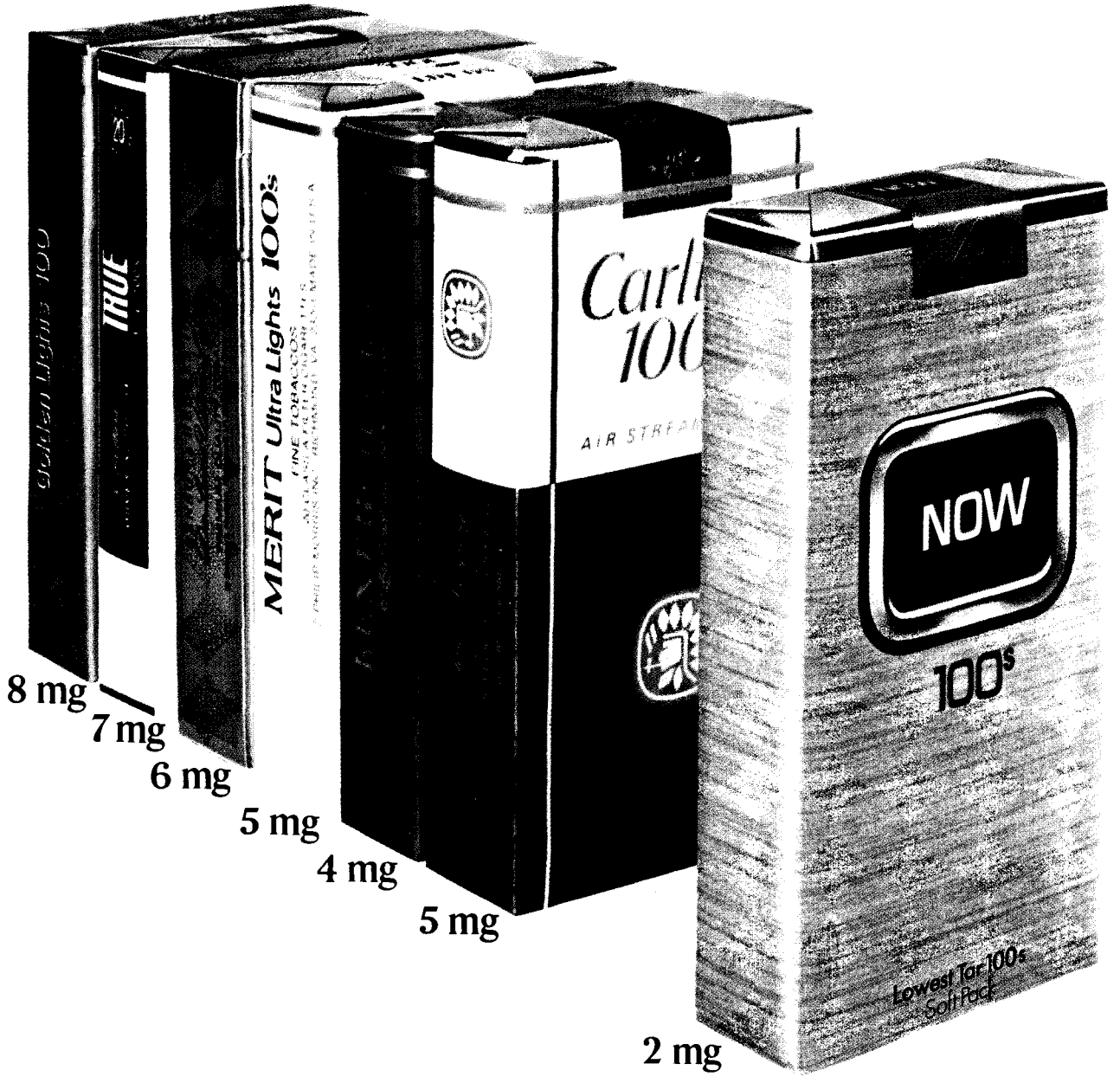

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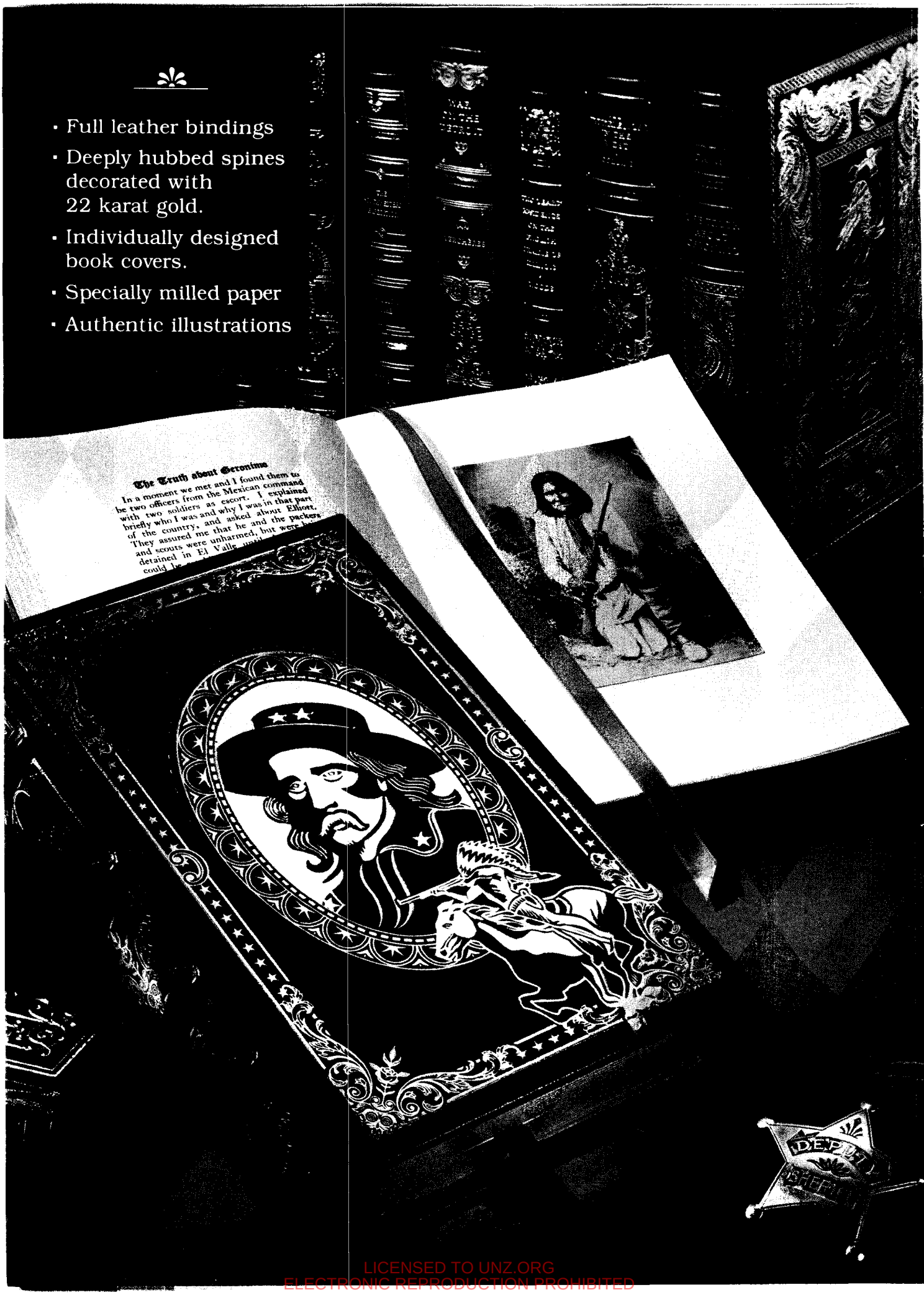
The Truth about Geronimo
In a moment we met and I found them to
be two officers from the Mexican command
with two soldiers as escort. I explained
briefly who I was and why I was in that part
of the country, and asked about Elliott.
They assured me that he and the packers
and scouts were unharmed, but were
detained in El Valle

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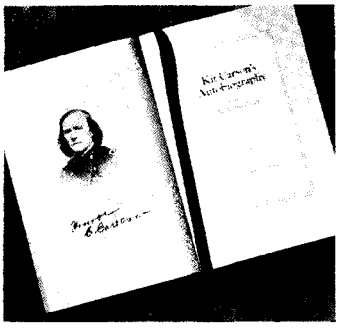

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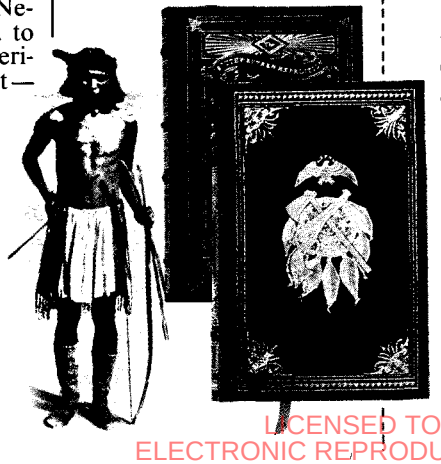

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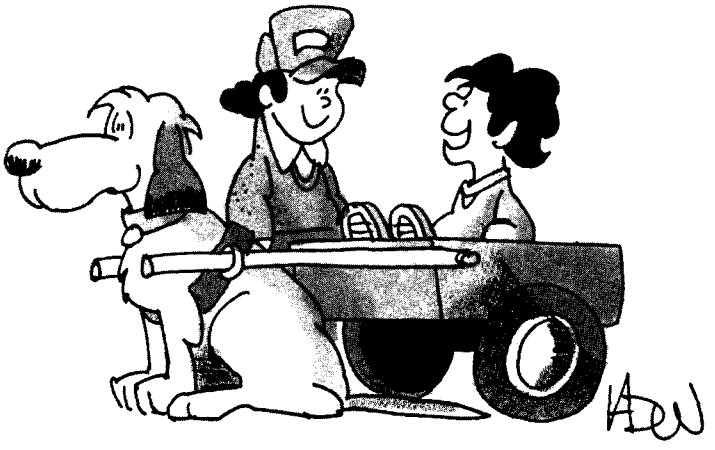
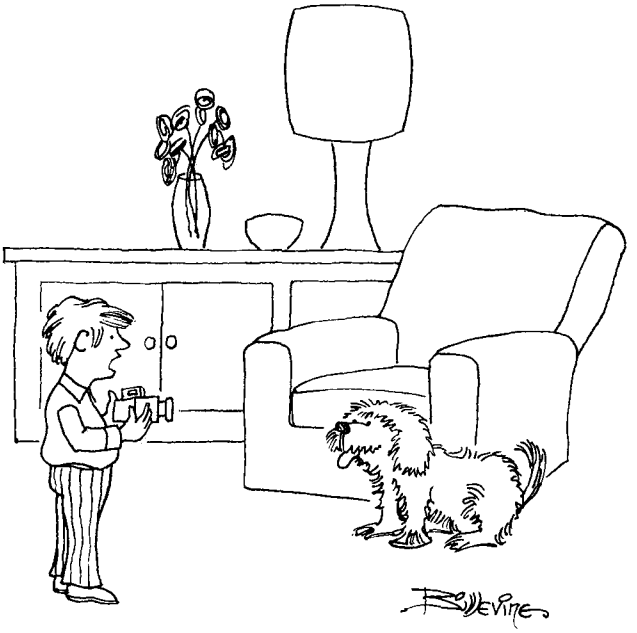
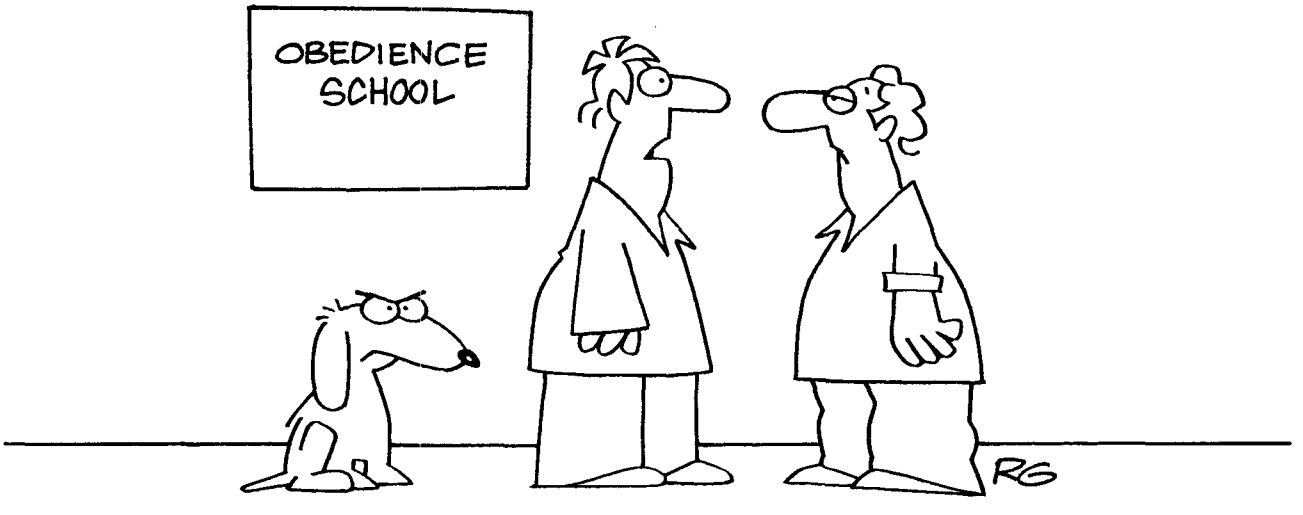


"Oh, about 2 blocks to a can of Alpo!"

"Not here, home."



"Can't you smile without sticking your tongue out?"



"The last time he brought my slippers, he tried to stuff them in my ear!"

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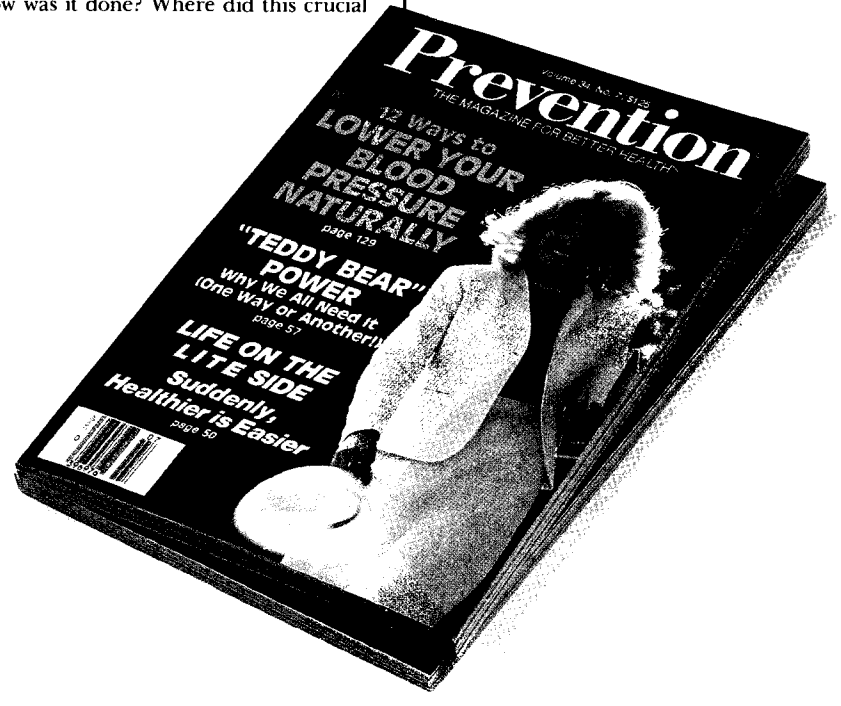
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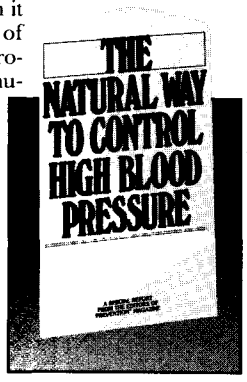

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THE BOTTOM LINE ABOUT FAT

To be 20 percent or more overweight is not only a social problem, but an invitation to high blood cholesterol, hypertension, diabetes and other unwanted afflictions.

by Norman M. Kaplan, M.D.

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

While much of the world is starving, most Americans are eating too much: Obesity is the American brand of malnutrition. And would you believe—despite our compulsive fixation on dieting and exercising to lose weight—the average weight of American adults has continued to increase? In 1980, the typical American was 10 to 20 pounds above the "ideal" weight.

This amount of excess weight is more of a social problem than a medical disease. Though anything beyond 25 percent above the "ideal" is likely to be harmful, most of us who are 10 to 20 pounds overweight are not endangering our health—from the weight itself. If the excess weight is accompanied by high blood cholesterol, hypertension or diabetes, then it is a problem. However, by itself, a little bit of excess weight is not harmful.

To keep matters straight, let's use these definitions: *Overweight* is anything from 1 percent to 19 percent more than the desirable weight; *obesity* is more than 20 percent above this weight. Since height obviously is important in deciding what is the normal weight, the best indicator of body weight is the "body-mass index" (BMI), which is derived by dividing the weight by the square of the height. Place a ruler across your weight and height (using either the metric or avoirdupois measures) and determine your BMI. If you are above 25, you are overweight; about 30 and you're obese. We will mainly consider those who are truly obese, because they make up a sizable number of people, and they are at increased risk of heart disease.

"Morbid" Obesity

When obesity becomes severe—or, as it is aptly termed, "morbid"—death and debilitating diseases such as coronary artery disease, hypertension and diabetes occur at very high rates. This degree of obesity is usually defined as more than 50 percent above average weight. In one study of 200 such morbidly obese men in Los Angeles, Dr. E.J. Drenick and his coworkers observed that the death rate was 12 times above average for the younger, 25- to 34-year-old men and three times above average for 45- to 54-year-old men. Their deaths were mostly from cardiovascular disease. Since they died at such an early age, fewer lived long enough to develop cancer.

There are about one million of these morbidly obese people in the United States. Their very high risk for serious trouble has led to such drastic treatments as intestinal bypass operations and prolonged periods of total starvation.

"Moderate" Obesity

At least three of the clearly defined risk factors for preventable heart disease frequently accompany moderate obesity (20 percent to 40 percent overweight)—elevated blood cholesterol, hypertension and diabetes. Among the obese people in one study, not only did the total cholesterol levels tend to be high, but there were lower levels of the "good" type of cholesterol, the high-density lipoprotein (HDL) form, which is believed to protect against atherosclerosis. Fortunately, when these people lose weight, the levels of HDL cholesterol usually rise, which is probably responsible for some of the lowering of cardiovascular risk that accompanies weight loss.

Hypertension is at least twice as common among people who are 20 percent or more above normal weight. Hypertension doesn't develop in every obese person, but there is a general relation: The greater the weight gain, the higher the blood pressure. How this happens is unknown, though there appears to be a retention of extra sodium, possibly related to some of the hormonal abnormalities that accompany weight gain. Sodium retention may be the primary disturbance behind most hypertension, so the connection between weight gain and blood pressure is a logical one.

Those who are fat will usually have a fall in blood pressure if they lose weight, and this should be the first treatment attempted for hypertension. More important, the prevention of obesity may prevent the development of hypertension. In a study of high school students in Pittsburgh, those teen-age boys who gained the most weight tended to have the highest blood pressures.

The last of the three probable mechanisms for the greater risk of cardiovascular disease is the frequent association of obesity and diabetes, which almost always accelerates the development of atherosclerosis. Even without obvious diabetes, most obese people have other disturbances in the way they handle sugar—abnormal glucose tolerance—which may provoke cardiovascu-

continued on following page

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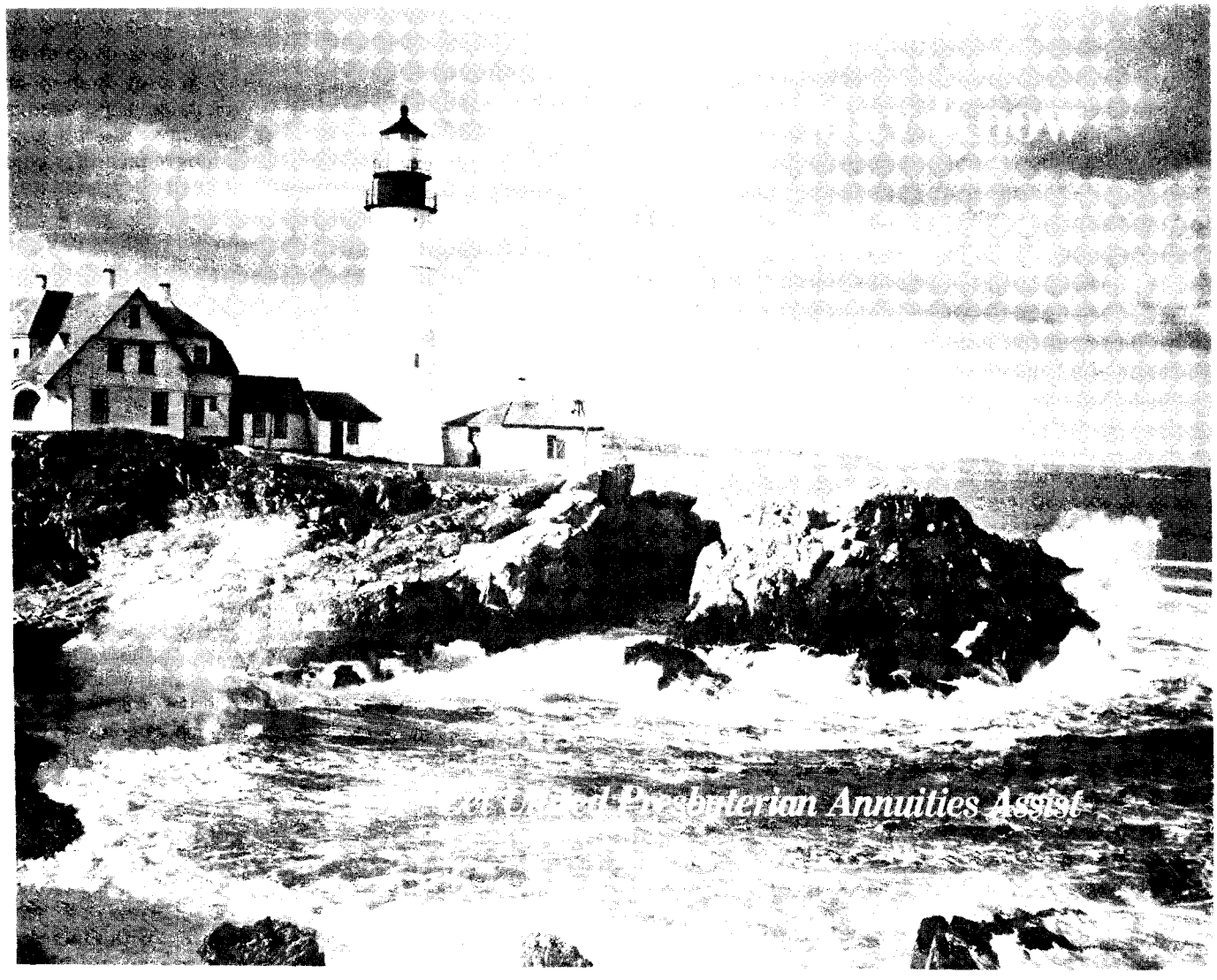

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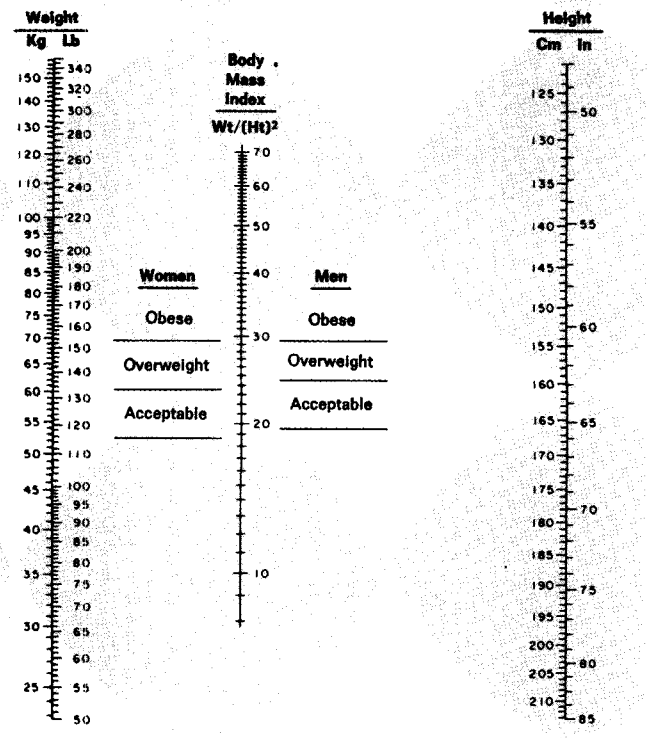
lar trouble.

"Minimal" Obesity

We've seen that obesity is frequently accompanied by major risk factors for heart disease and that the relief of obesity may help relieve these risks. But do the "minimally" obese (body weight 10 percent to 20 percent above normal) have increased risk even if they don't have accompanying high cholesterol, hypertension or diabetes? The answer that most would likely give is yes. Statements such as "obesity is the number-one health problem today" continue to appear in medical journals and are probably responsible for part of our national obsession with obesity.

But recent evidence has tended to deny that the excess 10 to 20, or even 30, pounds many of us are carrying is detrimental to our *physical* health. As clearly delineated by one of the leading authorities about the risks of obesity, Dr. Ancel Keys, we have been misled into thinking that minimal obesity is a health hazard.



To determine your body-mass index, place a ruler between the body weight (left-hand column) and the height (right-hand column), using either the metric or avoirdupois scales. The body-mass index is the point where the line connecting the weight and height crosses the body-mass-index column in the middle. (Source: © 1978 George A. Bray, M.D.)

Dr. Keys pointed out that the first source of confusion relates to what we have been using as our standard for "normal" or "ideal" or "desirable" weight: The Metropolitan Life Insurance Table of Desirable Weights for Men and Women. According to the findings incorporated in this table, the top "desirable" weight for a 6-foot man of medium frame is 170 pounds. According to the body-mass index, that weight is well below the 30 figure that is associated with increased risk for cardiovascular disease.

The discrepancy results from the basis for the widely used Metropolitan Table: The weights are based on a group of applicants for life insurance who were in their mid-20s. These applicants obviously were not representative of the entire normal population and certainly shouldn't be used as the standard for people in their 40s, 50s and 60s. Another source of confusion has been attacked by Dr. Keys: the division into "small," "medium" and "large" frames. He points out that these presumed frame sizes were never measured and were simply created to handle the rather wide range in weights seen among healthy people in their mid-20s.

In fact, the average height of American men aged 40 to 59 years is about 15 percent above the "desirable" weight figure for men of "average frame." The question then arises—are the majority of us at an increased risk?

According to Dr. Keys, "The idea has been greatly oversold that the risk of dying prematurely or of having a heart attack is directly related to the relative body weight. For middle-aged men, the best prospect for avoiding death in 10 or 15 years is to be about average, or a bit over, in relative weight. The risk rises somewhat with departure in either direction from the happy middle ground, but risk increases substantially only at the extremes of under- and overweight."

The information now available isn't adequate to say much about younger men or women, though they seem to be much like the middle-aged men, with no evidence of any increased risk for the majority whose weights are average or slightly higher.

Another point needs to be emphasized: There are also greater risks for those who are 15 to 20 percent *below* average weight. Though it used to be said that "one could never be too rich or too thin," the truth is that too thin is harmful. In one study, death rates were definitely higher in men and women whose relative weight was 10 percent or more below the average. Thus, the curve for weight as it relates to death rates is not a straight line that goes progressively up with increasing weight. Rather, it is a gently sloping U-curve, with increasing trouble for those who are too thin (more than 10 percent below average) and those who are too fat (more than 20 percent above average).

Even if they do not have physical dysfunction or greater mortality, those who are minimally overweight do carry a handicap. As stated by Dr. Faith T. Fitzgerald, "It is clear from reading magazines or watching television that public derision and condemnation of fat people is one of the few remaining sanctioned prejudices in this nation freely allowed against any group based solely on appearance. Personality profiles of obese adolescent girls show that they respond very like oppressed minorities in their acceptance of dominant values in the culture and their passive withdrawal. It has been documented that all of us—the general public, social workers, employers, graduate-schools admissions officers, nurses and physicians—feel negatively

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toward the obese. Obesity is a moral crime and one of the few remaining sinful diseases: One is fat because of weakness of the will. The fat are denied jobs, promotions, educational opportunities and, recently, challenged in their right to adopt a child until they lose weight."

You cannot look at television or read a magazine without recognizing that our "ideal" female body image is one of extreme thinness, with flat chests and prominent cheekbones, an appearance that is almost emaciated. Not too long ago, things were a great deal different. The models of 1900 were, at the least, pleasingly plump. One can't be sure about the reasons for this change in popular perceptions; but whatever the reason, the fat suffer.

This suffering can take some weird turns. We've known that some people—almost all of them young white women—develop a serious physical and psychological aversion to food called *anorexia nervosa*. Even more common, perhaps, may be a pattern alternating between gorging and purging, which has been called *bulimia nervosa*. "Pigging out" is followed by fasting, induced vomiting or purging with laxatives.

This isn't to say that most fat people enjoy such abuse, either self-directed or imposed by society. Teacher Suzanne Jordan, who described herself as "stately and plump" in a *Newsweek* essay, wrote: "Some people say the business about the jolly fat person is a myth, that all of us chubbies are neurotic, sick, sad people. I disagree. Fat people may not be chortling all day long, but they're a hell of a lot nicer than the wizened and shriveled. Thin people turn surly, mean and hard at a younger age because they never learn the value of a hot-fudge sundae for easing tension. Thin people don't like gooey soft things because they themselves are neither gooey nor soft. They are crunchy and dull, like carrots."

Too Many Calories Coming In

Ordinarily we keep our body weight rather remarkably constant, varying only a few ounces from week to week or year to year. This has given rise to the idea that we

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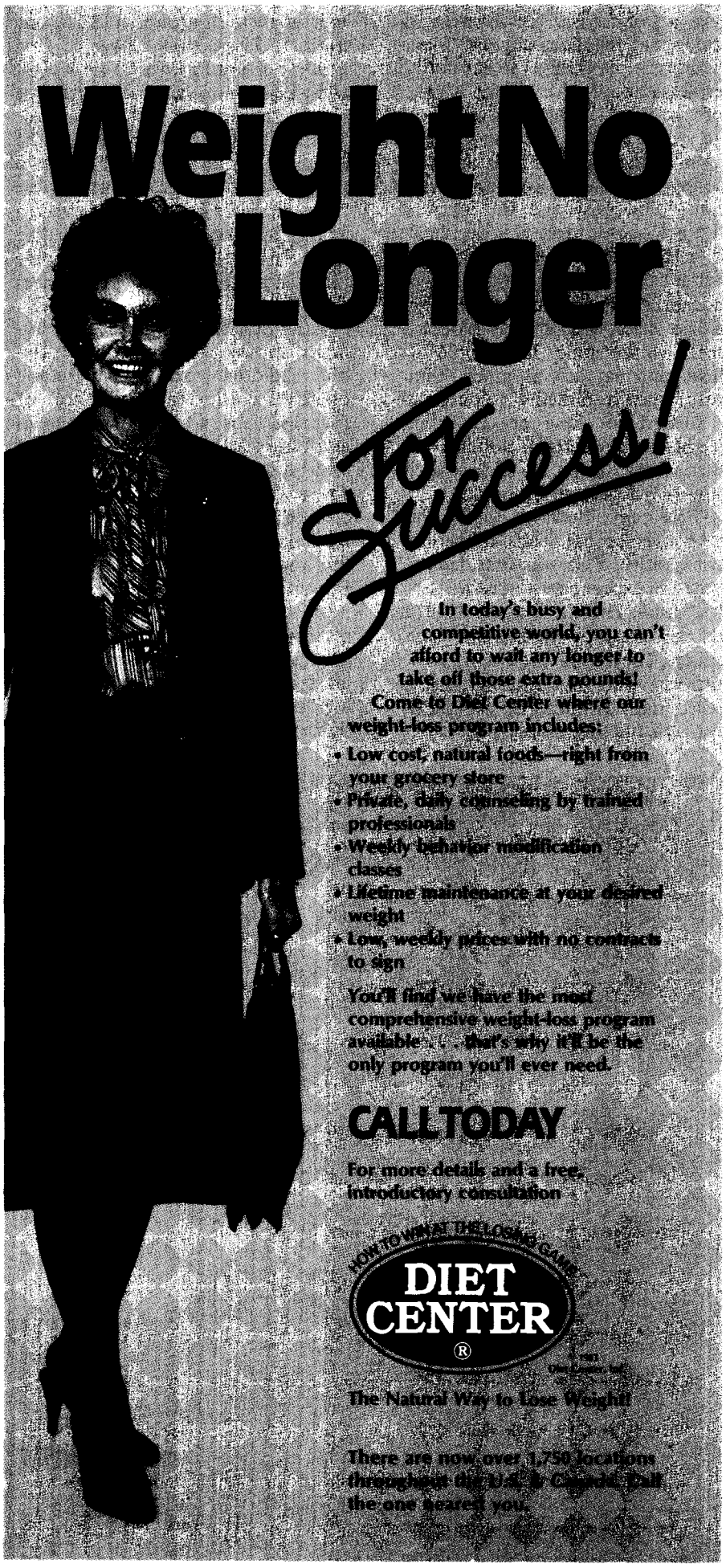
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have a *ponderostat* or *appestat*, a device that regulates appetite like a thermostat, causing us to eat until a certain amount of body fat is present and then shutting off the appetite. A few people become fat after brain damage that affects an area, the hypothalamus, where appetite seems to be controlled. But for most who are obese, there is no evidence of such an abnormality. It is true that most of us cut down on our food intake if we are given a high-calorie snack immediately before a meal, while some fat people go ahead and eat just as much. Similarly, when lean men were purposely stuffed for long periods, their weights rose a certain amount, but when they quit stuffing, their weights fell back to initial levels.

There may, however, be a time when overfeeding leads to permanent obesity. This was first demonstrated in experiments on rodents by Drs. Jules Hirsch, Jerome Knittle and coworkers at Rockefeller University. They took groups of newborn rats who were littermates and placed half of these in groups of four to a nursing mother, the other half of them in groups of 22 to one mother. Those in the overfed first group not only gained more weight while being nursed, but continued to become fatter after weaning as well. When the experimenters counted the number of fat cells in the two groups of rats, they found three times more fat cells in those overfed as infants, despite the fact that they must have started life with the same number as their underfed brothers and sisters.

After this report, studies on humans showed the same phenomenon: Children or adults with lifelong obesity have increased numbers of fat cells. Those who become obese in adult life tend only to have larger fat cells but no increase in their number. The critical times for developing increased numbers of fat cells by overfeeding seem to be the first year of life and then again around age 10. Presumably, once these fat cells appear, they never disappear, so the person is more likely to gain weight and to have trouble in losing it. Not all fat babies turn into fat adults and most fat adults were not fat babies. But keeping babies from getting fat seems eminently sensible: It may prevent some of our lifelong troubles.

Fat parents could have fat babies because they overfeed them from infancy on. But another possibility is that fat parents also may be passing on genes which cause their children to become obese. Other than for a few very rare diseases, there really is no evidence for a genetic inheritance. A shared environment is the most likely cause of similar weight patterns seen among family members.

A number of fascinating studies have investigated what turns appetite off and on in nonobese and obese people. As an example, a few people in each category were brought into a hospital where they obtained all of their food, and as much as they wanted, by sucking a liquid concoction out of a container. The nonobese subjects, despite the situation, continued to consume about the same number of calories. But the obese people, despite having started at a higher level of caloric intake, immediately cut their consumption. When the circumstances

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were unattractive, they reduced their caloric intake markedly.

This study, along with a number of others, suggests that obese people often eat in response to external circumstances rather than from internal stimuli. When the surroundings are attractive, they eat even if not driven by some hunger sensation. When the external cues—a cozy place, friends and family around, the TV set on—are gone, they reduce their eating.

Too Few Calories Going Out

Although those who are markedly overweight almost certainly overeat, the cause of much of our middle-age spread is a decreased expenditure of calories. As we grow older, we slow down in various ways—less dancing, less walking, more sitting behind a desk as a junior executive rather than pounding the pavement as a salesman. Such subtle differences in physical activity may be responsible for more obesity than we assume. The amount of walking done in a week's time by groups of obese women was compared to that done by a group of normal-weight women whose life situations were similar. In one week's time, the normal-weight women walked 34 miles. In the same time, while doing apparently the same amount of housework, shopping and other tasks, the obese women walked an average of 20 miles. If a mile of walking is worth 100 calories, the obese women would have burned 1,400 fewer calories, enough for almost one-half pound of fat. That's almost 25 pounds in a year, far more than most gain even under the worst circumstances.

It is certainly possible that these obese people were less physically active *because* they were obese—it takes more energy to move when you're carrying an extra 50 pounds.

It may be that those of us who are more efficient, who waste fewer calories in meaningless movement and motion, are more likely to become obese. The obese may not just be outwardly more efficient; they may also have more efficient metabolic machinery within their bodies, burning fewer calories to keep warm, to exercise and to run the body processes. There are some bits of evidence suggesting various differences in the metabolic efficiency of the obese, but taken together, they are rather unconvincing.

One obvious difference may be involved: Many calories are burned to make heat to keep our body temperature at 98°F. when the environment is 72°F. or colder. Fat is a great insulator, and as more fat is deposited, we need to burn fewer calories to keep our temperatures higher than the outside.

The Treatment of Obesity

For most persons wanting to lose weight, the problems of both calorie intake and calorie expenditure must be attacked. The verb *attacked* came to me quite naturally. But an "attack" upon your obesity is not what we're really after. That connotes a massive force that is used to achieve a goal in as short a time as possible. It sounds like what most of us have been doing—be it Atkins, Stillman, grapefruit, Mayo or Beverly Hills.

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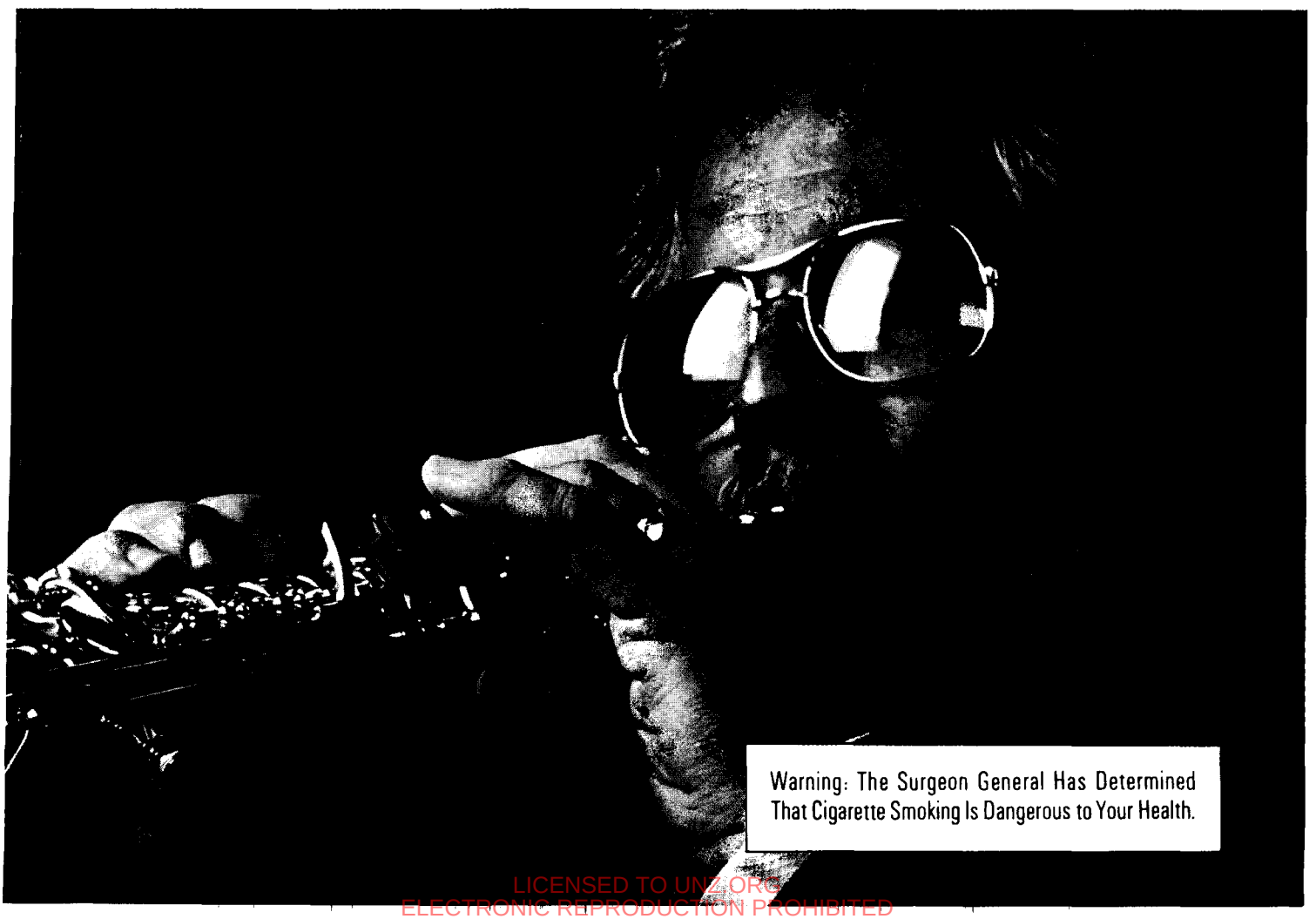

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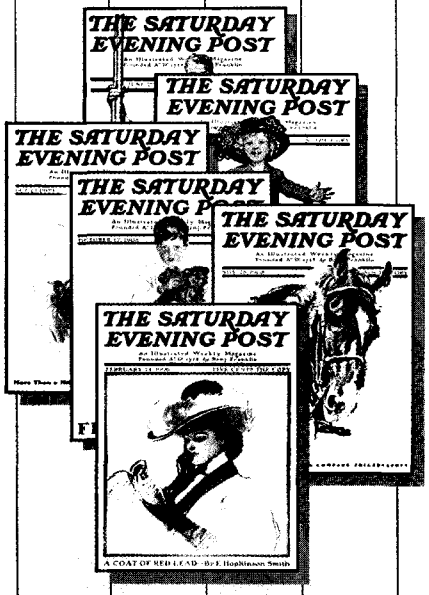
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RAISING HOPES INSTEAD OF RAZING HOUSES

A small group of inspired parishioners embark on a daring adventure to bring order out of urban decay.

by Landrum R. Bolling

American cities are in serious trouble. Millions of their residents live in squalid, steadily deteriorating housing in crime-ridden, decaying neighborhoods. Many government and private programs have tried to cure the urban sickness, but without great success. Undaunted, members of a small, nondenominational church in Washington, D.C., tackled this "hopeless" problem head-on and have been working on it for almost ten years. Soberly aware of the numerous failures of past "slum-clearance" projects to provide adequate housing and a decent life for the urban poor, but encouraged in their idealism by an imaginative developer, they determined to press forward.

Gordon Cosby (right) is pastor of the Church of the Savior, whose parishioners undertake good works as expressions of Christian faith. With him are (center) Wendy Johns, coordinator of a neighborhood anti-drug drive, and Barbara Moore, staff member.

The Church of the Savior, an unusual ecumenical religious fellowship that operates out of an old brownstone mansion on Massachusetts Avenue, inspires its parishioners to undertake various good works as expressions of Christian faith and commitment. Back in 1973, a small group of them decided to embark on a daring adventure in housing renovation. They took an option on, and developed plans to restore, two once-handsome structures that had fallen to filthy low estate. Rather grandly named The Ritz and The Mozart, their solid brick walls and aesthetically agreeable designs bespoke a solid middle-class past. To rehabilitate them and to give a lift to their low-income and welfare tenants would be a formidable challenge.

The Ritz apartment building in Washington, D.C., has a new lease on life. It has been thoroughly refurbished and is managed and maintained by its own tenants.

First, the church had to acquire the buildings. That would take a lot of money—$600,000—and the church had no money. However, two church members, Terry Flood and Carolyn Baker Cresswell, volunteered to put up $10,000 as a deposit, largely on the basis of an enthusiastic analysis of the possibilities as seen by James Rouse, the developer who created the "model city" of Columbia, Maryland. A nonprofit charitable corporation, Jubilee Housing, Inc., was formed to seek funds and to own the property, which Rouse agreed to buy and lease back to Jubilee until all of the purchase funds could be raised by the church.

With that tenuous toehold in the urban housing field, the Church enlisted scores of volunteers to start the laborious tasks of clean-up and repairs. The immediate rewards for their idealistic efforts were suspicion and hostility from the tenants, predominately poor blacks and Hispanics—plus citations by the District of Columbia housing inspectors for 900 "code violations."

Meanwhile, Jubilee Housing, Inc., and indirectly the Church of the Savior, had to raise all the money that was owed. It wasn't easy. Washington is primarily a government company town, strangely short of the big corporations and foundations that so often come forward to underwrite such community-service ventures. Local contributions, at first, were modest.

Then an improbable thing happened. The Lilly Endowment of In-

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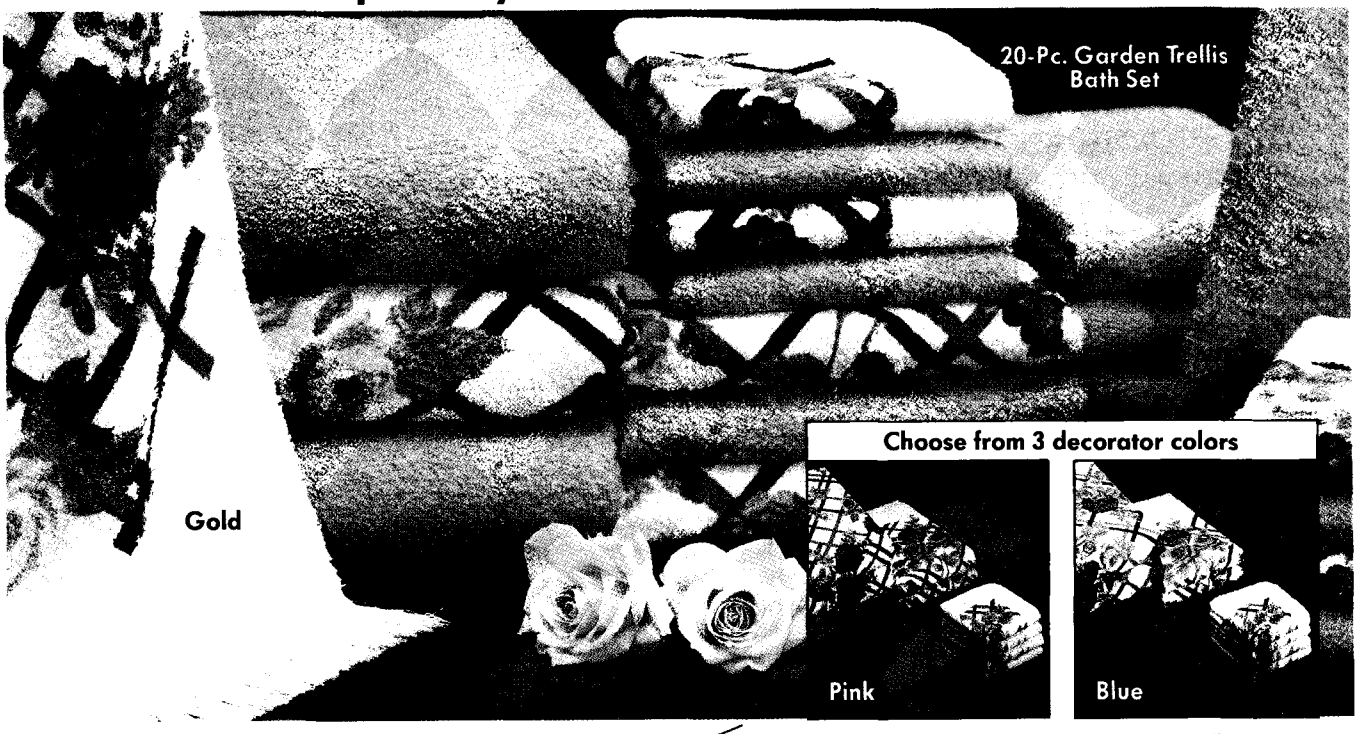

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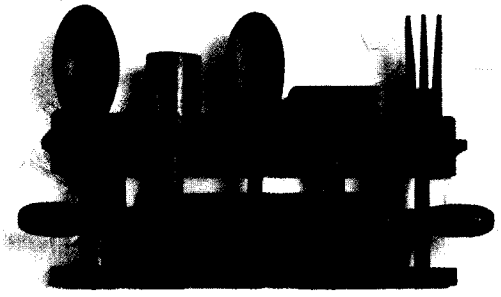

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dianapolis, long the largest foundation contributor to projects connected with churches and other religious institutions, agreed to consider a formal grant application. Housing was not on its list of program interests. Community-service projects in other cities, however worthy, did not fit into Lilly's priorities, heavily committed as it was to its home city and state. Still, the Church of the Savior and its remarkable pastor, Gordon Cosby, were known to members of the Lilly staff—and it *was* an extraordinary proposal related to a daring kind of private grassroots initiative. The Endowment responded with a seemingly impossible challenge: It would make a grant of $200,000 provided Church of the Savior and Jubilee Housing would raise $300,000 from other sources within six months. The Jubilee people met those terms with $30,000 and a few days to spare.

Since then, a lot has happened:

• Volunteers contributed 65,000 hours of work to clean up, repair and paint The Mozart and The Ritz and their 90 apartments.

• Jubilee has acquired four more apartment buildings; the original 90 units have increased to 213.

• The tenants, convinced that they are not being "rehabbed" onto the street, have increasingly become active partners in the renovation and upkeep of their buildings.

Mrs. Elizabeth Battle, a resident of The Ritz and mother of seven, poses with two of her favorite photos: one of her son who is stationed with the U.S. Navy in Japan and one of herself with President Jimmy Carter when he visited Jubilee Housing.

• 21 business firms have contributed professional and technical services worth more than $350,000 for engineering, accounting and other needed work.

• HUD provided federal support in the amount of $1.8 million, and the Secretary declared that Jubilee Housing had provided the most impressive model for private efforts in urban-housing rehabilitation to be found in the country.

• Jubilee has now invested in acquisitions and renovations close to $4 million in one 10-block area.

• Cities all across the country have sent delegations to Washington to study the Jubilee model, and several of them have undertaken their own local adaptations.

• A system of broad tenant involvement in the management of the buildings has now been developed, and numerous in-house human services have been established.

The participation of tenants may well be the key factor in the success of the whole Jubilee Housing enterprise. They helped do the initial rehabilitation work. One adult from each apartment, as part of the rental contract, is required to contribute five hours of work each month for maintenance and other services for the building. A representative of each apartment serves on one of five house committees. As rapidly as possible, a tenant-manager assumes administrative responsibility for each building. The ultimate goal for all buildings is a "mutual association" of tenants to take over ownership and full control—when the physical facilities have been put in good condition and competent in-house management has been developed.

From the earliest days of Jubilee, serious attention has been given to the human-service and broad educational needs of the tenants. An after-school-hours recreation room, brightly painted and lighted by members of the Church of the Sav-

Jubilee Housing, Inc., has now rehabilitated five inner-city buildings in Washington, D.C., including the Sorrento Apartments. The result has been not only more sightly walls and windows, but a rejuvenation of pride among residents.

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ior, was created out of a dark basement in The Mozart. A Montessori preschool was established in The Ritz. Various classes in family finance were set up to help people learn how to manage their limited funds more effectively. Medical professionals volunteered their services in a part-time health clinic, and this project eventually grew into the Columbia Road Health Services, where charges are scaled to the patient's ability to pay, and nobody is refused treatment.

Among the other "spin-offs" of Jubilee are:

- *The Family Place*, a training program for parents and would-be parents on how to bring up healthy children.
- *The Committee of Compassion*, an emergency relief project run by a dozen Jubilee tenants and volunteers to collect and distribute emergency funds for food, medical expenses, child care and educational needs. They handled $25,000 last year—for all kinds of individual and family emergencies, except paying the rent.
- *Washington Work Association*, which helps small businesses get started, including a parking lot and a bakery, both of which have provided jobs for previously unemployed Jubilee tenants.
- *Jubilee Jobs*, a placement agency that has found work for more than 200 jobless in the past couple of years.
- *The Academy of Hope*, which offers basic training in typing, bookkeeping and other job-related skills.

The most convincing validation of the Jubilee Housing program, for some, is found in the growing interest of other cities across the country in attempting to develop comparable enterprises. Replications are already under way in five cities: Oakland, California; Lynchburg, Virginia; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Denver, Colorado; and Baltimore, Maryland.

A Roman Catholic order, the Sisters of Mercy, was so impressed with the work of Jubilee Housing in Washington that it set aside a fund of $1.8 million, acquired through the sale of its handsome national headquarters property, to help underwrite the cost of encouraging and training people to undertake similar housing projects for the poor in other cities.

By far, the greatest salesman for the Jubilee Housing concept has been Jim Rouse, who helped that first group of church people think through their original plans on the concept. So completely convinced did he eventually become about the rightness of his and their idea and the methods they had developed for implementing it that he has now dedicated a large part of his time, effort and a considerable portion of his private fortune to getting other Jubilee Housing organizations formed and launched on their own urban rehabilitation missions in various parts of the country.

The Enterprise Foundation, established by Rouse a couple of years ago, has as its primary function the replication of Jubilee Housing in other cities. He provided the initial capital and went out to raise an additional $15 million in contributions from corporations and other foundations. He obtained more than half of that amount in less than two years.

Meanwhile, the Enterprise Foundation has chartered a profit-making affiliate, Enterprise Development Corporation, which is channeling its earnings back into the foundation for its central purpose of making available adequate and affordable housing for the "poorest of the poor." Rouse, thus, is using not only his money but also his entrepreneurial talents and his extensive experience for the Jubilee Housing cause.

"I know how to make profits from the construction of shopping malls and the reinvigoration of inner-city commercial districts," he says. "The Enterprise Development Corporation will pay its taxes and operate just like any other commercial developer, but its profits will provide ongoing income for the financing of these housing projects for people who might otherwise live in the worst of slums."

He can visualize a time in the not-so-distant future when there may be as many as 50 U.S. cities with Jubilee Housing programs of their own in being.

If so, there will be still more quiet prayers of rejoicing at this accomplishment at the little Church of the Savior on Massachusetts Avenue, where it all began.

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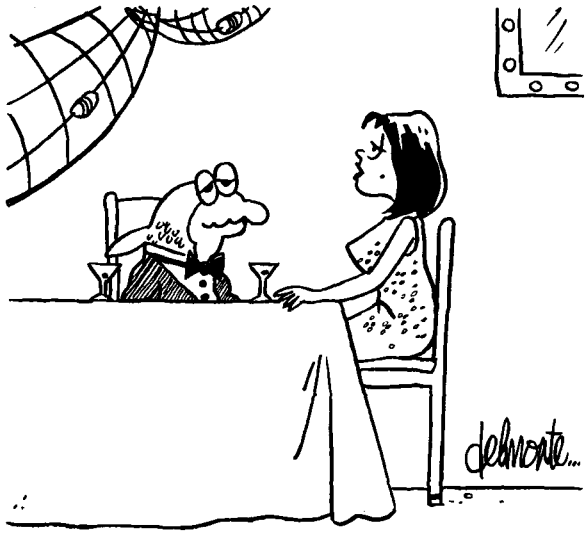

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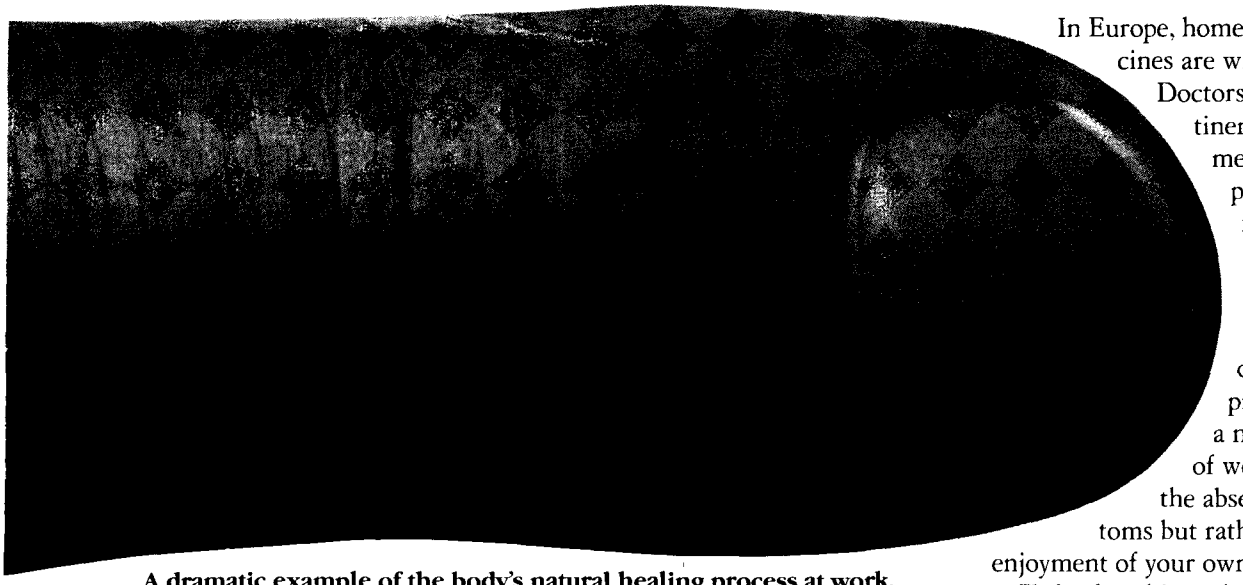

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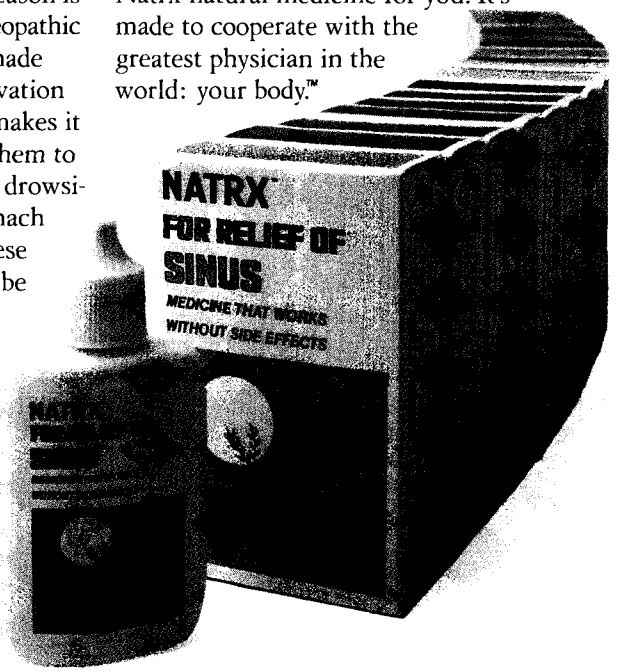

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BOTTS AT SEA

A sucker for taking advice, Alexander Botts takes a fishing trip with a prospective buyer of his Earthworm tractors—and runs into "reel" trouble.

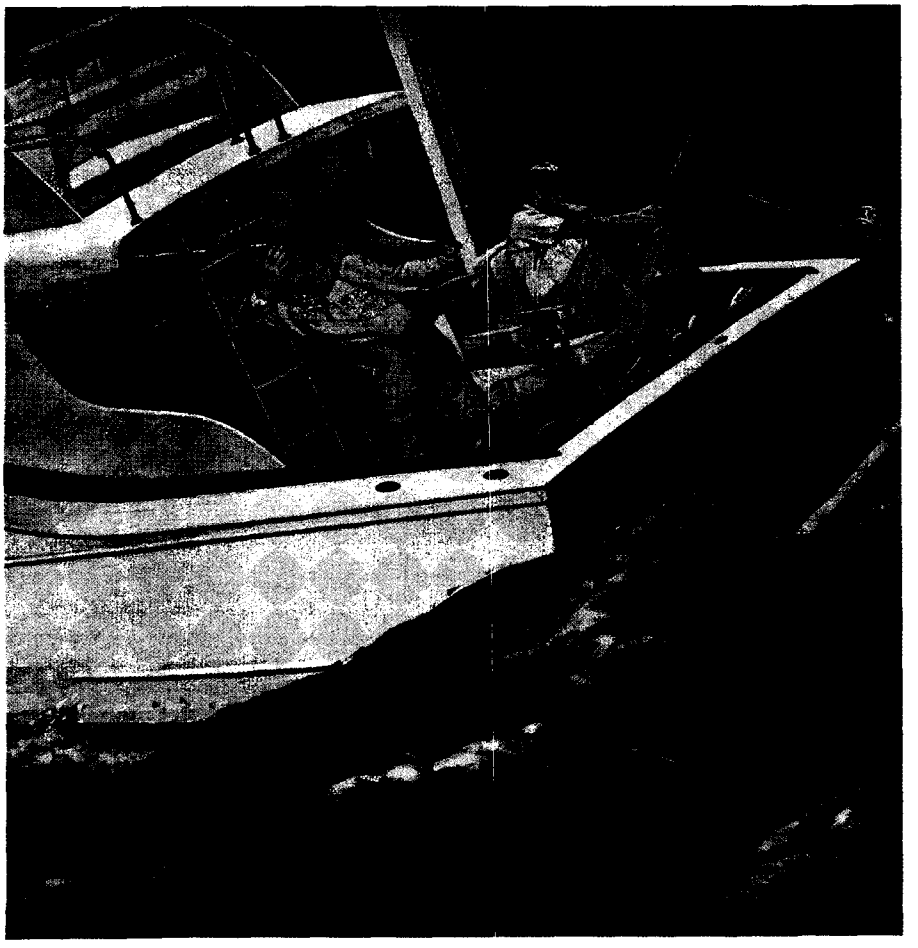
by William Hazlet Upson

Illustrated by Walter Skor

Alexander Botts, ace sales manager for the Earthworm Tractor Company, found himself in a dilemma when he tried to sell a fleet of tractors to Mr. Montgomery of Tri-State Development. Montgomery was an ardent fisherman—as was the obnoxious Mr. Beasley, salesman for the rival Behemoth Tractor Co. Botts claimed the title as well, though his performance on a fishing trip left much to be desired. Hiding behind the technical meaning of the word "ardent," Botts persuaded Montgomery, who refused to do business with anyone who'd lie to him, to give him another chance. Unfortunately, the boat ran out of gas, and Botts unwisely chopped up some fishing rods to make a kite so he could send a message to his assistant in town to come rescue them. Finding the rods missing, Montgomery declared them to be priceless and that he knew who'd stolen them!

Conclusion: "Just a minute," I said.

"Keep quiet," he said. "I am not talking to you, Mr. Botts. You are so ignorant you could not even have guessed at the value of this imported tackle. But Mr. Beasley, you are a connoisseur. You must have recognized the delicate workmanship and the beautiful construction of these two rods. You stole the rods and you have undoubtedly hidden them someplace along the beach where you can come back later and pick them up. I will not be hard on you, Mr. Beasley. All you have to do is bring them back, and I will take no action against you."



There was a brief silence, during which I had an opportunity to make an agonizing reappraisal of the situation. By this time it was probably known all over Mott's Landing that a kite, constructed partly of fishing tackle and bearing a letter from me, had descended on the town. Mr. Montgomery would hear about it. And, if I kept quiet in the meantime, I would be worse off than ever.

"Mr. Montgomery," I said, "when I found we were marooned over here, I decided it was imperative to get a message to my operator in Mott's Landing. I decided to make a kite, fasten a letter to it and fly it over to the town. Unfortunately, I did not realize the value of your two imported rods, so I chopped them up and used them in building my kite."

Mr. Montgomery became almost speechless with rage. "What!" he gasped. "You chopped up my irreplaceable rods to make a kite?"

Once more my mind reverted to my childhood. I repeated some words from a story in one of my school readers. "I cannot tell a lie," I said. "I did it with my little hatchet."

At this Mr. Montgomery became completely speechless, and for the first time, I took note of a deep, roaring noise which had been gradually increasing. I glanced over toward the beach. An Earthworm tractor had burst through the growth of mangrove. It was towing a very muddy Behemoth tractor.

I leaped off the boat. I splashed ashore. My operator reported that he had received my letter. He and the Behemoth man had both started across the swamp. The Behemoth had become hopelessly stuck in the mud, and he had pulled it out. By this time, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Beasley had joined me, and I began to hope that Mr. Montgomery would be deeply impressed by this demonstration of the superiority of the Earthworm over the Behemoth in going through a swamp.

Unfortunately, Mr. Montgomery

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was not impressed at all. "I do not intend to use my tractors in swamps," he said. "So this swamp demonstration means nothing to me. What does concern me, when I buy machinery, is the caliber of the men behind it. And I must say that you two men have put on a very interesting demonstration. As I told you yesterday, honesty and truthfulness are the most important qualities I look for in anyone with whom I do business."

"Which means," said Beasley, "that you refuse to do business with a man like Mr. Botts who steals fishing tackle?"

"There were several other points," said Mr. Montgomery. "I was a bit doubtful of Mr. Botts yesterday when he said he was an ardent fisherman. But he more or less cleared that up when he explained that a man could be ardent without being skillful or experienced. Then I was a bit doubtful about you, Mr. Beasley, when you tried to hurry up your order by claiming the Behemoth Company was short of steel."

"What was the matter with that?"

"I had just read an item in the *Wall Street Journal* that said the Behemoth Company has plenty of steel."

"The *Wall Street Journal* could be wrong," said Beasley.

"Maybe so. But I have a lot more to go on. Today, when you thought I was out of sight up the beach, I was actually hidden among the mangrove trees—surreptitiously watching everything you people did. I saw you, Mr. Beasley, when you took a rubber tube and siphoned all the fuel into the water. I suppose you did that to delay us until five o'clock. Apparently you thought that was the time my secretary would send off those Behemoth orders."

"You told me she was going to mail them at five, didn't you?"

"Sure. But I just said that to see if it would tempt you to pull off some dirty work. Actually, I told her to hold them indefinitely. I got a kick out of the way you rose to the bait, Mr. Beasley. I also got a kick out of watching Mr. Botts chopping up that cheap fishing tackle."

"Cheap? I thought you told me they were collectors' items?"

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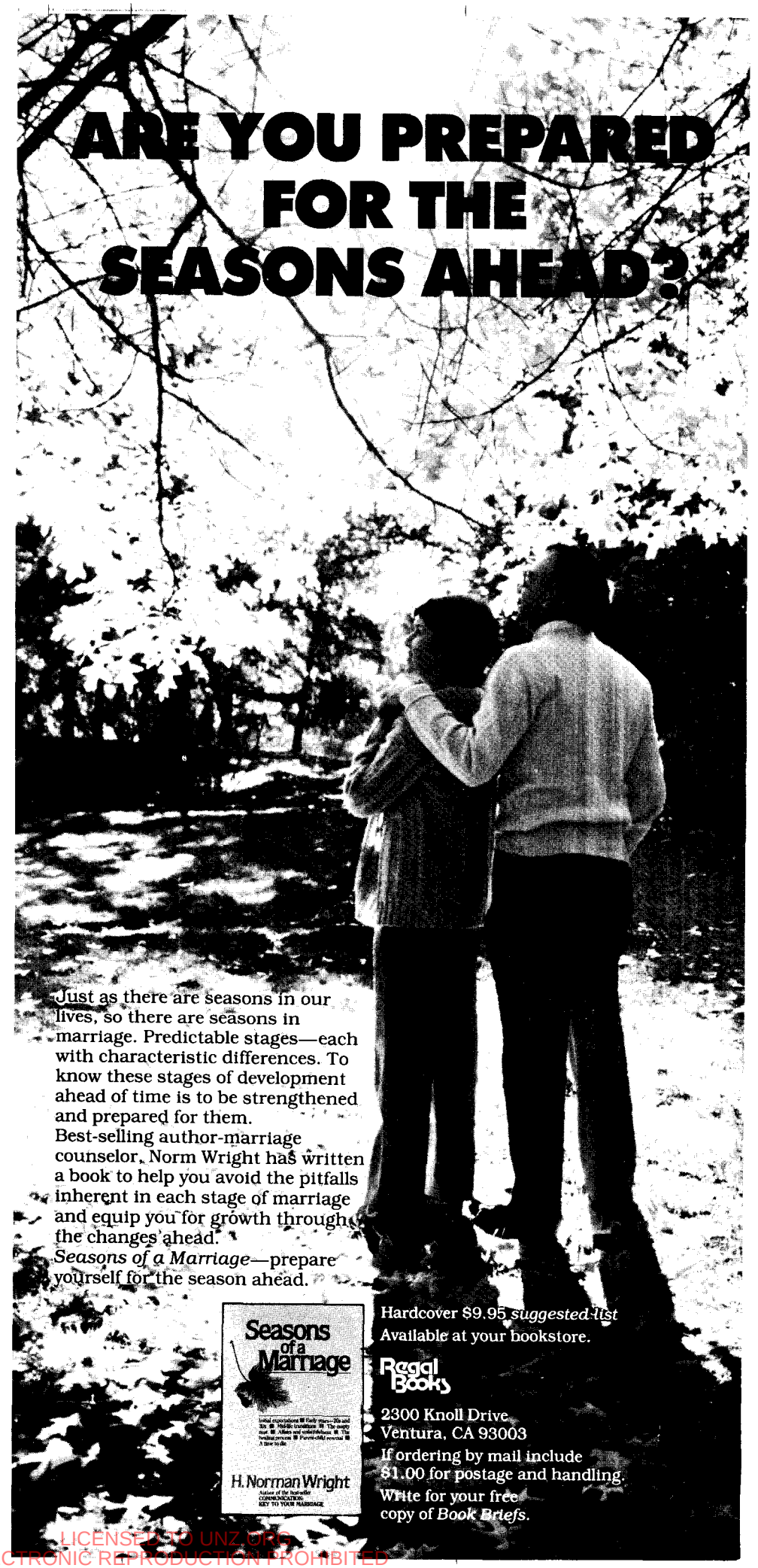
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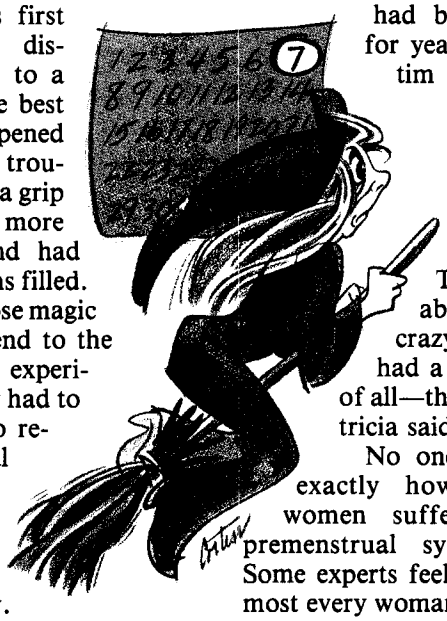
HELP FOR PREMENSTRUAL SYNDROME

A British doctor comes to the U.S. to testify before the FDA about progesterone as the magic bullet for some premenstrual syndrome sufferers.

by B. A. Vinocur

Illustrated by Ed Cortese

Patricia Miller's first marriage had dissolved. Her second, to a man she felt was the best thing that ever happened to her, was in serious trouble. She couldn't get a grip on things. She visited more than 30 doctors and had scores of prescriptions filled. She hoped one of those magic pills would put an end to the monthly misery she experienced and her family had to live through. But no relief came, medical bills mounted and Patricia and her family continued to experience the same monthly agony.

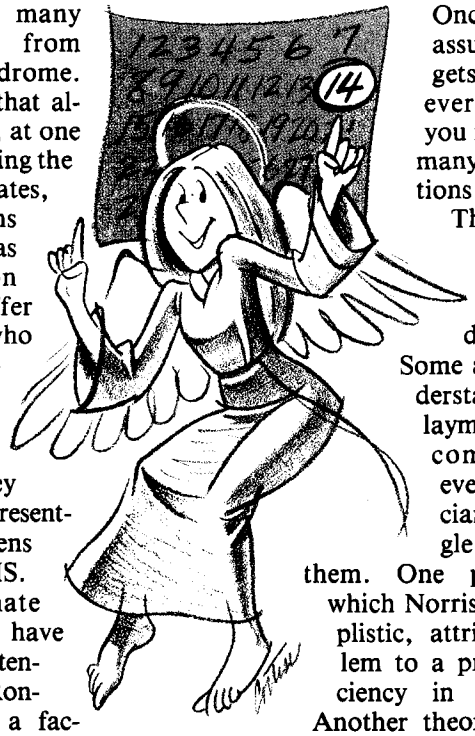


Finally, Patricia decided she had had enough. Using the very prescription for Percodan, a strong pain pill, that had been prescribed to help her, she tried to take her own life. She survived only to find herself plunged back into a medical runaround that provided no answers to the monthly agony she had been living through for nearly 20 years.

Then, as if destined to be, Patricia Miller's agony ended. Sitting in a small three-by-five cubicle in a paper gown, waiting for still another test, she picked up a magazine —more to have something to do than actually to read. There, before her eyes, was something that grabbed her attention. She read the article, then tore off the gown, put her clothes back on and left the hospital without so much as a word to the doctors or staff. Patricia Miller knew that at last she had found the answer to the curse that had been haunting her for years: She was a victim of premenstrual syndrome (PMS).

"As I read the article describing PMS, it was as if a light went on in my head. They were talking about me. I wasn't crazy, and my problem had a name, and—best of all—there was help," Patricia said.

No one knows exactly how many women suffer from premenstrual syndrome. Some experts feel that almost every woman, at one time or another during the years she menstruates, has some symptoms of it. Attention has been focused on women who suffer from PMS and who have committed violent acts due to it. While the cases are true, experts emphasize that they are by no means representative of what happens to women with PMS.



"It's unfortunate that those cases have drawn all of the attention," commented Ronald Norris, M.D., a faculty member at the Tufts University School of Medicine in Boston and director of the Premenstrual Syndrome Clinic in Lynnfield, Massachusetts. "Of course, those women need attention, too, but all of the time spent on their cases creates an unfair picture of the syndrome.

"Those women who experience psychotic episodes or commit violent acts are a minority. They don't even represent one percent of PMS sufferers," Norris said. He added, "Eighty-five to 90 percent of women during their menstruating years, during one cycle or more, will experience some symptoms of PMS. About 40 percent of women have the symptoms every month; for some, it is just a signal that lets them know their period is coming, but it isn't disabling. Five to ten percent have symptoms of sufficient severity every month that they interfere with their ability to function. It's only a small percentage of this group that experience psychotic behavior or commit violent acts."

Despite all of the media attention being focused on PMS lately, it is by no means a new problem. An early report of PMS appeared in the medical literature back in 1931. However, many physicians regarded PMS as something women just had to live with. Some physicians, according to Norris, still are clinging to this opinion. "Many of them just accept," he said, "that this is just the way women are. Once you make that assumption and it gets built into your everyday thinking, you never have to ask many critical questions."

The exact cause of PMS is not clear. There are a number of different theories. Some are simple to understand even for the layman; others are so complicated that even many physicians have to struggle to understand them. One popular theory, which Norris feels is too simplistic, attributes the problem to a progesterone deficiency in PMS sufferers. Another theory, advanced by Katharina Dalton, M.D., one of the foremost experts on PMS, focuses on a balance between estrogen and progesterone.

Dalton's experience with PMS is

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legendary. For 35 years, she has toiled to see as many women as she possibly can. She confesses to not knowing exactly how many women she's seen over the years, but admits that they number in the tens of thousands. Last year alone, she saw more than 1,200 women who were referred to her because their doctors thought they were suffering from PMS.

From her London office, Dr. Dalton explained why she feels PMS has taken longer to be accepted in the United States than in Great Britain. "PMS is a problem that tends to fall between the cracks. It's not a psychological or OB/GYN problem. It's really an endocrine problem, and most endocrinologists are so busy with patients with diabetes and the like that they aren't spending time on PMS. In England, we have a different medical system; there are far more general practitioners here than in the United States. These GPs really know their patients, and they recognize this problem."

Recognizing PMS is, however, no simple task for the uninitiated. There is a long list of symptoms that are part of the syndrome, and any one patient may have several or only one. Migraines, backaches, breast tenderness, food cravings (particularly for sweets), anxiety, irritability, depression, weight gain, crying, even psychotic episodes can all be PMS symptoms. In fact, Norris says, many women who suffer from monthly backaches or migraines are going from doctor to doctor looking for help, and no one realizes they're actually suffering from PMS. The key, according to Dalton and Norris, is timing. "PMS is defined," Dalton said, "very specifically as the presence of symptoms in the premenstrum with complete absence of symptoms after menstruation begins." Norris went on to say that some women just have their symptoms for a couple of days before their period begins; others get them two weeks before, and the symptoms can last for a day or two after menstruation has begun. "It's variable," Norris said, "but the key is that there is a recurring pattern. Month after month, the women have the same symptoms."

The recurring pattern is the basis for diagnosis. Dalton and Norris have their patients keep detailed charts for at least two months. "When you look at the charts, it is clear that there is a recurring pattern. Over and over, the same symptoms are cropping up at the same time each month," Norris said.

PMS also appears to run in families. "There's no question," Dalton said, "that there's a hereditary link." Dalton has been seeing patients long enough that she can say that with certainty. "I'm now treating daughters of the women I took care of years ago. And if one identical twin has it, the other will as well. But in nonidentical twins, there is no way to predict," she added. Dalton explained that, while it runs in families, each and every daughter of a mother with PMS may not be affected. However, for Patricia Miller, her suffering brings back memories. "For all those years, my sister and I never knew what was wrong with our mother; now we do," she said. Patricia's own daughter is showing PMS symptoms and is currently being evaluated at Norris's clinic in Lynnfield.

Dalton and Norris also said that tubal ligations can make PMS dramatically worse. Patricia Miller confirmed that. "After my tubal, things got even worse than before."

"The reasons," Norris explained, "have to do with the nerves that run alongside the Fallopian tubes. It's been documented in some studies that, after tubal ligation, progesterone levels drop."

As was the case for Patricia Miller, there is help for even the most severe PMS sufferers. However, the treatment is not the same for all PMS women, and one therapy, progesterone, is generating a great deal of controversy.

Norris divides PMS sufferers into three groups: mild, moderate and severe. "Patients with mild PMS usually note their symptoms three to five days before their period and interpret it as a signal their period is about to begin. The symptoms may cause some concern, but don't interfere with their life in any way," Norris said. Dalton and Norris agreed that these patients are usually helped by one of a variety of lifestyle changes. Reducing stress, eating a well-balanced diet and taking frequent meals are among the key points.

"Many of these women," Norris said, "have a problem with hypo-

continued on following page

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glycemia. It is important for them to eat frequent small meals. PMS sufferers need to make sure that they don't increase their caloric intake, just divide the calories they would usually eat during a day into six portions." Dalton agreed, adding, "I tell women to take some complex carbohydrates every three hours or so."

Norris also believes exercise may benefit some patients and that salt restriction is very important for those who gain weight. "It is important to women to understand that because they get puffy before their period doesn't necessarily mean they have excess fluid," Norris said. "Only about 30 percent of women with puffy faces, abdominal bloating, puffy fingers and breast tenderness are actually retaining fluid. Most women just redistribute fluid, and that is responsible for their puffy appearance. It's quite easy to find out if you're actually gaining weight or just shifting fluid. Morning weights will tell you that." For those women who do gain weight, Norris believes that salt restriction can be quite helpful.

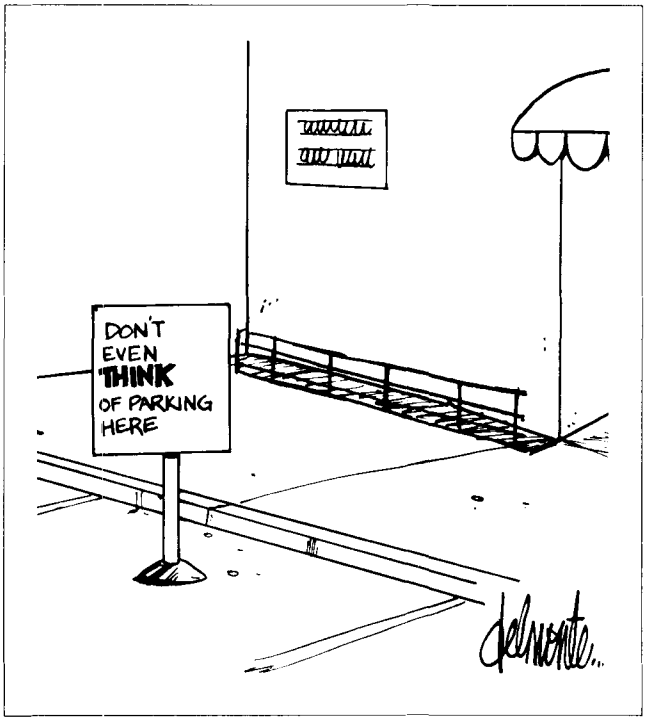
Breast tenderness is another symptom and one that can be quite uncomfortable. Norris said many women find that this is helped by avoiding all caffeine just before their period. "Some benefit may be gained from just cutting back, but sometimes it requires complete abstinence," he added.

Norris also suggests eliminating refined sugars from the diet and decreasing dairy products. "This will help some patients," he said.

Other patients may require diuretics or other medications. "There is a role for diuretics in some patients. Unfortunately, sometimes they're prescribed inappropriately, or the patients overuse them," Norris said. A prime example of overuse relates to alcohol. "There are some women who tell us that one or two drinks help with their symptoms. Unfortunately, during this time they are more susceptible to alcohol's effects and can become quite tipsy on only one or two drinks. There's also a tendency for alcohol to be overused. Ten to 15 percent of the women we see in our clinic have, at one time or another, had a problem with alcohol," he added.

Patients with moderate PMS may require diuretics or even tranquilizers occasionally, Norris said. However, he stressed that, if not used carefully, these can make matters worse.

Some patients, according to Norris, also benefit from vitamin B6. "It helps some patients quite significantly; others are helped but not quite as much. It should always be taken according to directions," Norris explained.



But what seems to be most effective in the greatest number of women with PMS is progesterone. "Only two to three percent of menstruating women need progesterone, *but for those who do, the effect is quite dramatic*," Dalton said.

Progesterone is a sex hormone that is normally produced in relatively large quantities by the body after ovulation and during the second and third trimesters during pregnancy. Dalton has been prescribing it for PMS sufferers for 35 years and has found not only that it is very effective, but that it is safe.

Patients with PMS are treated with progesterone suppositories, and the doses that are used are large by the standards of many doctors in this country. "The doses seem large only because most doctors aren't used to them. Actually, the levels in the blood aren't that high. The large doses are needed to produce adequate blood levels, and each woman is a bit different. The progesterone in the suppositories isn't that well absorbed, and some patients metabolize it rapidly," Norris explained.

Patricia Miller is using 200 mg suppositories three times a day for about 16 days a month. "The change is dramatic," she said. "It's something that everyone around me notices. I feel as though my life has been given back to me. You have to realize what I was going through was a living hell. For 20 years, two-thirds of my life was horrible. Now I'm able to function normally."

Patricia Miller's experience is typical of women with PMS who need progesterone. But the relief these women seek is not readily available to them. This spring the FDA is scheduled to hold hearings on PMS. They are trying to determine whether progesterone suppositories should be approved for the treatment of PMS. "Right now, they're being used to treat luteal-phase deficiency, one specific type of infertility," Norris said. "But those patients receive much smaller doses than are prescribed for PMS sufferers," he added.

Patricia Miller and thousands of other PMS sufferers in the United States have to get their progesterone suppositories from one of several hundred pharmacies in the United States where pharmacists make them up. In England, where they sell several million of the suppositories a year, the drug is approved as a therapy for PMS.

Dalton will travel from England to the United States to testify at the FDA hearings. "I will be bringing with me evidence of its safety during long-term use. This drug is safe and effective, there's no question about that. I've used it personally for 35 years in thousands of patients, and the results have been quite satisfactory," she said.

Oral progesterone is also being used, but because of absorption problems, it is not very effective in the available preparation. "They are

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presently working in the United States on a better oral form, and doctors in France are using an oral preparation that they find quite effective," Norris said.

Norris and others working in the field agree that good studies, double-blind controlled ones, are needed to document progesterone's effectiveness in PMS. "However," Norris added, "Dalton's experience is quite impressive. It's hard to argue with her experience and results. There's really no doubt in my own mind that progesterone works, but as a scientist I recognize these studies will have to be done."

Still, patients like Patricia Miller say that they would choose progesterone even if there were questions about its safety. "When you're living with what I was, it doesn't matter if someone tells you there's some risk. That doesn't mean much when you're in the midst of a living hell," she said.

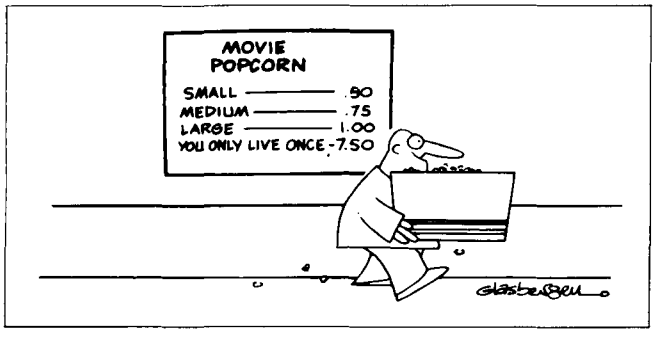
If there's any justice for PMS sufferers, it comes when they go through menopause. "Their menopause tends to be less severe than that of other women. I guess nature's kind in the end," Dalton said. Norris agreed that PMS sufferers tend to have a milder menopause. However, he emphasized that there are no guarantees.

Unfortunately, there seems to be little justice for the sufferers at present. They're caught in the middle of a battle between doctors and the FDA. And at the same time, they find themselves the object of criticism by some members of the feminist movement who feel that PMS will ultimately be used as a weapon against women.

"PMS has been used for decades against women. Maybe it wasn't given that name, but just the same, it was used. PMS is a medical problem, just as is diabetes or heart disease. If it's recognized and treated, there is no reason why a woman with PMS can't function perfectly normally. In fact, the past experience suffering with PMS may make her better able to cope. I would have no hesitancy whatsoever about having a surgeon with PMS operate on me or about flying in a plane piloted by a PMS sufferer. As long as they're being treated, they shouldn't be treated any differently than any other individual with a health problem," Norris said.

Still, there are those who are concerned that PMS will be used against women. But PMS groups and experts such as Norris and Dalton feel that only through education will those prejudices be set aside.

Patients such as Patricia Miller agree. "I wasn't helped because one of the doctors I went to recognized that I had PMS. I was helped because I read about PMS and went to Dr. Norris. If I hadn't read that article. . .well, who knows? I'd either still be suffering, or maybe I would have killed myself. Thankfully, I got help. Now I have a new life, and it's a great one. I only hope others will be as lucky as I was."



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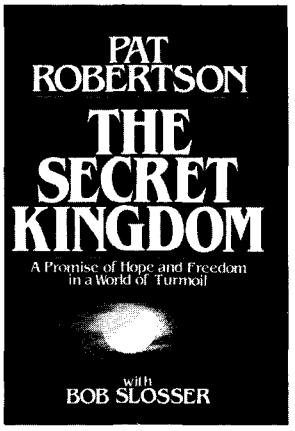

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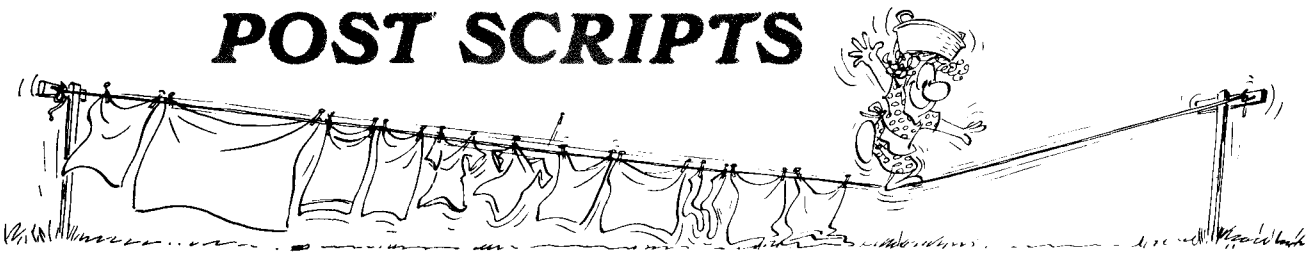


Love Is a Many "Spend-It" Thing

"There goes the woman I love," said the doctor to his friend.

"Are you going to marry her?" asked the friend.

"Can't afford it," answered the doctor. "She's my best patient."

—Morris Bender

Bats in the Belfry

In this country, we consider an accused man innocent until proven guilty. Then we say he's crazy.

—Lane Olinghouse

Tipsy Tint

The man was arrested for selling illegal whiskey in a small town. As he stood before the bench, the bright red hue of his nose was glaringly evident to everyone sitting in the jury box.

"Look at the defendant!" pleaded his attorney. "Can any of you honestly say that my client looks like a man who would *sell* whiskey if he had it?"

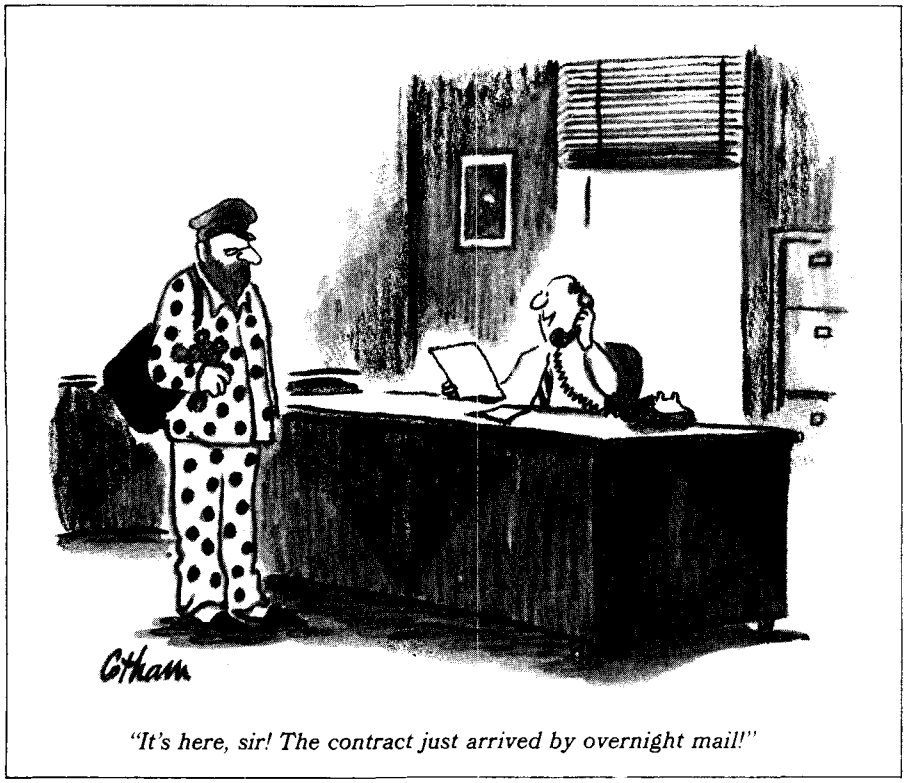
The jury quickly returned with a not-guilty verdict.

—Henry E. Leabo

Lost n' Found

Mr. Brown had worn a mustache for years. One day, he shaved it off. He saw his small son playing in front of the house and, wanting to see if the boy recognized him, asked him if he knew where Mr. Brown lived. His son ran into the house calling, "Mama! Papa had his mustache shaved off and now he doesn't know where he lives."

—Dorothea Kent



"It's here, sir! The contract just arrived by overnight mail!"

English Tenses

The principal told the young teacher, "I know this is your first teaching assignment, and you're nervous. See those young teachers on your left? They're tense, too."

"What about all those old English teachers to my right?" she wondered. "Do they look tense to you?"

"No," the principal chuckled. "I'd say they look more like past tense."

—Frank Komadina

Square Meal

"What'd you learn, boy?" the old mountaineer asked his son, home from his first year in college.

"Lots of things, Pa. I studied physics."

"What's physics, boy?"

"Well, for one thing I learned pi r^2."

The old man reflected on this for a moment, then said: "Boy, I think you wasted your time. Pie are round. Cornbread are square."

—Ben Steedly Moore

Cardiac Hi-test

A doctor seemed mesmerized as he watched his mechanic take his carburetor apart and rebuild it from start to finish.

"You know," the doctor remarked, shaking his head with admiration, "your hands are like a surgeon's."

"With one big difference," the mechanic replied. "I never work with the engine running."

—Thomas E. Oetzel

Out of Line

Furious about a speeding ticket, a man told the judge in court, "That cop picked me from a whole line of speeders and gave me a ticket!"

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The judge asked the cop, "Is that so?"

" 'Fraid so, your honor."

"How come?"

"Well, I turned on my red light and my siren, and he's the only one who stopped."

—Martha Beckman

It's Raining on the Coast

"I believe you have the wrong number," said the old gentleman into the phone. "You'll have to call the weather bureau for that information."

"Who was that?" his young wife asked.

"Some guy wanting to know if the coast was clear."

—E. O'Brien

Heinrich Schnibble's Wordenbooke

Dog: Barkenpantensniffer.
Dog Catcher: Barkenpantensniffersnatcher.
Dog Cather's Truck: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagon.
Garage for Truck: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagonhaus.
Truck Repairman: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagonhausermechanikerworker.
His Union: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagonhausmechanikerworkenfeatherbeddenundgefixengroup.

Golf Course: Hittenhuntenfield.
Golf Clubs: Hittenhuntenfielderhittensticks.
Golfer: Hittenhuntenfielderhittenstickenswinger.
Clubhouse: Hittenhuntenfielderhittenstickenswingerstartenstoppenplatz.
Taproom: Hittenhuntenfielderhittenstickenswingerstartenstoppenplatzerdrinkenspot.

X-Ray: Insidengelookenpeeper.
X-Ray Technician: Insidengelookenpeeperkeeper.

Horse: Foddergeburnenclippenclopper.
Mule: Balkendummkopferfoddergeburnenclippenclopper.
Zebra: Pinstripensuitenwearenfoddergeburnenclippenclopper.

—Dave Morrah

In the Heat of the Nap

Grandma: "You're such a nice boy to sit so quietly and not disturb Grandpa while he naps."

Grandson: "He'll wake up soon, I know; I'm watching his cigar burn down to his fingers."

—George E. Bergman

Dressed Conversation

On a flight to New York, a passenger became engrossed in conversation with his seatmate.

"I believe it is a man's duty to share any good fortune he may have with his wife," he said. "For instance, when he earns a bonus, he should go out and buy her a new dress. There's nothing like a new dress for a woman."

"That sounds like a good idea," replied the second passenger. "Are you a psychiatrist?"

"No," was the answer. "I'm a dress manufacturer."

—Mrs. A. Mayer

Fire Practice

The first-grader was talking about the recent fire in his school.

"I knew it was going to happen," he said, "because we've been practicing for it all year."

—Anne Dirkman

Snow Blind

The ski-lodge proprietor came out of his office after a hard snowstorm and saw an old man poking with his cane at the drifts of snow at the edge of the road. To be helpful, he walked over and said kindly, "Can I help you across the road, sir?"

"No, thanks," the old man said calmly as he continued to poke with the cane. "I'm looking for my sports car."

—Kenneth E. Hall

Fee Disease

When Sutton came home after visiting the doctor, his wife asked, "Did he find out what you had?"

"Almost," he answered. "I had $28, and he charged $25."

—A. H. Berzen

Deferred Service

Customer: "The service in this restaurant is terrible."

Waitress: "How can you say that? You haven't had any yet."

—Bill Krefeldt

Corridor Cruising

As two tycoons made their way down the hospital corridor in their wheelchairs, one growled: "I figure it is costing me at least $1,000 a mile to drive this thing."

—Rose Sands

Callous Acquaintances

Some friends are like blisters. They never show up until after the work is done.

—B. Bader

"I'll *decide whether a manuscript is trash or not!*"

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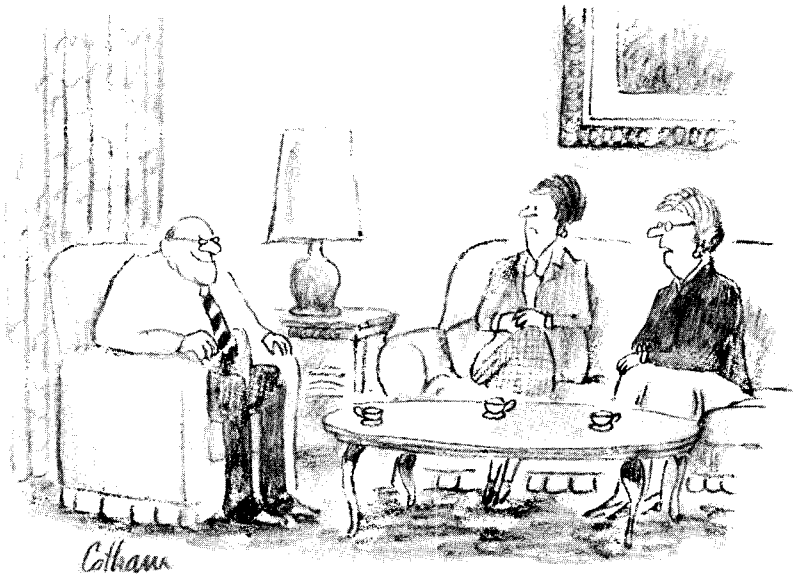
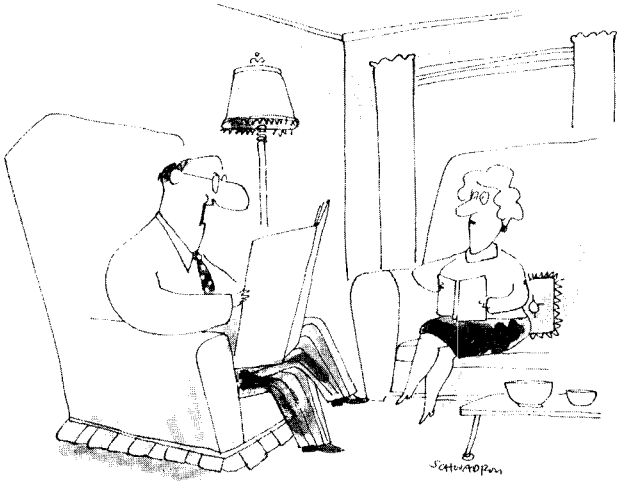
TAX RELIEF

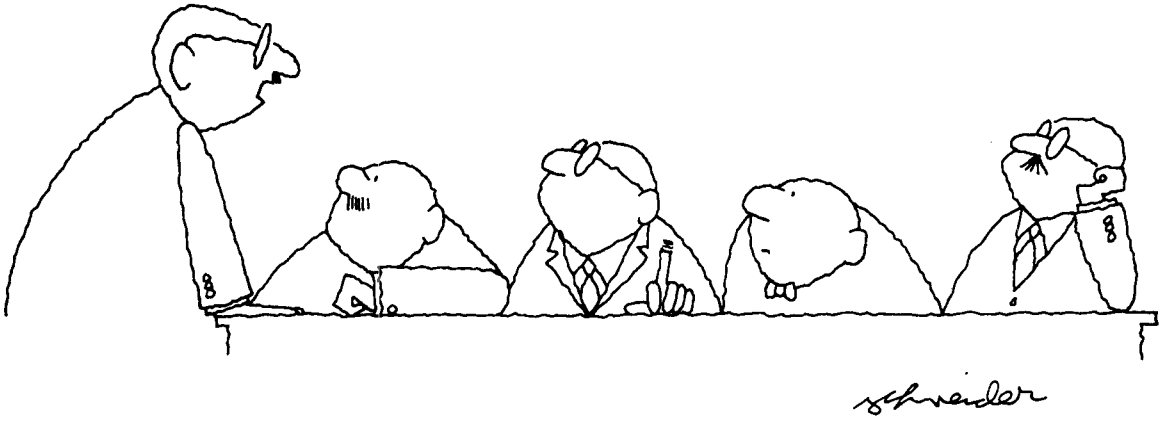


"Calvin is happiest when he has something unpleasant to look forward to."



"Of course we're middle class. We can't afford to buy anything, and nobody gives us anything."

"Sorry I'm late. They were auditing me."



". . .so moved. We pool our tax cuts and send out for a pizza."

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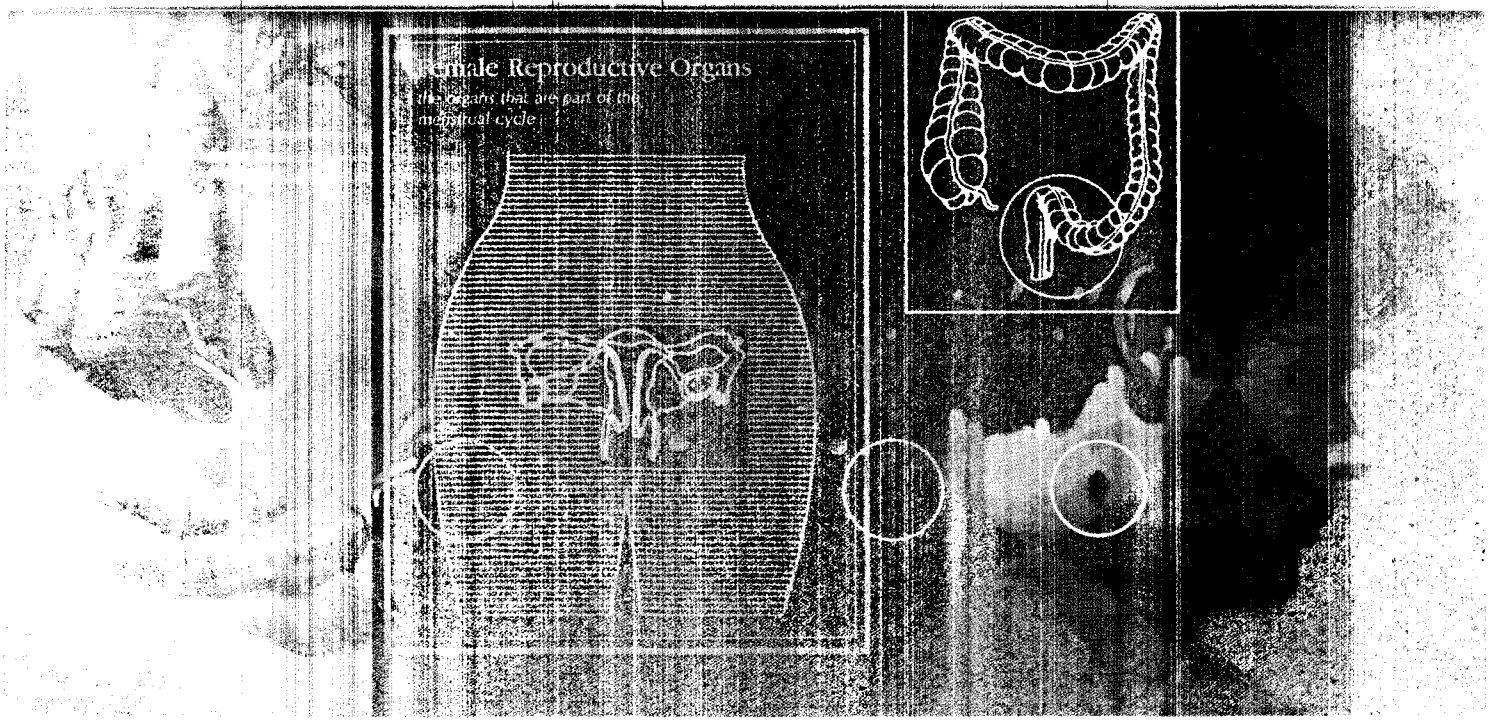

APRIL ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

April 7
Diverticulitis

Why have many doctors done an about face in the treatment of this painful inflammation of the intestinal tract? The "bland" diet of the past was a bane, not a boon. Learn why "bland" is bad and high fiber is good for you on this week's LIFECARE DIGEST.

April 14
Skin Cancer

Malignant melanoma is the skin cancer which kills. It can take an innocent looking mole and turn it into a life-threatening malignant mass. But recent developments in treatment are proving 80% effective against this disease. Get all the details on LIFECARE DIGEST.

April 21
Arthritis

Venom from Bolivian ants, ice packs, sugar-free/additive-free diets, finger-joint replacements and radiation to the lymph nodes — which of these are being used in the treatment of crippling arthritis? Find out on this segment of LIFECARE DIGEST as we update you on the latest arthritis research.

April 28
Premenstrual Syndrome

Some people describe PMS sufferers as Ms. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde. What are the hormonal changes which occur during a woman's monthly cycle which can even drive some women to commit violent crimes? And how does progesterone play a part in controlling PMS? LIFECARE DIGEST will give you all the facts — watch it this week.

The 700 Club

The TV show that gives answers for life

Check your local listings for time and station

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CBN'S REMARKABLE BEN KINCHLOW

He met Jesus at 80 miles an hour, and this inspiring cohost of "The 700 Club" has been in high gear for God ever since.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Ben Kinchlow is a 6'4" Texan with Western boots at one end and salt-and-pepper hair (leaning heavily to salt) at the other. Whether on the television screen or in person, he is a man not easily overlooked and, once met, not easily forgotten.

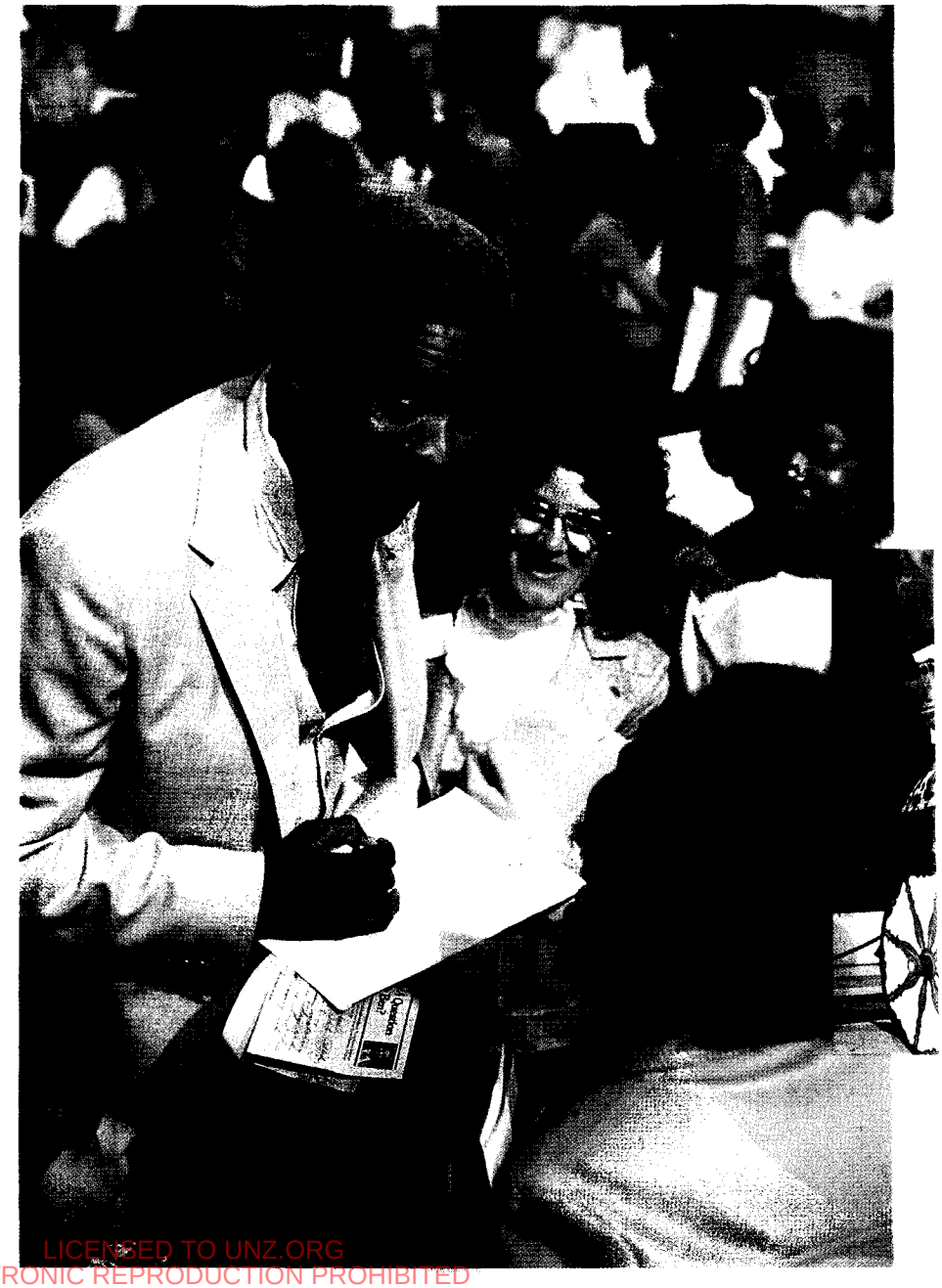
The miracle of Ben Kinchlow's life is that he is here at all. The second miracle is that I could catch up with him for an interview. His 90-minute morning stint as cohost of Pat Robertson's "700 Club," a position he's held since 1977, is only the beginning of his day, which also includes directing "Operation Blessing," a relief service for the poor; overseeing the Christian Broadcasting Network's mail ministry; and counseling troubled souls the world over—all this in addition to being a full-time husband and father of three sons.

With luck, one may find Ben somewhere at the awesome Christian Broadcasting Network Center in Virginia Beach, Virginia. The Center itself is another miracle that owes its origin to the dream of Dr. M.G. "Pat" Robertson, Yale Law School graduate, former Marine Combat Corps officer and ordained Southern Baptist minister, who started CBN back in 1960 with a $3 bank deposit.

Only with help did I find my way from the spacious CBN lobby through the 170,000-square-foot beehive of electronic apparatus to Kinchlow's third-floor office. The 3.5 million daily viewers of "The 700 Club" would find that meeting Ben Kinchlow in person is like running into a next-door neighbor miles from home. In dark pin-striped suit, he appeared even taller than his 6'4" as he came from behind his desk with his trademark smile and outstretched hand.

Relaxed once more in an easy chair in a corner of neatly appointed surroundings, he left no doubt that here, in CBN's ministry "to glorify Jesus Christ," is right where he wants to be. But in such a setting, how does one delicately approach what still must be a tender subject—the direction his life had gone before Christ took the wheel and Ben made the incredible U-turn in his life that brought him here?

"I've read of your complete turnaround," I said. "Couldn't you be



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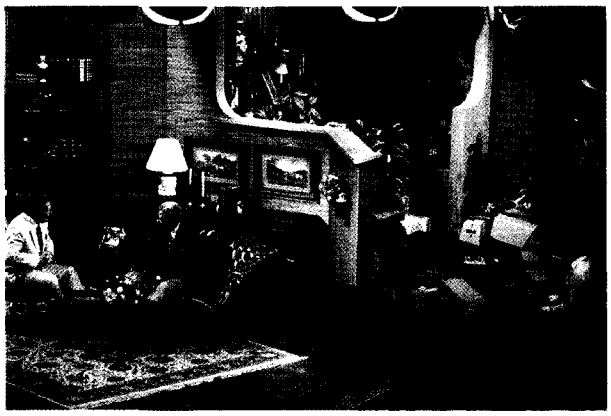
compared somewhat to Saul, the slayer of Christians, who became Paul, the missionary to souls?"

"Not at all," he answered. "A deeply religious man, Saul was pursuing his religious beliefs at the time of his conversion. I was about as far from religion as a man can get."

Was it true, I asked, that his life had actually centered mainly on drinking and chasing women?

"Yes, sir," he said, not ducking the issue. "And I did it religiously."



Cameras turn to the living-room set in one of CBN's roomy studios, where Kinchlow and CBN-founder Pat Robertson entertain some 3.5 million daily viewers on the program that has been labeled "God's talk show here on earth."

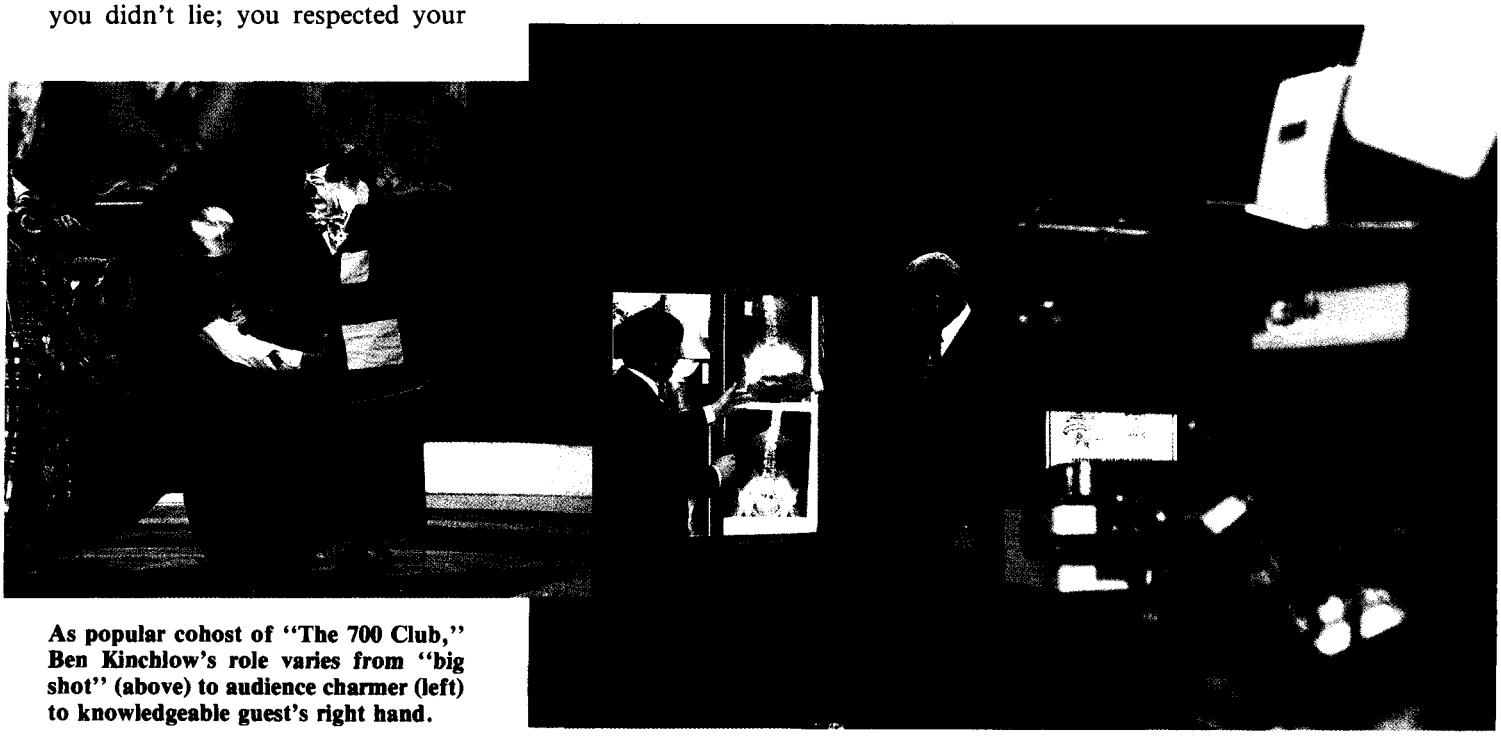
Ben Kinchlow came into this life in the little Texas town of Uvalde, 44 years ago. Yes, his family was poor, "but we didn't know it. No one had cars, nice homes, things like that." Yes, he had gone to church, walking several miles with his mother to the little clapboard building, but only because he had to. His dad, a ranch hand, never made the Sunday journey himself, but he made sure that young Ben never missed. Christianity, however, had never entered the picture. "It was just a place to go, a place where you met people," said Ben.

Rubbing a hand over the short-cropped hair (that began greying when he was in his 20s), he added, "I had already been taught certain principles at home: You didn't steal; you didn't lie; you respected your elders—things like that. Otherwise, you got womped! If you stole, you stole from someone who could stand it. And you didn't beat up sick old people, you beat up guys who deserved it."

At high school, Kinchlow was reminded daily that he was black. He was discouraged from playing football. Despite his size, he was made to sit in the balcony at the movies and to drink at a particular fountain. This treatment and similar snubs he received at railway stations and store counters all spared him having to look in a mirror to know what color he was. The result: He became bitter and tough. He began to get the impression that those who relied on religion were "those who couldn't make it in the real world; they needed a crutch." He became especially bitter because "whites told the black people to wait for heaven's streets of gold, while the white man was driving his car down streets of gold right here on earth."

Even at that time, however, Kinchlow said, he was willing to give Jesus the benefit of the doubt. "I felt like he might have been a good man, and likely believed what he was talking about—but the best he could do was get himself killed. And I didn't need some dead dude telling me how to get killed! I wanted someone to tell me how to live." And live Ben Kinchlow did.

After graduating from high school, he joined the Air Force, "because the Air Force base didn't have bathrooms for white male, white female, colored male and colored female." Here, nevertheless, for 13½ years, his bitterness grew, along with his proficiency at drinking, smoking, swearing and chasing women. "No doubt about it," he says, palms flat out like a baseball umpire signaling a runner safe at second, "had Jesus not come into my life, today I would be dead or in prison.



As popular cohost of "The 700 Club," Ben Kinchlow's role varies from "big shot" (above) to audience charmer (left) to knowledgeable guest's right hand.

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"One time," he said, "I was waiting with a butcher knife to carve up a man on the other side of a door. But if someone hadn't closed the door, he'd have killed me, because he had a pistol that I didn't know about. Another time, I had a gun in my pocket, the safety off, and I knocked on this guy's door, ready to kill the first person to show. The military had shipped the fellow out that very morning. And the day the Air Force police were waiting to apprehend and bust me for things I did overseas, purely by coincidence I took somebody else's automobile and left the base by a gate I'd never used before. Otherwise—okay, I'd surely be in prison right now."

At the time of his discharge, despite receiving the American Legion Award of Merit (he had served so patriotically that he admits to getting goosebumps whenever "The Star Spangled Banner" was played), there were enough demerits on the negative side of the ledger to put his soul in the red. His hero was the renowned Malcolm X, and his new challenge was to become a black revolutionary.

He subscribed wholeheartedly to his hero's directive for all colored people to unite to overthrow the cursed white. "I wanted to be a general in the black revolutionary army," he recalls, with his contagious chuckle. "Make big money, white money, because blacks didn't have any money. I wanted to sit behind a big desk like that"—he pointed across the room—"and give orders to foot soldiers, sending them off to wage guerilla warfare.

"We had it all planned. A lot of young blacks were coming back from Korea and Vietnam who had no way to make it back into society. We were going to take their military training and teach these hostile blacks how to wage warfare, use plastic explosives in the inner cities of Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco. With my third-degree black belt in karate, I would teach these angry young blacks hand-to-hand combat, turn them into Green Berets. We'd go South, warring against the communities, living off the land. I had been trained in karate with a single purpose in mind. I wanted to kill somebody with my bare hands. Not easily; I wanted to break bones and gouge and hurt."

"Just any white person, right?" I interjected.

He grinned. "No, at that time, I hated white, black, Mexican—everybody."

"And that's when you came to the Lord?"

"No, sir. This was about 1962 to 1965. The Lord didn't get to me until 1969 or 1970."

In the meantime, Malcolm X had been killed; the Muslims had begun to fall apart and so had Ben's marriage. The kids were paranoid, "never knowing when daddy left if he'd ever come back." But as dismal as things were internally, on the surface Kinchlow appeared to be doing well. A student under the GI Bill at Southwest Texas Junior College, on the dean's list, named in *Who's Who in Small Colleges*, member of Phi Theta Kappa and president of the senior class, he was working part-time both as a salesman and testing tires for a tire company on a track outside Uvalde. Making $12,000 a year, he had become the proud owner of a new sports car.

"So there I was," he said, "testing tires on this 8½-mile track during the cooling-off hours after sundown, my mind full of garbage, okay? I was thinking about getting drunk, of participating in illicit sex, my language at the time so filthy I often embarrassed even myself. My smoking had increased to three packs of Lucky Strikes a day. My mother gave me filtered cigarettes because, if I was going to smoke, at least the smoke would be filtered. I smoked an extra pack to make up for the loss of nicotine.

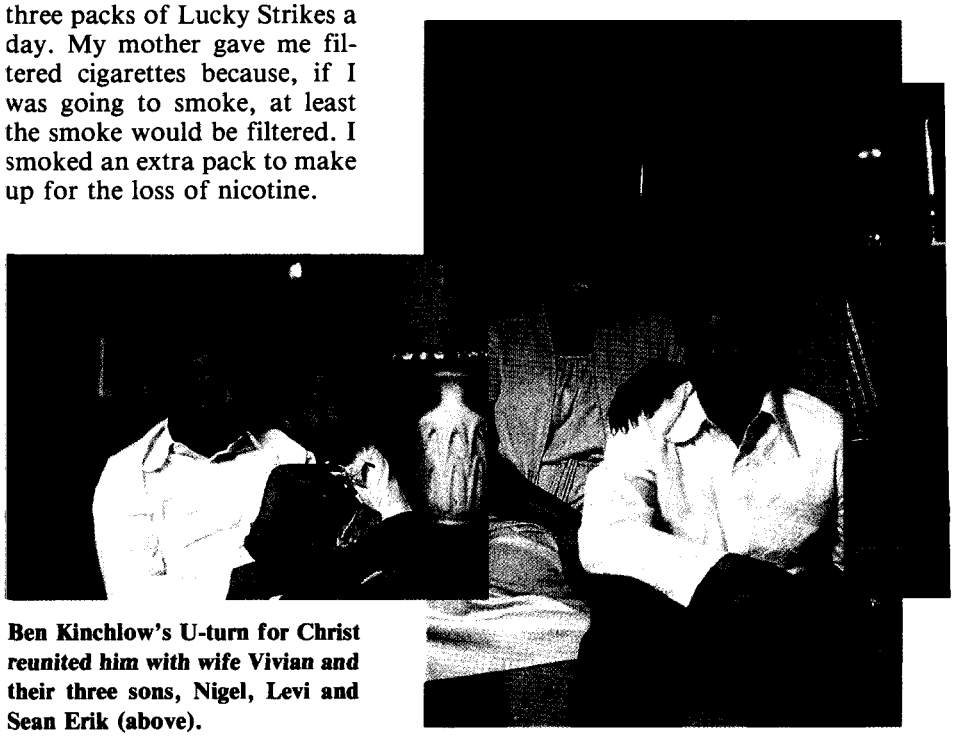
"So with a mouth full of cigarette smoke and a head full of garbage, I was testing these tires at 80 miles an hour when, all at once, this spiritual, 'My Heavenly Father Watches Over Me,' came rolling out. I couldn't believe it was me singing that song.

"I got off a few curses to sort of clean out my mouth, lit another cigarette and kept on driving. A few more miles—and the same song came out. I actually thought I was having a nervous breakdown. I know now that the Holy Spirit was speaking to me through that song. And the third time it replaced the cigarette smoke spewing out of my mouth, at that moment, *I knew!* There were no bells, no burst of light. But I knew I would never be the same again."

Kinchlow beamed. "And I said, 'Hey, man, hey God, if you are out there, if you can do something with my life, do it. Whatever you have for me, I'm ready, 100 percent, no reservations.' "

Deep down inside, Kinchlow admits that perhaps he had wanted there to be a God all along, but he'd been afraid God didn't exist. And what if he had "leaped out there" without some kind of mooring, and there really wasn't a God, and he had ended up with spiritual egg on his face.

But God had been there all along. And how!



Ben Kinchlow's U-turn for Christ reunited him with wife Vivian and their three sons, Nigel, Levi and Sean Erik (above).

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"It was like hitting a brick wall," he recalled. "I cut loose all moorings, clipped every dependence on *me*, on intellectual reasoning power, to do what God wanted me to do."

What God wanted him to do, first of all, was to reunite with his wife, Vivian, who misinterpreted his sudden conversion.

"Because I had already planned to become a minister," he explained. "Oh, yeah. No religion involved, nothing to do with any kind of moral convictions. But in the black community, the man with the greatest power was the minister. Adam Clayton Powell, a Baptist minister, was a womanizer—some say a crook—yet he was pastor of the biggest black Baptist church in Harlem. And they elected him to Congress. That's why I wanted to be a minister. There was no other reason."

So Kinchlow became a minister of the African Methodist Episcopal church. He quit his other jobs and opened "His Place," where he ministered to Uvalde kids who were in trouble. Then he went on to Killeen, to work in a Christian drug and alcoholism center. From Killeen, he continued on to Dallas where he helped out with a CBN telethon and eventually became director of the area counseling center. He thought his counseling job had opened the door to a new position at CBN headquarters in Virginia Beach. But when he went out to claim the job, he discovered "they had already hired a guy." How then did he become "700 Club" cohost? "I just ended up on the show one day, and I've been here ever since," Ben said.

I knew it would be an imposition to press this busy man further, despite his compassionate "you needn't rush." The 90-minute session before the studio cameras—with its preparation, its last-minute script changes, its tension—was over, but CBN's annual fund-raising campaign would be calling him back in a matter of hours. And mail-ministry business was awaiting him outside his closed office door.

"I have just one more question," I said. "If today, on one of your 10-mile hikes (Kinchlow's hobby), you were mugged, would you resort to your karate training and kick the mugger's head in? Or would you give him your cash along with your blessing?"

For a moment, the question stopped him. "It would be so easy, sitting here in my comfortable office with no mugger's gun at my neck, to say, 'Oh yeah, I'd forgive the man because I'm a Christian,' " he said. "But at that point, I would rely totally on God's grace. In my personal self, I realize that I am completely bankrupt. And apart from God's grace operating through me, if somebody tried to take something from me I'd try to break his neck."

Walking over to his desk, he picked up an open Bible. Dog-eared pages, underscored passages, handwritten marginal notes—all testified to its heavy usage.

"Christianity—I don't like to use the word Christianity—relationship with God, being born again, doesn't mean I clothe myself in a garment of righteousness, of good deeds and mealy mouthed responses. It means that Jesus Christ renews my spirit, and in the day-to-day encounters, be it mugging, someone cutting me off on the freeway or stepping in front of me at a restaurant, my responses hopefully—and thankfully—will be controlled by the life of Jesus Christ in me.

"Unfortunately—and I say this from my own standpoint—God is not a dictator. He still allows me to get angry, to become frustrated, to turn hostile. And then I have to come back and say, 'God, I really messed it up today. I'm sorry.' The good news is, He forgives me. That's a very roundabout way of saying I trust that, by the power of the Holy Spirit, I'll be able to forgive a mugger."

When Kinchlow is on a roll for God and His saving grace, whatever might be waiting can wait.

"You see, I'm persuaded that nothing bad can ever happen to me. Romans 8:28 says that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose.

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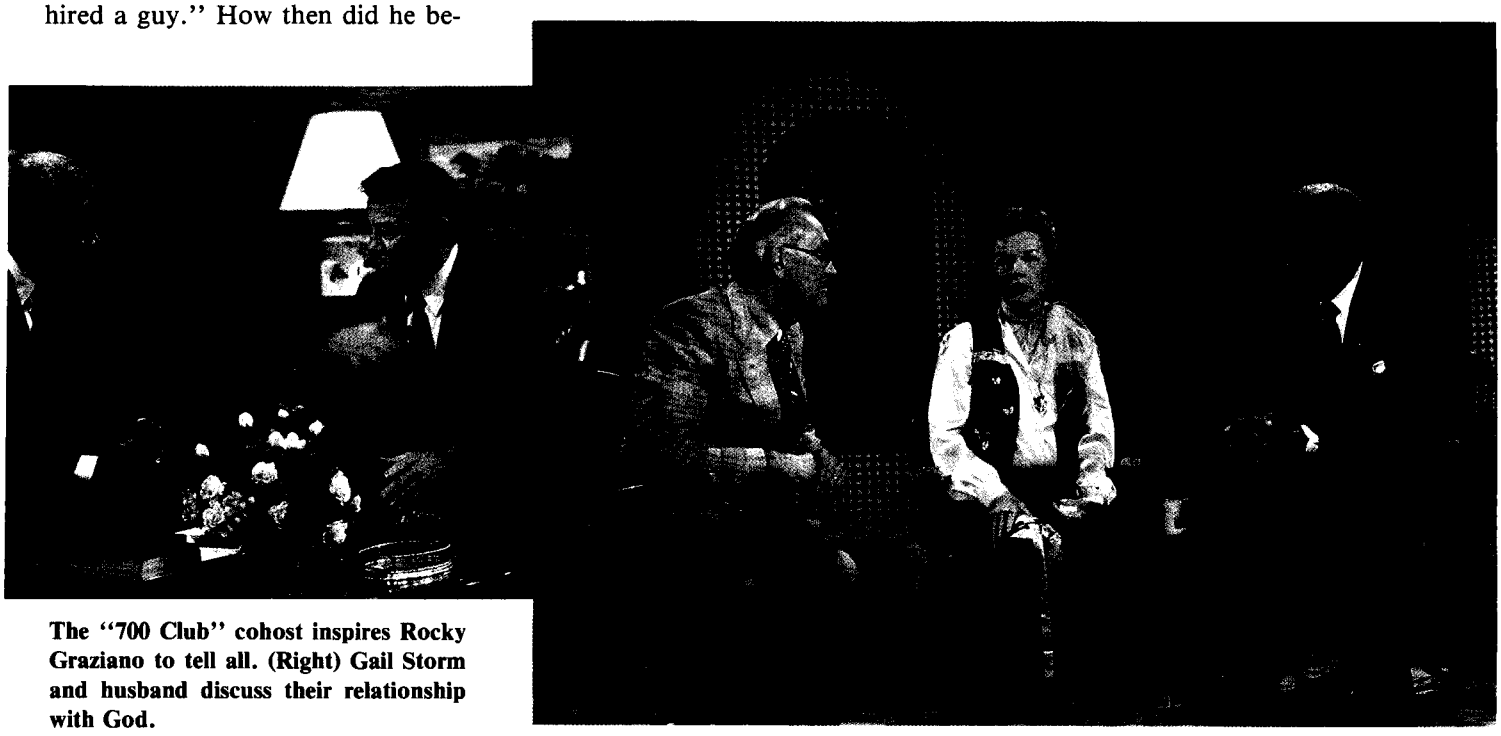

The "700 Club" cohost inspires Rocky Graziano to tell all. (Right) Gail Storm and husband discuss their relationship with God.

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Book Review

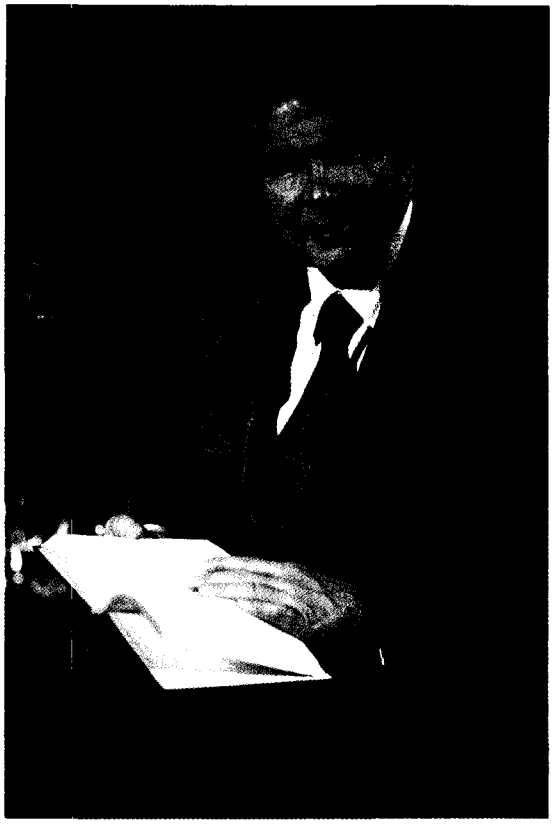
THE SECRET KINGDOM

"These times are the most chaotic in man's history. . .yet a way to success has been laid before us, if we will but open our eyes and proceed."

by Pat Robertson with Bob Slosser

The Secret Kingdom
by Pat Robertson
with Bob Slosser
Thomas Nelson Publishers
Nashville, Tennessee
223 pages, Hardcover, $10.95

Reviewed by Karen Hull



The Reverend M.G. "Pat" Robertson, a Phi Beta Kappa, graduate of Yale University Law School and ex-U.S. Marine, is host of the popular "700 Club" and founder of the Christian Broadcasting Network.

"Do you know the definition of an atheist?" asked my friend. "He's someone with no invisible means of support," he laughed. I thought of his joke more than once while reading Pat Robertson's new book, *The Secret Kingdom*, about an *invisible* world from which we can draw help—an invisible kingdom that has been with us all along. This kingdom of God is in our very midst, says Pat Robertson. ". . .the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matthew 3:2) is the Biblical reference he cites to support his thesis.

The author's moving account of what inspired him to write this extraordinary book follows:

The yellow moon hung low over the Atlantic. Two hundred feet from the narrow beach, the surf boomed and crashed, streaking white in the crystal moonlight. Beyond the breakers, a hundred sea gulls settled for the night, rising and falling in the dark swells.

I turned and looked north. Cape Henry, shadowy under the soft sky, stretched before me, a gathering of sand dunes named after the eldest son of King James I of England. It was utterly peaceful, clutching to itself a history little noticed as the noisy 20th century raced toward conclusion. For that gentle corner of the Chesapeake Bay's great mouth had been the stage for a small drama of unusual significance to America.

On April 26, 1607, a small band of settlers arrived from England to lay claim to a new world, stepping from their boats into the fine sands of the cape, anxious and weary. Three days later, amazed by this big, fresh land, they carefully carried ashore a rough, seven-foot oak cross and plunged it into the sand. As they knelt around it, their spiritual leader, an Anglican clergyman named Robert Hunt, reminded them of the admonition of the British Royal Council, derived from the words of the Holy Scripture: "Every plantation, which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."

With face turned toward heaven, the priest then dedicated the vast new land and their future in it to the glory of Almighty God.

Revived, eager and joyful, these brave pioneers reboarded their tiny ships and sailed around Cape Henry and into the mouth of a river they named in honor of their monarch, James. Before long, they sighted an outcropping along the banks that seemed entirely suitable to their immediate needs and, on May 3, founded Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement on the North American continent.

Their "plantation" was indeed not "rooted up." From it and later settlements in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York and Maryland grew the most prosperous nation in humanity's history. Unparalleled freedom and creativity burst upon the earth.

As I surveyed that historical site and looked eastward at the Atlantic beneath that dazzling moon, I was gripped by the renewed realization that a dread disease had fastened itself upon the lands sending forth our forefathers. As I turned westward toward my car, my mind's eye swept across the huge country that lay before me. And I mourned more deeply because the same sickness was fastening itself upon my land, the new world so sincerely dedicated to God 375 years ago.

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Yes, the disease seemed epidemic throughout the earth. Could it be fatal? Was an "uprooting" to come?

So great are our problems that to think of them as incurable is not unreasonable. Thoughtful men frequently compare the recent course of Western civilization with the collapse of the ancient Roman Empire. Everywhere scholars, politicians, industrialists, financiers, sociologists and futurists see grave trouble ahead. Yearningly, they look back to the optimistic beginnings of our country and the whispers seep from their pursed lips, "What went wrong? What happened to the hopes and aspirations of the pioneers? Were their brave struggles in vain?"

The thoughts accruing from many months of reading and meditation poured in upon me that night when I looked upon the Atlantic where the American dream had begun. I, like other concerned persons, seemed to have nothing but questions. Is our nation—our world—faced with collapse? Can we survive? Is our only choice between anarchy and dictatorship? Or is there an alternative?

More than any time in my life, I knew that night that we must urgently seek a third choice. I knew we would have to reach into the invisible world that has been there all along, a world far truer than any civilization in history. We have wasted too much time, decades of delay and doubt.

The challenges of my contemporaries rang in my ears:

Is there truly an invisible world of the spirit?

Is it possible to draw help from that invisible world?

Can there be a new world order?

Yes.

This book comes from convictions about those questions. Its purpose is to foster understanding of the invisible world, better described as an invisible kingdom, the kingdom of God. It has principles. They can be learned.

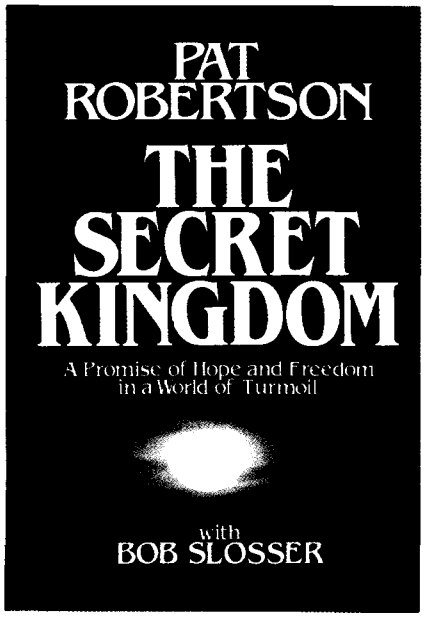
My recognition of this has come slowly, spanning several years, and is still expanding. First was a prayer for wisdom, spoken quite naively, perhaps in the manner of King David's son Solomon. I desperately wanted to understand—God, the world, the present, the future, the working of things.

Oddly, or so it might seem, my first awareness of the possible answer to that prayer dawned as my interest became fixed on the words of John the Baptist in the early pages of the New Testament: " 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' "

I was struck by the words "at hand." What did they mean? Eventually my mind recalled similar words of Jesus, spoken the night of his betrayal as Judas approached with his rowdy gang: " '. . .the one who betrays me is at hand!' "

In this case, the meaning was obvious. Judas had arrived; he was there. John the Baptist, using the same words, had obviously meant the same thing. The kingdom has arrived; it was there, at hand.

This was revolutionary understanding, as simple as it may seem these six or seven years later. I had been instructed to regard our time as the age of the church, and it is that in a very real sense; but John the Baptist and later the Lord Jesus Christ declared the arrival of the kingdom of God. Somehow I had failed to take seriously the fact that the kingdom of God is the central teaching of Jesus. He began his earthly ministry by declaring the arrival of the kingdom, and he ended it by "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." Indeed he described such teaching as his ultimate purpose: " 'I must preach the kingdom of God to the other cities also, for I *was sent for this purpose.*' "



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That the kingdom of God was at the heart of the Lord's work is obvious, and furthermore, he spoke of it as existing then and now, not to arrive at some far-distant time and place. The kingdom of God is in our midst.

My constant prayers for wisdom brought additional insight over the weeks, months and years, and I gradually perceived that Jesus had spoken quite precisely about how this kingdom worked. He was far from theoretical. He actually laid down specific principles, so sweeping that they might be better considered as laws, even at the risk of offending those who cringe at the merest hint of legalism. Jesus quite bluntly said, "If you do this, then this will happen." When he added no restrictions as to time, place, nationality and the like, then they were laws, in the same sense as the natural laws established by God—those governing motion, gravity, sound and such. They simply work.

Sitting in a big stuffed chair morning after morning in my living room, poring over the Scriptures, praying, thinking, making notes on a yellow legal pad, I uncovered one, then two and three and more of these major principles. But, equally important, I put them to work in my life, my family's life and the life of the Christian Broadcasting Network. I wasn't interested in abstraction. I wanted to determine if they worked.

They did. And they do. They, and they alone, can alter the world's slide into anarchy or dictatorship. They offer a third choice.

* * *

The picture Robertson paints of our *visible* world situation in the first chapter is bleak. Each subheading reads like a grim headline: "Age of Terror," "The Struggle for Energy," "Economic Disaster," "A Tailspin in Morality" and, finally, "Revolt Against God." One might call Robertson's views alarmist, yet he has obviously done his homework, and one wishes that the contents of each section weren't quite so reminiscent of the morning paper, that the very plausible conclusions he draws didn't seem quite so accurate.

continued on page 111

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TAKING A SWING AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

A real golf club should be a place you get up and go to, not fall out of bed into, and be worth it when you get there, like an uncorrupted island.

by Charles Price

Illustrated by Ed Cortese

That curious mixture of golf and suburbia that we have come to call the country club is an institution almost unique to America. It was invented at the turn of the century, when it was thought that the only way people could be made to take up golf was to get them out in the country—way out, so far out, in fact, that your weekend had to begin on Thursday and last till Tuesday, which was a bit inconvenient if you were a ribbon clerk or a piano tuner. Hence came the stigma that golf was strictly a rich man's game.

In the British Isles and most of continental Europe, as everybody knows by now, golf clubs have been traditionally just that: golf clubs, places where you play only golf, with a house attached in which you hang up your hat, change your shoes and later have a quick drink with your companions while you add up the scores. British clubs have no bridge games, fashion shows or cocktail parties; no car dealers, insurance brokers or stock-and-bond dealers moonlighting on the first available tee; no real-estate salesman trying to sell you a condominium in which you can hear your next-door neighbor reading a newspaper.

Central to the more socially complex American country club is the clubhouse, which is usually a house only if your idea of a house is something with 47 rooms in it and a club only if you can accept the fact that half the members don't know each other and will probably never get around to it. In the East, these clubhouses have traditionally been bungalows, Tudor in taste and about the size of railroad terminals. In the South, they were modeled after Confederate courthouses. In the Midwest, they looked like public libraries. In the Southwest, they were neo-Mexican haciendas a bullfighter might build if he made half a million pesos a *corrida*. And throughout southern California, Oklahoma, Texas and much of Florida, they have had cantilevered roofs and too many windows looking out on nothingness, with the result that they resembled 747s straining for airspeed. That was 20 years ago, before Arnold Palmer made everybody think anybody could play golf. Now they all look like Howard Johnson's.

Inside the typical American country club is a cocktail lounge with snappy waitresses and a too-familiar bartender, plus a dining room the size of an Elks hall that is run by a *maitre d'* who used to be a mess sergeant and who now thinks he's French. Outside the clubhouse is a swimming pool full of screaming teen-agers, a parking lot with $1 million worth of Detroit on it, a golf shop that looks like a Kansas City haberdashery and a tennis court on which is taking place a frustrating match between a college girl and a middle-aged former second-string halfback, who is six months away from a heart attack. Somewhere over there is a golf course.

The archetype of American country clubs was Olympia Fields, a club near Chicago that was built in the middle '20s. It could have been built no other place than Chicago in the '20s, although the Medicis might have given it a try in Florence. During the Depression, Olympia Fields was cut down to a workable size, so that today it is no more awesome than the Merchandise Mart. But in its prime, it had 692 acres of property, 72 holes of golf, 60 homes, a fire department, 2,000 caddies, dining halls that could feed 1,400 people simultaneously, an outdoor dancing pavilion that was, on occasion, mistaken for the parking lot and a veranda that Chick Evans couldn't have reached from one end to the other with a brassie. You weren't a member at Olympia Fields; you were a citizen.

I protest that a golf club large enough to put out its own fires should be allowed to call itself a club at all. So I reject as pure golf clubs, regardless of what their corporate names may be, all golf clubs in the image of Olympia Fields, all country clubs not actually out in the country—all clubs, in strict fact, where golf could be considered by even a single member as secondary to tennis, swimming, dancing, drinking or moonlighting.

To qualify as a real golf club, in my perhaps button-down opinion, a club should have an atmosphere of *intime* about it and yet something of remoteness, too. It should be a place you have to get up and go to, not fall out of bed into, and be worth going to when you get there. It should be a place where you can realize in reasonable near-solitude, free from the blandishments of stock-and-bond salesmen and the other assorted opportunists that country clubs are heir to, that you are playing the most utterly civilized game ever put together.

This definition eliminates with pain, for one of those reasons or another, some otherwise superb clubs I have been to. It also very painfully eliminates some truly great clubs, such as Olympic, near San Francisco, and even the serenely tropical La Gorce, near Miami Beach, where some of the members go home to what could be classified as clubhouses themselves.

Yet it would not eliminate a long-forgotten club where I used to play golf in the race track exurbs of Washington, D.C., in Maryland. There was really nothing to the club except a rickety clubhouse built of clapboard and fieldstone, a

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jewel of a course that could not have one bunker removed or even altered without spoiling the total effect and an oddly exclusive membership of no more than 150—as I recall, 50 whiskey salesmen and 100 bookmakers—who did nothing there but play and talk golf.

Just how, then, do you tell a golf club from a country club? Well, to start with, no self-respecting golf club has a clubhouse with Muzak in it. Neither does it hold wedding receptions, singing lunches for groups such as the Rotarians nor birthday parties for anybody younger than 90. It will not tolerate bingo parties or casino nights to raise money for the new zoo. It does not hire car valets who have never shifted gears, lifeguards who might not know how to swim or golf pros who wear pink shoes. It will not countenance fat ladies in Bermuda shorts, portable radios on golf carts tuned to the Super Bowl or Sunday-morning comedians whose idea of humor is telling you you're standing too close to the ball after you hit it.

Actually, you do not have to belong to a golf club or a country club to tell the difference between them. Nor do you have to be a golfer. Anybody can tell simply by walking into one. A country club will have a front door that will make you think you need a ticket to get in. Somewhere behind it will be an empty ballroom that has worn out three vacuum cleaners and a gymnasium barred to the only males young enough to enjoy it. On the walls of the grill will be framed photographs with the signatures of every big-name professional since Ben Hogan, all of them forged. There will be all 41 of *The Rules of Golf* spelled out on a bulletin board that nobody would read if it said a tiger were loose on the course and illustrated posters on golf etiquette that some of the members use for dart boards on Saturday nights. Behind the bar will be a wood plaque on which is printed the hilarious observation that old golfers never die, they just lose their balls.

On the walls of a pure golf club, if there is anything, will be a photograph of Phil Perkins taken just after he tied for second in the 1932 United States Open and a picture of the President of the United States—Warren G. Harding.

Curiously, a golf club can be farther out in the country than a country club, which is in truth suburbia's child. Because of this geography, some golf clubs might have overnight rooms while some country clubs might not. They are startlingly different in decor, however. The rooms at a country club will have been done by an amateur decorator, usually the wife of the chairman of the house committee. On the bed will be a chenille bedspread the color of apricots, and over the bureau-desk will be a phony print of some Dutchman in pantaloons allegedly playing golf on ice skates 300 years ago. The rest of the furniture will be pecan, or imitation pecan, and all of it upholstered in Corfam—apricot Corfam. Should you wake up in the room of a country club and forget where you are, at least you can instantaneously dismiss the Waldorf-Astoria. The rooms of a golf club, by contrast, will be stripped to the bare essentials, looking like what you would expect to find in a minimum-security prison. They will have gray walls, a cot with an army-surplus blanket, a bureau from Montgomery Ward with a drawer that doesn't open, a Seth Thomas alarm clock with two bells on the top and a rug remnant. To amuse yourself, there will be a 1967 issue of *Forbes* magazine.

Essentially, the difference between country clubs and golf clubs is one of conspicuous and inconspicuous consumption. When the clubhouse of a country club burns down it is replaced with something bigger, grander and more outrageous. When the clubhouse of a golf club burns down, it is replaced with another barn.

Should a country club happen to show a profit, it will be used to expand the clubhouse, probably with the addition of the inevitable Trophy Room, which will end up being used only on odd Wednesdays for canasta. Should a golf club show a profit, it will be used to build a sand trap to be added to the 800 it already has. To get a starting time at a country club, you have to call up a week in advance. At a golf club, all you have to do is show up. On any given day, half the members are busy going to each other's funerals.

What it comes down to is this. If you don't know the difference between a country club and a golf club, you almost certainly belong to the former. And if you do know the difference, you almost certainly belong to the latter. Either that, or you're British.

From the book *Golfer at Large*, by Charles Price, © 1982 Charles Price. Reprinted with permission of Atheneum Publishers.

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ROSS PEROT: COMPUTER COMMANDO

Spurred on by a high-riding love of country, this self-made Texas millionaire sticks to his guns, whether he's rescuing prisoners from an Iranian jail or a shaky firm from a Wall Street slump.

by Nick Thimmesch

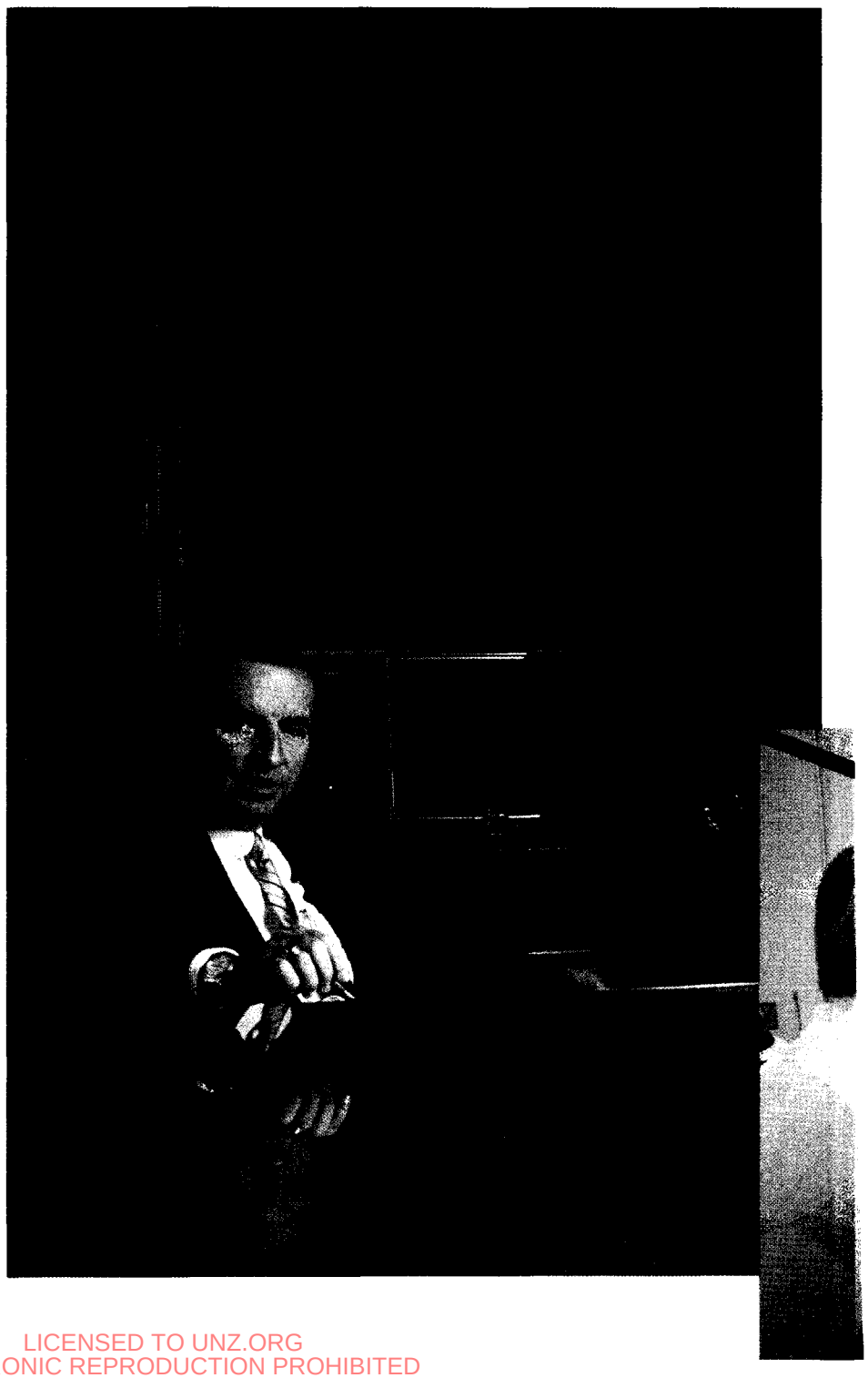
Ross Perot's name is a household word for any American who believes in initiative, hard work, traditional values and love of country. Ross Perot stuck to these basic beliefs in his pursuit of success and what he fervently and unashamedly regards as the American dream. He is no phony. Even his detractors admit Perot's patriotism and sense of purpose are real.

His convictions, and a gumption and toughness forged in his East Texas upbringing, fired him to:

- Build a $500-million-a-year computer-service business out of a $1,000 investment after he became impatient in the role of IBM's star computer salesman.
- Direct a commando team that penetrated deep into Khomeini's Iran early in 1979 and, in a daring operation, rescued two of Perot's executives from a prison housing 12,000 inmates and got them out of the country.
- Head a citizens' committee waging war on drugs, successfully persuading the Texas legislature to pass six tough antidrug laws, thus startling many cynical political observers in the Lone Star state.

Now, as Americans fret over the persistence of a high unemployment rate (it has been rising since 1970), with some people quite anxious over the need for job creation, it is encouraging to experience the confidence of a man such as Ross Perot.

The 10.8 percent unemployment rate marking the closing weeks of 1982 is the saddest part of America's economic decline of the past decade. It caused doomsayers to cry for massive spending by the federal government to create "public" jobs, meaning more bureaucracy and, ultimately, greater frustration.



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Liberal and leftist organizations demanded a return to "make-work" programs operated during the '30s depression—a revival of WPA and the Civilian Conservation Corps, to name two. Other political voices cried for protectionist trade barriers or pork-barrel programs for their special interests.

Ross Perot just shakes his head over this sort of panic. He knows the U.S. has a tough challenge to rebuild and restructure its economy, but with a conviction as strong as that which he feels for his country, he is convinced that government programs cannot be the prime remedy.

Flanked by a bust of John Paul Jones, Perot explains to a group of visiting Chinese officials in the EDS building lobby how he was able to rescue two of his employees from a prison in Iran.

"Job creation must come from the highly productive private sector," he said in his cherry-paneled offices at Economic Data Systems, the Dallas company he founded. "When you try to create jobs in the public sector, you wind up adding to the tax burden, and this slows the economy.

"Make-work jobs weaken a country. They are to be avoided. By going big into public-sector jobs, you develop a situation where nonproductive people must be supported by productive people."

But he doesn't see the reconstruction of highways and bridges as a "make-work" program. The Reagan administration pushed Congress to raise the gasoline tax five cents a gallon so that a large-scale repair and construction project for deteriorating roads and bridges could begin. As Congress limped home for Christmas vacation last December, it was weary from the filibuster it had endured on the gas-tax bill. But it finally approved spending $5.5 billion from the additional tax for work that promises to employ 320,000 people.

"Bad highways and bridges are a drain on our economy," Perot says, "and it is vital that they are rebuilt. The gasoline tax is an indirect form of a toll road. The road user pays through this tax. I don't have a better idea for raising the money needed for this vital work, so until one comes along, I'll have to go along with it. There's not enough money in general revenue to pay for the rebuilding."

Perot believes it is a businessman's responsibility to run his company in such a way that it grows and creates new jobs. He is serious about this, just as serious as he was when he decided to recruit volunteers from his own staff to help go rescue his imprisoned executives in Iran.

"A businessman has a duty to his employees, his company and his country," Perot says. "He must make that company successful, so it can add necessary jobs and broaden the nation's tax base. That's how private companies help the government cover its functions. Business and jobs build the nation's economy and create prosperity.

"It is a businessman's job to make a product that is wanted and sells in the marketplace. It must be sold aggressively. Now, all this may *not* sound interesting to some people who say, 'ho-hum,' but the truth is that there are no short cuts to creating jobs—no magic. It is fundamental business practice and imagination that creates jobs."

Perot's success in business, particularly the burgeoning computer field, is one of the spectacular stories of our time. In 1957, when he was 27, he became a computer salesman for IBM. He quickly blitzed the sales force and sold so many orders that IBM had to impose a yearly quota on the commissions an individual salesman could make.

Perot says that he exceeded his entire year's quota for 1962 only 19 days into that year, and that left him impatient and frustrated. So instead of sitting around thinking about golf or a larger home or a new car, Perot, on his own initiative, developed the idea of "facilities management," meaning a service that IBM could offer companies unfamiliar with setting up and operating computer systems. But IBM turned down his idea.

The decision didn't cause Perot to fall into a funk. He regards such "failures" as being like skinned

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(Far left) Guiding forces behind Ross Perot are evident in his office—a photo of his mother and the original painting, "The Spirit of '76." At left, Perot consults with Ross, Jr., who later piloted a helicopter around the world.

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A NONSMOKER HAS DETERMINED

. . . that smoking will definitely prove harmful to the health of the next human smudge pot that envelopes him in a cloud of second-hand nicotine.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Due to circumstances over which I had complete control, I have been a nonsmoker since the tender age of 10. This was the tender age at which I became involved with a miniature stick of dynamite going under the alias of "Between-the-Acts Cigar." You talk about a giant leap for mankind! Stepping on the moon can't hold a candle to stepping up from cornsilk wrapped in newspaper or ripe burdock seed packed into a corncob pipe to one of those lethal little babies. Not only did I quit smoking for life, I came within a puff or two of quitting this life altogether.

This I mention only so that smokers might better understand why I am adding to the Surgeon General's understatement that smoking is dangerous to their health. Actually, you see, I take no sides on the moral issue of smoking. If a person is bent on suicide, for all the ashes on the armchair and butts in the coffee cups, smoking is still neater than sticking the end of a shotgun barrel into his mouth and putting his big toe to the trigger. Counterclockwise, if he has an interest in longevity, he would be wise to quit the habit or, next best, to emit his noxious cloud somewhere beyond the confines of my eyes, ears, nose and throat. Otherwise, I am determined to clear up any doubts he might have that smoking is dangerous to his health.

Like all nonsmokers since the time Sir Walter Raleigh first began his sordid affair with Lady Nicotine, I keep asking the questions: "Why do those filthy fumes always come *my* way? Why must *my* pure, sweet, innocent lungs be violated just because some low-will-powered idiot insists on encrusting his own breathing apparatus with cigar and cigarette fallout?"

The inconsideration of an idiot, actually, is not necessary, as I seem to possess a certain magnetism for attracting smoke. I can stand at a bus stop and attract smoke from the lingering corpse of a butt lying in the gutter across the street. I can sit in Row 56 at any stadium and have smoke originating from Row 20 curl around legs, swirl under arms and eddy over heads to home in on my sensitive olfactory buds. Or maybe it's just that, a nonsmoker's eye, ear, nose and throat passages being free of soot, his head creates an ideal draft.

Anyway, I can forgive the clown sitting down in Row 20. I can even forgive the perfect stranger (he isn't perfect, of course, if he smokes) for smogging up my sinus cavities. But what makes me fume are the so-called "friends" who will cross the street, in heavy traffic, for no other purpose than to blow smoke in my face. And I have already begun to envy a slab of bacon hanging in a smokehouse by the time they latch onto my lapels to make sure none of their stinking fog goes to waste.

I used to ask myself—and anyone else I could get to listen—why? But I ask no longer. I know why. The answer is envy. Envy of a nonsmoker's pearly teeth in comparison to his own oyster shells. Envy of middle and index fingers that don't have the look of being employed to smear mustard on hotdogs at baseball games. Envy of a breath that doesn't suggest its owner has been chewing on a vulcanized rear tire from a garbage truck. Thus these human smudge pots avail themselves of every opportunity to send us home from the friendly husband/wife poker game, the not-so-friendly sales meeting or the airplane flight, red of eye, runny of nose, achy of head and, for the next three days, smelling like the chief stoker at the city disposal plant.

Last week's friendly poker game was no exception.

I tried, to the point of rudeness, to avoid sitting next to George, who constantly appears to be on fire—and not infrequently is. I tried with equal flagrancy to put at least one chair between me and Nervous Nellie, his wife. Nellie, as usual, had shot her weekly allowance on cigarettes and, unbeknownst to George, was playing on the grocery money. I ended up sitting between them.

Why George maneuvers until I'm next to him is not clear, unless his conservative nature resists seeing perfectly good cigar smoke creosoting a single pair of lungs when it can

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foul up a second set with no extra effort. Nellie's reason for having me close has been established. Unable to remember from one session to the next if a pair beats a royal flush, she has an excuse, whenever I fold a hand, for singeing my mustache with her cigarette under the pretense of seeking advice.

On hands that I don't fold, she resorts to sending up smoke signals to George: A single puff in my face means she is holding a pair; smoke from both nostrils, two pair; mouth and both nostrils, a "run of three," as she calls it; long expulsion, a straight; smoke billowing from eyes, ears, nose and throat, she's got a dandy but doesn't know what it is. George answers by placing his cigar in their ash tray that sits in front of me if she should drop out, encircling my head with smoke rings if she should stay in.

If I try to survive by sticking my head above the cloud, I appear to be peeking into someone's hand. Scrunching down to get below it gives the appearance I am playing footsy under the table. So, come tuna sandwich and coffee time, when the others are counting their cash, I count myself a winner just to be breathing.

There's nothing like the sales meeting, however, to make a nonsmoker long to be back at the old poker table between George and Nellie. All I can see in its favor is that it will spare the nonsmoker's survivors the cost of embalming.

To qualify as sales manager, a man must rise through the ranks to become a three-pack-a-day man. His assistant need contribute nothing more to those Monday morning gatherings than a continuing cloud of smoke to earn the label of "a young man going places."

One of those places, invariably, is as close to me as possible, the better to share *his* ash tray with the human incinerator at my other elbow. But not so close as to discourage the tarred-rope fiend directly across the table from depositing the smoldering remains of his hemp. I recall one session when our salesman from Toledo, three chairs removed, ripped the shoulder seam on a new tweed jacket reaching over to add the lava from his briar volcano to the dump. An incense of wet chicken feathers would have sweetened the air considerably.

Although we nonsmokers are beginning to see a light at the end of the smokestack, still we must agonize, whenever those nonsmoking sections in restaurants and airplanes are full, over whether to join the waiters or lay ourselves open to the corrupting caprices of the huffers and puffers. Having to make such a decision on a recent trip to Hawaii, I foolishly chose to join the foul-air fanatics in the confines of the smoking cubicle.

The female furnace sitting next to me, having tippled to the limit as set by the airline people and grown weary of the movie, began amusing herself blowing smoke into my left ear and trying to make it come out my right ear. And I'm not so sure that she wasn't successful at times. Between billows, she would complain that L.A. smog was ruining her health.

What she did to *my* health became evident when at long last I staggered down the ramp at the Honolulu airport. An observant hula girl ran up and hung a wreath around my neck.

However, now that we have figured out how to get to the moon, I have high hopes that one of the brainy bunch will turn his attention to figuring out how to convert cigarette smoke into pine-scented air freshener. Just a simple little gadget that the Surgeon General will determine has to be shoved up every smoker's nose. Both barrels.

Until then, my smoking friends, I am adding my own warning to the General's: "It has been determined that making me the target of your second-hand fumes is dangerous to your health." What I mean is, the next hacking heart-and-lung handicapper who insists on fumigating me at poker game, sales meeting or in flight is laying himself open to extensive bodily damage.

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HOW TO HAVE THE TASTIEST YARD IN TOWN

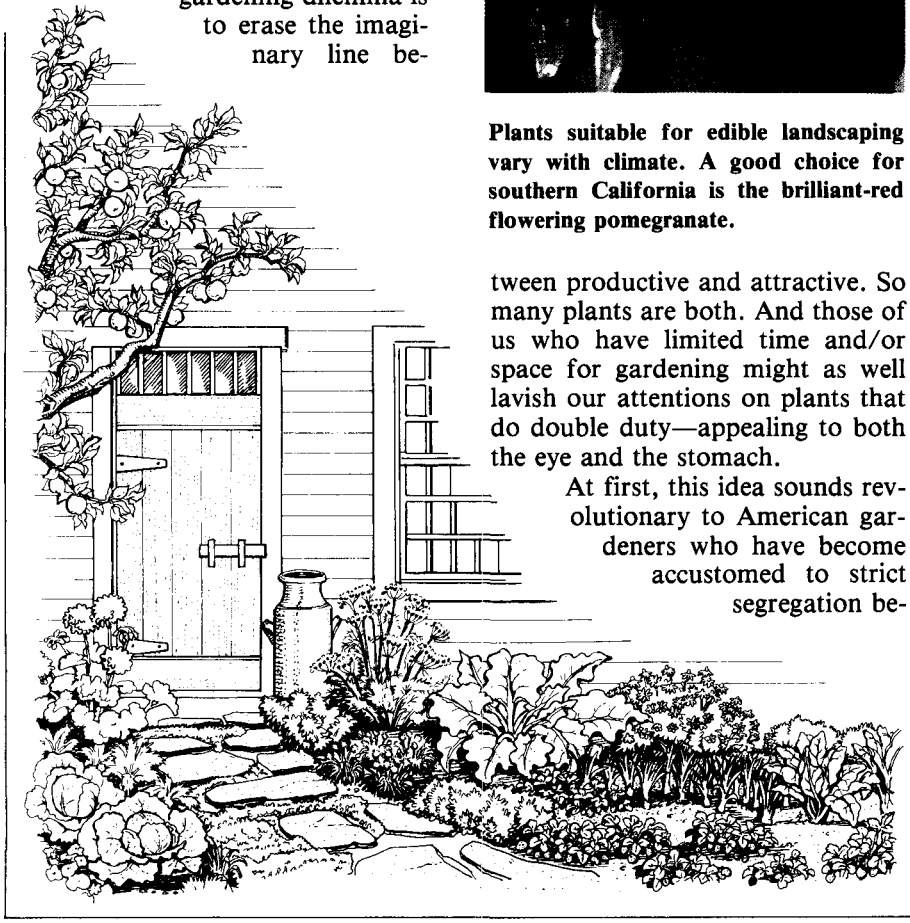
By plotting your garden strategy carefully, you can bring forth both bouquets and banquets from the same small patch of ground.

by Carolyn Jabs

"I feel as if I have to choose between pretty and practical," laments a gardener friend. "I want vegetables and flowers, but I just don't seem to have enough time for both." How many gardeners get caught in the same predicament? Those of us who spend our precious gardening hours in the vegetable patch usually eat well but are vaguely embarrassed by the neglected beds at the front of the house. Those who are scrupulous about lawns, shrubs and flower beds often feel that they simply can't bother with vegetables.

The answer to this gardening dilemma is to erase the imaginary line between productive and attractive. So many plants are both. And those of us who have limited time and/or space for gardening might as well lavish our attentions on plants that do double duty—appealing to both the eye and the stomach.

Plants suitable for edible landscaping vary with climate. A good choice for southern California is the brilliant-red flowering pomegranate.



At first, this idea sounds revolutionary to American gardeners who have become accustomed to strict segregation between edible and ornamental plants. Seed companies have perpetuated the idea with catalogs that carefully separate vegetables and flowers, as though vegetables don't produce flowers and flowers never produce edible fruits. Perhaps we make the distinction because lawns, shrubs and at least a token geranium seem like the obligation of every responsible homeowner. Fruits and vegetables, on the other hand, are a discretionary hobby. Indeed, for many years, food growing was perceived as a low-status activity, according to Rosalind Creasey, author of *The Complete Book of Edible Landscaping* (Sierra Club Books, 1982). "Many Americans who left the farm for the city came to consider food growing to be straight from 'Hicksville,'" she writes. "For many years, professional designers and style setters discouraged the use of food-producing plants in the garden."

Today, all that is changing. Many families now raise their own food because they can get better quality at a lower price. Those who are concerned about health favor homegrown food because it can be grown without chemicals and harvested when it is most nutritious. Others find it wasteful to use precious resources such as water and petroleum-based fertilizers to raise "useless" ornamentals. And still others find that raising their own food is a natural part of the shift away from convenience at any cost towards quality and self-reliance.

The surprising thing is that most people who start raising their own food try to add a vegetable plot, a berry patch or an orchard on top of traditional chores such as weeding

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the flower bed, mulching the shrubs and mowing the lawn. The result is that they often feel torn, like my friend, between pretty and practical. The idea behind edible landscaping is to weave edibles and ornamentals into a seamless landscape that is both appealing and appetizing.

Perhaps the easiest way to get involved in edible landscaping is to make better use of the food-producing plants that are already growing in your yard. Do you depend on a graceful sugar maple for summer shade? Then you owe it to yourself to try tapping it at least once in the spring for sap. Does a stand of pine trees protect your home from winter winds? Find out whether they are pinon pines, stone pines or one of the other varieties that produce the pine nuts prized by gourmets. Black walnut, hickory and beechnut trees are other favorite shade trees that yield a bonus crop of nuts. Black walnuts should be hulled promptly, because the dark black hulls can give the nuts an off-flavor. Hickory nuts and beechnuts, however, can be gathered, dried for a week or two and stored to be cracked and eaten when you need them.

Trees aren't the only source of food in the typical ornamental garden. Many flowers can also be eaten. Most people know that nasturtiums can be tossed into a summer salad, but fewer realize that gladiolas taste a lot like lettuce and tulips taste rather like fresh peas. In some cases, such as with Shinguki, you can eat your flower and have it, too. The spring greens from this member of the chrysanthemum family are used in stir-fried dishes by Oriental cooks. The plants that escape eating produce cheery daisylike flowers later in the season.

A flowering dogwood could be planted to fill this patio corner, but an espaliered pear or apple tree will do double duty and provide fruits for your labor.

Your cast of earthly delights may include some colorful characters: Royal burgundy beans, lemon and Armenian cucumbers, Goldrush zucchini or Golden beets.

Day lillies are another ornamental that is considered a delicacy in the Far East. The flowers, of course, bloom for only one day. The next day, they can be harvested for dinner. Remove the center part of each flower and include the buds in stir-fried dishes. Or dip the blossoms into a tempura batter made from one egg yolk, two-thirds of a cup of cold water and three-quarters of a cup of flour. Deep-fat fry the flowers, and serve them with dip as an exotic hors d'oeuvre. Other edible flowers include marigolds, the dried petals of which make a saffronlike seasoning for egg and rice dishes; sunflowers, with centers that, when boiled, taste like artichoke hearts; and rugose roses, which produce hips rich in vitamin C.

Although some of your favorite ornamentals may offer an edible bonus, don't taste everything in the yard. There are many poisonous ornamentals, including larkspur, sweet peas, foxglove, wisteria and yew. Before eating anything not ordinarily classified as "food," talk to your local extension agent or make a positive identification in a handbook of edible plants.

If you want to be certain that the plants in your landscape are edible, you'll need to deliberately substitute food-producing plants for ornamental trees and shrubs. This doesn't mean ripping out existing plantings. Instead, integrate edible alternatives into the landscaping you've already done. If you want trees that flower in the spring, think about apples, almonds, cherries or apricots, which will also produce a delicious crop later in the year. When selecting an edible ornamental tree, consider all the usual variables such as climate and soil conditions, but also pay attention to the mature shape of the tree, the length of the flower season and other ornamental factors. Dwarf trees are particularly suited to the edible landscape because they are easier to care for.

Hedges, too, may as well be productive. Instead of rhododendrons,

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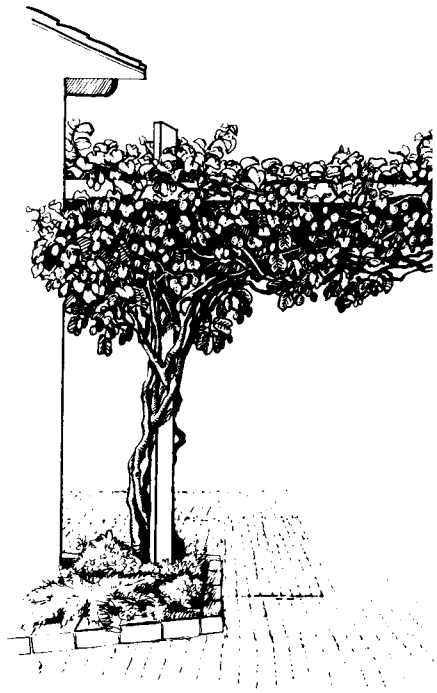
The fruits of the vine are many, especially when an arbor is used to act as a colorful, efficient aid to air conditioning by shading a southern exposure.



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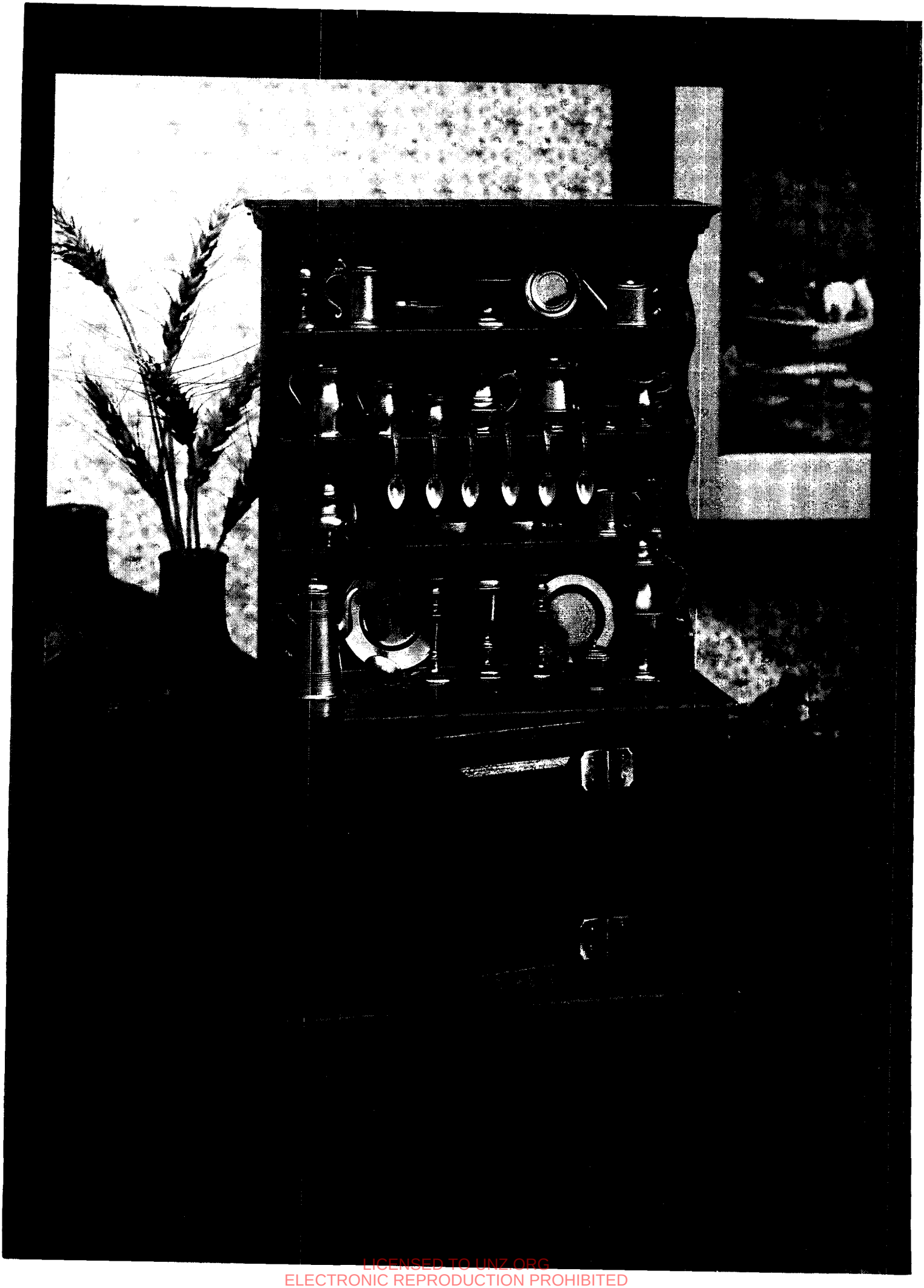

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The Colonial American Pewter Miniatures Collection

Authentic re-creations in miniature of the very finest works of American antique pewter.

Available only as a collection, and only from The Franklin Mint.

Please enter your order by April 30, 1983.

Imagine a collection of authentic Colonial pewter—each handsomely crafted tankard, porringer, teapot, dish, pitcher and bowl a perfect *re-creation* of an early American pewter antique. Then imagine that each of these pewter re-creations is a precisely-scaled *miniature* no larger than your thumb—and you have a collection that will fascinate everyone who sees it.

Now you can own such a collection: The Colonial American Pewter Miniatures. Honoring 25 of the finest works of early American pewter to have survived the centuries.

And, despite the care and extraordinary precision of craftsmanship that must go into the creation of these beautifully formed works, the price for each is just $12.50. Furthermore, as a subscriber, you will receive a custom-designed miniature hardwood cupboard to house the entire collection—at no additional charge.

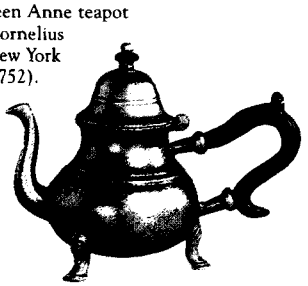
Selected by a panel of eminent American pewter experts

The historic works to be represented have been individually selected by a specially-empaneled board of experts on American antique pewter. Their selections are all acknowledged masterpieces—most "hidden away" for decades in major collections. Each is *different*. Each is *exclusive* to this collection. But presented together, they offer a unique panorama of all that is *best* in early American pewter.

Precisely-scaled miniatures of flawless craftsmanship

To assure authenticity in the creation of every piece, The Franklin Mint went "on location" to study each of the 25 pewter antiques selected for this historic collection.

A tasteful Queen Anne teapot by pewterer Cornelius Bradford of New York City (circa. 1752).

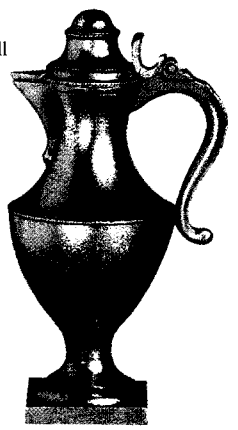


ACTUAL SIZE.

First careful measurements and close-up photographs were taken. From these, the Mint's talented sculptors created models in miniature. Then intricately detailed molds were drawn. And finally, the pewter miniatures themselves were painstakingly hand-cast from the molds—with every detail, every nuance, down to the tiny handles, lids, knobs, fretwork and beadings.

As a result, each work in the collection is a faithfully scaled re-creation in miniature, carefully crafted here in America by The Franklin Mint's own master pewterers. Impossible to resist, they literally beg

A boldly-scaled wine flagon by pewterer William Will of Philadelphia (circa. 1764).



to be picked up and scrutinized. Miniaturization at its finest . . . in an heirloom collection to be cherished through the years and then, someday, passed on to your children and grandchildren.

Custom-designed cupboard display

The elegant display cupboard which will be sent to each subscriber as part of the collection is an impressive work of miniaturization in its own right. This custom-designed hardwood cupboard may be hung on the wall like a picture . . . or placed on a table, mantlepiece or chest. It features tiers of wood shelves individually notched and grooved to accommodate all 25 pewter miniatures. The storage cabinet is fitted with a brass-hinged door that actually opens and closes to house the series of specially prepared reference folders which discuss the style, history and special significance of each antique depicted. (As a subscriber, you will receive 25 of these intriguing folders—one with each miniature—plus a Certificate of Authenticity attesting to the historical accuracy of the collection.)

A convenient monthly acquisition plan

The Colonial American Pewter Miniatures Collection will not be sold separately, or in any stores other than retail galleries owned and operated by The Franklin Mint itself. It is available *only* as a collection and *only* from the Mint, with a limit of one collection per subscriber. The miniatures will be sent to you at the convenient rate of one per month—at just $12.50 each. And if you act promptly, this price will be *guaranteed* for every miniature in the collection, regardless of inflationary pressures.

A handsome pitcher by pewterer George Richardson of Cranston, Rhode Island (circa. 1830).

But to be sure of acquiring your collection at this guaranteed price, mail the accompanying application to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091 by April 30, 1983, *at the latest.*

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SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

THE COLONIAL AMERICAN PEWTER MINIATURES COLLECTION

Limit: One collection per subscriber. Please mail by April 30, 1983.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for The Colonial American Pewter Miniatures Collection, consisting of 25 re-creations in miniature honoring the finest works of American antique pewter. My collection will be sent to me at the convenient and systematic rate of one miniature per month, and a custom-designed miniature cupboard to display the entire collection will also be sent to me at no additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will be billed $12.50* for each pewter miniature when it is ready to be sent to me.

*Plus my state sales tax

Signature_____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

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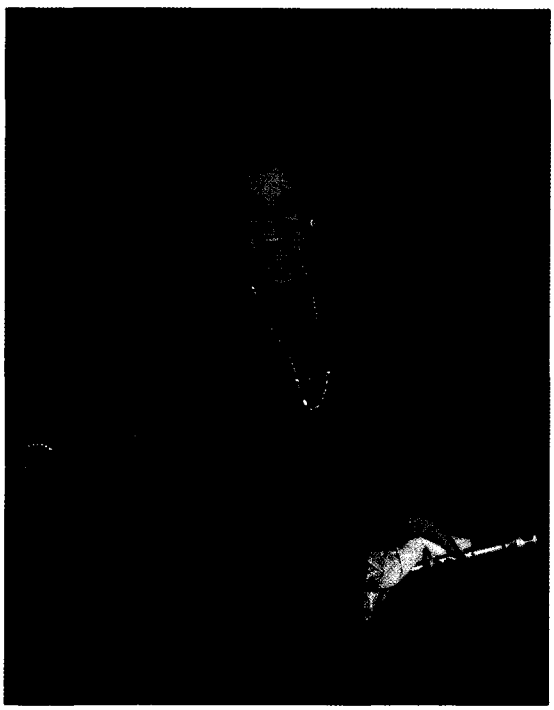
THE FIRST LADY OF HOME INTERIORS

While Mary C. Crowley has made a lucrative career of brightening up pizzazzless houses, she's also made it her business to do the same for people's lives.

by Holly G. Miller

Supersaleswoman Mary C. Crowley may be the brains and heart behind Home Interiors and Gifts, Inc., but to her 38,000-member all-female sales force, she's one of the girls. Like them, she came by way of the case. The display case, that is. Twenty-five years after launching the lucrative direct-sales business from her back porch in Dallas, she sits atop a multimillion-dollar industry. Hardly a remote chief executive officer, she keeps a well-manicured hand on the pulse of the business by making frequent swings into the field. Ask her when she last attended a Home Interiors sales party and you'll get a quick reply, usually measured in days.



Mary Crowley's name may not be a household word, but her products can be found in households around the country. The theory behind her success: "If you build the people, the people will build the business."

Last year, Mary and company opened their cases at more than 100,000 neighborhood decorating parties a week, touted their wares and wrote up annual sales of $400 million—and that's a lot of wall plaques, sconces and lotus bowls. "Phenomenal, isn't it?" asks Mary C., as she's known within the sisterhood. "Especially since the highest-priced piece we have is $65. Most of our items sell for $10, $15 or $30."

Equally phenomenal are the rewards that are paid to the legions of ladies who demonstrate the Home Interiors line of decorating accessories over morning coffee, afternoon tea and evening punch. "If it is to be, it is up to me," quotes Mary, who motivates her girls with catchy axioms. She proudly cites one sales rep who set a goal of $50,000 in commissions last year and made it. Territorial managers within the Home Interiors network boast annual incomes that stretch upwards from $75,000 to $200,000. But the Dallas-based company provides much more than just Texas-sized livelihoods. It's a way of life, say the girls. The good life.

"Mary has to be the most generous woman in the world," claims Betty Goertzen, branch manager in Fresno, California. "The first year I was in Home Interiors I won a mink and a trip to Hawaii. But the spiritual leadership she's given me has been the most precious gift of all. She's available to everyone who needs her."

"When Mary says I can do something, I know I can," says Barbara Hammond, vice president of sales. "In some small way, I like to think I'm an extension of her."

"She's exciting," adds Pearl Burns, a Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, resident and veteran of 23 years of Home Interiors service. "You can always expect great things to happen when you're with Mary Crowley. She's given us hope."

"After you've talked with her for 20 minutes, you try to remember when you must have known her before," says Dave Crowley, Jr., her husband of 35 years. "She's the warmest, most fascinating person I've ever met."

At the center of all this lavish praise sits Mary C. herself, president and founder of the booming business. Only she's rarely sitting. At age 67, she's a *working* chief executive whose warm personality permeates every aspect of the company. Her appearance, pleasant but not glamorous, enhances her image as one of the girls and underscores her we're-all-in-this-together attitude. Softly attractive, she has dark hair that is neat but not lacquer perfect, a smile that crinkles her nose and ignites her eyes and a figure she keeps in check via old-fashioned Baptist discipline and dry-toast breakfasts.

"I once heard a wonderful lady say that from the neck up we tell the world what we think of the world, but from the neck down we tell the world what we think of ourselves," says Mary. "At Home Interiors, we teach our girls to be physically attractive, mentally alert, financially intelligent, emotionally stable and spiritually dynamic."

She shares this philosophy when she personally trains her managers

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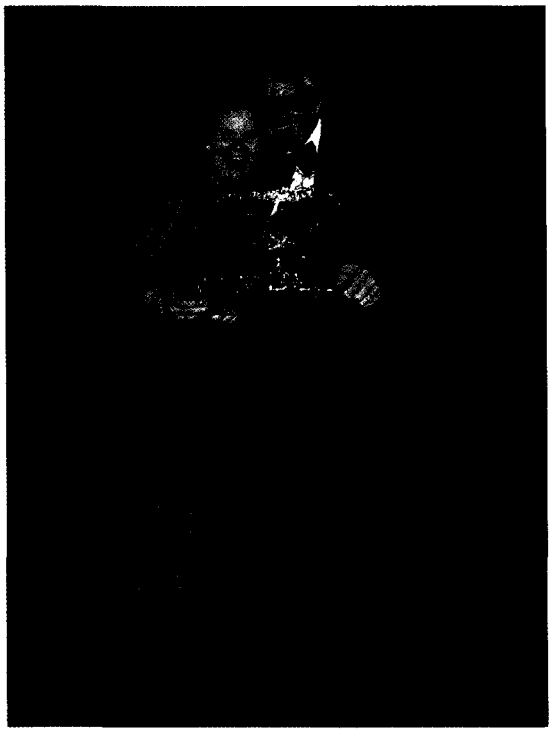
on location in Texas, pops up at regional sales meetings around the country, writes notes of congratulations to accompany monthly commission checks and phones messages of encouragement whenever a cog in the well-tended sales machine threatens to break down.

"I think all women are geniuses," she says flatly. "And I'm dedicated to bringing out the genius in every one of them."

Neither a feminist nor an advocate of the barefoot-pregnant-and-in-the-kitchen school of thought, she defies labels. Ruth (Mrs. Billy) Graham jokes that women's lib would have to run to catch up with Mary C. Yet Mary believes a man's home is his castle, and it's up to his little woman to decorate it as royally as the family budget allows. Enter Home Interiors sales representative. With display case.

"We're in the business of making things attractive," explains Mary. "I've found that all women love pretty things. That's why we invite customers to touch, hold and get acquainted with our accessories at Home Interiors parties. Psychologists say people actually operate better in surroundings that have a certain amount of serenity. And educators tell us that the last thing a child sees before he goes to bed and the first thing he sees in the morning can influence his life. We encourage mothers to hang a pretty little plaque, a shelf and maybe a candle in a child's room. Saying prayers by candlelight can become a memory-making time."



If the enormous silver punch-bowl set offered by Mary and her son Don Carter, executive VP, isn't sales incentive enough, Mary's displayers may vie for other trifles: minks, jewelry and holiday trips.

She's quick to admit that neither she nor her sales force are certified interior decorators. They don't design rooms, specify carpet and curtains or order furniture. Their area of expertise is the accessory line—the little splash of color or bit of whimsy that adds personality to a wall or warmth to a corner. Their display cases are jammed full with cure-alls for pizzazzless homes: planters, baskets of flowers, porcelain figurines, pictures and mirrors. What can't be touched or held at a Home Interiors party can be viewed. Catalogs depicting the entire line of decorative goodies are passed to each guest along with tips, courtesy of the displayer, on how to arrange a wall grouping, which item should be purchased first and which might "keep" until another neighbor has another party.

"We invest a lot in training our people, but it pays off," says Mary. "We teach them the fundamentals of design—the basics of form, scale,

It's hardly pot luck at Mary's annual barbecue held at Home Interiors' large meeting facility near Denton, Texas. Home Interiors and Gifts has something to please everyone, even Bob Hope (right), who jealously guards the nine-foot Oscar Mary presented to him at the company's 20th-anniversary celebration.

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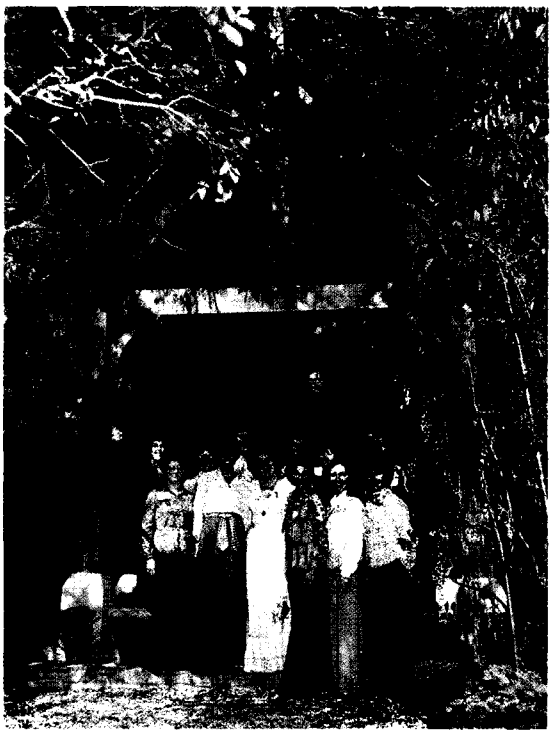
balance and color—so they can speak with some kind of authority. They need the know-how; it builds their confidence."

The message she stresses to her displayers is that no home in America needs to be dull or unattractive. Her own sprawling Dallas residence stands as an elegant example. The 50-year-old English-style house smacks of good taste and comfort. Home Interiors sales reps who visit Mary by the busload every year agree that, if the Crowley estate is an indicator of their leader's decorating talents, her success at beautifying America may surpass that of sister Texan Lady Bird Johnson. From the pleasantly cluttered bookshelves in the family room, to the huge adjoining country kitchen, to the mounds of needlepoint pillows scattered across overstuffed chairs, to the private Chapel in the Wood in the backyard, the home reflects Mary's touch. Sprinkled among valuable antiques, original art and treasures from the Far East are items from the "Home Interiors and Gifts Happy House Ideas" catalog—bisque birds, a ceramic planter, artificial flowers.

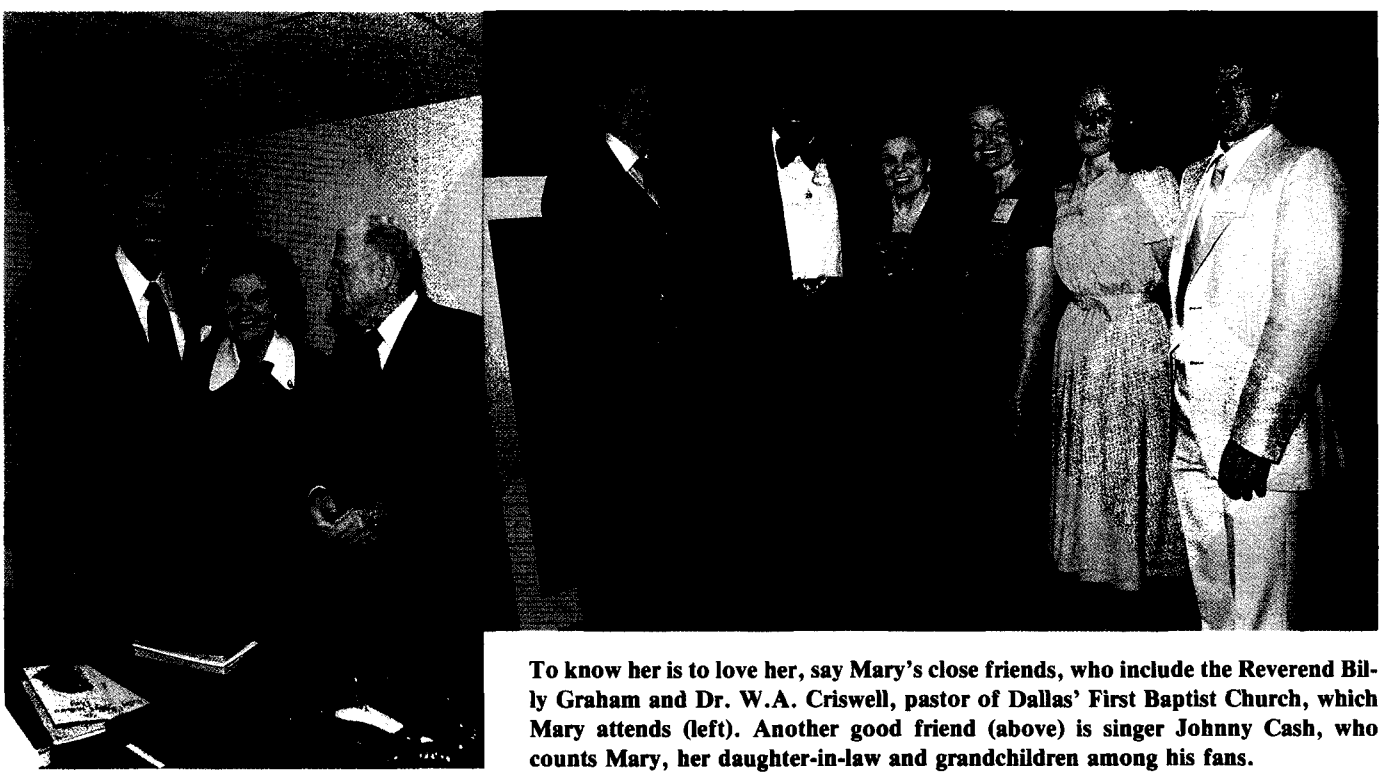


It's a perpetual open house at the Crowleys' Dallas home. "Our displayers like to know us and see where we live," says Mary, who always invites visitors to spend a few moments in the outdoor chapel.

"I selected everything myself," she says. "As you can tell, I love books, music, color, warmth, good cooking and cleanliness. These are the things that form the background of a home."

As opulent as her lifestyle is, it's never taken for granted. Mary is a comparative newcomer to life at the top and, happily, she hasn't lost her appreciation for the smallest comfort. Too many struggles, endured for too many years, have left their impression. She suffers no scars from the past, but feels increased gratitude for the present. Early tragedies, such as the death of her mother, several unhappy years in the home of an uncaring stepmother, a teen-age marriage that ended in divorce and a bout with cancer just a year after launching her own business, served to strengthen her unbudgeable faith in God and her unwavering confidence in herself.

It was this quiet sense of self-assurance that led her into the sales profession during the Great Depression. As a single parent with no particular job skills and a son and daughter to support, Mary decided to join the rest of out-of-work America in search of employment. She went to downtown Sherman, Texas, surveyed the shops, chose the most impressive of the lot and informed its owner she had selected *his* store as a place to work. The



To know her is to love her, say Mary's close friends, who include the Reverend Billy Graham and Dr. W.A. Criswell, pastor of Dallas' First Baptist Church, which Mary attends (left). Another good friend (above) is singer Johnny Cash, who counts Mary, her daughter-in-law and grandchildren among his fans.

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flabbergasted merchant admired her nerve enough to give her a one-day trial. Result? She outsold every clerk on the floor, earned a permanent place on the payroll and soon was bolstering the family coffers with the store's weekly one-dollar high-sales bonus. More importantly, she was hooked on selling as a career.

"Enthusiasm and excitement can make up for other shortcomings," she tells her sales reps today. "When enthusiasm lags, you have to work harder. Most people fail just before they succeed. Direct sales don't depend on the economy, they depend on you." Then she often recites a favorite poem: "If you work for the things you believe in, you're rich though the way is rough; if you're working only for money, you can never make quite enough."

As much as she enjoyed the sales profession, she soon found she never made quite enough ($8 a week *with* bonus) to meet the financial needs of her children, Don and Ruthie Carter. A series of night classes in accounting qualified her for a post with an insurance company and later with a furniture business. But selling was still her first love, and when girlfriend Mary Kay Eckman—who later founded Mary Kay Cosmetics Co.—suggested that Mary C. join her as a demonstrator for Stanley Home Products, no arm twisting was required. She signed onto Mary Kay's sales unit and soon surpassed her salary as an accountant.

Much of what she learned as a Stanley demonstrator and later as sales manager for an imports company was put to good use when Home Interiors and Gifts, Inc., was born several years later, on December 5, 1957. Still, success didn't come overnight. Convincing a bank to loan operating capital to a new business run by a *woman* was no easy task. More than one loan officer who accepted the unorthodox presence of a female CEO balked at the next revelation: The future of this new company depended on the efforts of a network of housewives who displayed decorative accessories at parties conducted in other housewives' homes.

"Yes, it was a struggle," recalls Mary, 25 years later. "But that's the blessed thing about memory. You tend to remember the good things. It's kind of like the labor pains of having a baby. You just look at the baby and are so grateful."

The "baby" practically bypassed the crawling stage and immediately took off at a sprinter's clip. Area manager Pearl Burns, who now oversees several thousand displayers, joined the company in 1959 and, after a month on the job, knew, "I had a tiger by its tail."

"My business boomed from the beginning," she says. "I used to start in the morning about 7 o'clock and work through to the next day. It was a commitment. Mary always talks about the commitment to excellence and how any job worth doing is worth doing well. I knew that she trusted me and believed in my potential, and that's a neat feeling."

Remembering the difficult years when she wore the dual hats of breadwinner and mother, Mary urged her salesgirls to arrange their workdays to accommodate the needs of their families. Young mothers could stay home with toddlers during the day and schedule parties at night, while moms with school-age children might prefer morning get-togethers that concluded long before the dismissal bell.

"We thought of flex time long before the government did," she quips.

The chance to operate as an independent contractor appealed to many women who didn't want the obligation of a 9-to-5 job. Branch manager Betty Goertzen remembers hearing about Home Interiors from a fellow employee at the telephone company office in Fresno.

"My son was born with cerebral palsy and required a lot of daily therapy, yet we were head over heels in debt," says Betty. "So I went to work at the phone company and literally cried all the way to the office each day because I had to leave my children. A woman in the office told me about Home Interiors and said it might be just right for me."

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After almost 35 years of marriage, Mary, who claims to be a liberated woman, acknowledges her husband, Dave, as head of the house. "But I am the neck," she says, "and you never saw a head turn without a neck." In the background are the Crowleys' home, Chapel Knoll, and family dog, Samantha.

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CODE NO. 31

Clark said it was a good night for trouble. And Hogan knew Clark was right when they answered a call that defied code-book definition.

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Officer Frank Hogan was in a bad humor that night. For one thing, it was snowing—a soft thin snow that melted almost as soon as it touched the ground. For another, he had a toothache. He had gone in to tell the lieutenant about it.

"Jumps like blue blazes," he said. "A man's mind isn't on his business with a thing like that."

"You can get something at the drugstore to put in it," replied the lieutenant reasonably.

"In it! There isn't any hole in it. It's got so a fellow on the force in this town can't have a hole in a tooth or an appendix or a set of tonsils. I can't sing a note since they yanked my tonsils."

"Well, that's all right with me, Hogan. Go on out and get busy. You'll forget all about it."

Hogan, who liked the lieutenant, gave him a look of violent hatred and turned on his heel. He was holding a hand to his jaw as he passed the sergeant's desk, but the sergeant was carefully examining the contents of a small paper bag which lay in a drawer of his desk and paid no attention to him.

Hogan's partner, Jim Clark, was already on the doorstep, and an explanation of the sergeant's face was to be found in his distended cheek and a half-dozen hard peppermints that he held out in a gloved hand.

"Want one?" he said.

Hogan groaned. "Want this tooth to jump out of my mouth?"

"If I had a tooth like that, I'd have it out."

"Oh, you would, would you?"

In the surly silence that followed, both men proceeded to put on their rubber coats and cap covers. In the light from the open door, their outfits gleamed like newly polished shoes. The sergeant had followed the men to the door and now stood gazing at Clark's cheek, enlarged with stolen goods.

"It's got so that I'm going to put a padlock on that desk of mine," he observed unpleasantly. "I'm glad my uniform isn't eatable, or you'd have it off me." He glared at the two men and then went on more normally: "Lieutenant wants to know if you babies have your primer."

The police department had recently decided to use code for the radio messages to its cruising cars, and this was a sore point with the men. It was not enough that each one of them had a small black book in which a given number corresponded to the crime, misdemeanor or other antisocial act it represented. The men were supposed not only to have their books but to learn them by heart in case they lost them.

It was a distinct grievance, and Hogan voiced it as they tramped down the steps and around to the alley where their car was parked.

"Like going back to school again!" he muttered irritably. "Whose fool idea was this code stuff anyhow? And look at 'em, Clark; look at this one." He paused under the street lamp, and getting out the book, he turned over its pages. " 'Code No. 96: Meet unnamed woman at given address.' What do you suppose that means?"

"Maybe just a woman who wants a policeman," said Clark mildly.

He relapsed into silent scorn as they climbed into the car. It was a wretched night. A soft snow was falling that melted as it touched the ground, but clung obstinately to everything else. The windshield of their car was thickly coated, and after Clark had started the engine, he adjusted the wiper on the windshield. It gave a wheeze or two and stopped. "Lookit!" he said in disgust. "I've reported that thing three times."

Hogan grunted, with a hand to his cheek. "What d'you expect, when the mayor's cousin runs the repair shop?" he demanded. "We don't get the service, but the city pays the bills."

They started out of the alley and turned into the street. The windshield wiper obstinately refused to move, and with faint hope, Hogan turned on the radio apparatus in front of him. That, however, was in order, and he grunted and settled back with a hand to his cheek.

"Police Cruiser No. 24. Go to Riverside Park Zoo, Administration Building. Code No. 48. That is all."

"Murder in the monkey house!" was his comment. "I'll bet there's a code number for that, too."

Clark did not reply at once. The candy made utterance difficult, for one thing. Also, he was slower mentally than Hogan. It was five minutes later, and the windshield was encrusted with snow, before he stopped the car and, getting out a piece of dirty waste, wiped it clear and spoke.

"Well, look, Hogan," he said. "You know it as well as I do; all sorts of people have got these short-wave machines and have been listening in to headquarters. Some keep their cars running all night, so they won't miss anything."

"Think of having a bed to go to and sitting up by choice to hunt trouble."

"What I mean is, you take that murder down on Scotia Street. MacDougall says there were six private cars in front of the house before he got there and a dozen crime hounds standing over the body and mussing up the room. Most of them people who'd ought to know better, too."

"MacDougall wouldn't have found out anything anyhow. That's his alibi."

The old antagonism between the police and the detective bureau put an edge to his voice. In silence, they drove on. Clark had abandoned his battle with the windshield and was driving with his head out in the snow. The soft white crystals clung to the cover of his cap, to his eyebrows and eyelashes. Now and then he made unpleasant grimaces calculated to clear his vision. Hogan had opened the new code manual and was holding it close to the instrument-board light.

"Good night for trouble," Clark

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said after a time. "We'd better put the chains on."

"You put them on. I'm doing my homework," was Hogan's retort.

The radio announcer's voice kept on. It was a good night for trouble, and the code number for "automobile accident" came through repeatedly: "Police Cruiser No. 16. Go to the corner of North Avenue and Columbus Street. Code No. 12. That is all."

No. 12 meant an automobile accident and ambulance follow-up, and such cases were anathema to them both. It was their custom, when so called, to hope the ambulance would get there first, and occasionally they took steps that it should. So the chains were not put on, and they moved on in surly but companionable silence.

Now and then, however, Hogan grunted. "This tooth's getting worse," he said at last, putting away the black book. "I've heard that holding a mouthful of whiskey helps it, Jim." And receiving no answer: "I needn't swallow it, you big fish!"

"You might choke, and it would slip down," said Clark matter-of-factly. "And anyhow, you'd smell of it."

"Well, I've got to get something. Run around by a drugstore and I'll see what they've got. If you had what I've got, you'd be home in bed, that's what! Ella didn't want me to come out tonight. It may turn into an abscess."

"Listen to me," said Clark, with unusual firmness. "Keeping your mouth shut will do more for that tooth than anything I know. I got an earache hearing about it for the last three nights."

Diplomatic relations became somewhat strained for the moment, but as their number, 66, was called just then, and as it was a common code number in those days of hold-ups, they forgot their difference as they recognized it.

"Suspicious car near service station," they interpreted, and this was their meat and drink. Clark put a large flat foot on the gas, stuck his head out the side of the car, and they shot ahead. The car had no siren, and ordinarily it observed traffic signals; now, however, it went through them, slued around corners, narrowly escaped a fire truck on its way to a fire and, in five minutes, was moving slowly and cautiously toward its prey.

The car was there, a small and good coupe. Moreover, it was occupied. In the bright lights of the service station across the street, the two officers passing it could see a young man sitting erect behind the wheel. They moved on to the corner, then turned and came up quietly behind it. Then, without speaking, both got out. It was an old situation to them, and its technique well established. Each threw his rubber coat back and put a hand on his gun. Then, simultaneously, they appeared beside the coupe, one on each side, and flung the doors open.

"Now then!" said Hogan. "What are you doing here?"

The young man started violently, and he went rather more pale than mere surprise would seem to justify.

"Go through him, Hogan," said Clark. "Get out there, and let's see what you got on you," he addressed the man. "And no monkey business."

Both officers were cheery enough now. It was only during the tedious hours when all lawbreakers had apparently gone to bed that they were

The girl nodded. "I'm afraid it sounds silly," she said in an attractive voice, "but I'm afraid to go home. . .because my husband has a gun, and I think he means to kill me."

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grouchy and unhappy.

"Out with you!" Hogan repeated. He grasped the man by the arm and not too gently helped him to the pavement. It was then that the unknown spoke for the first time.

"Here!" he said. "What's the game anyhow? What's happened?"

"Nothing yet; and it's our business to see that it doesn't."

Hogan ran his hands over the stranger's body. "Nothing on him, Clark," he said. "May be a rod in the car."

"There is a gun in a pocket of the car, but I've got a license to carry it. I'm out a good bit at night."

"I'll bet you are! Well, about the easiest thing we do is to take guns off guys who've got a license to carry them, if they're acting suspicious. Got it, Clark?"

"Yeah. Automatic. Forty-five."

"All set and ready to go, weren't you?" said Hogan happily.

"Go where?"

"Now see here. Quit acting. You've got some explaining to do, and do quick. How long you been here?"

The unknown drew out and examined a very good watch. "Twenty minutes."

"And why?"

"That's my business. Now, look here; I've had enough nonsense. I have every respect for the police, but there's a limit to what I'll stand. I suppose you men are doing your duty, but——"

"Watch him, Frank," said Clark. "There's a bag of tools in this car."

On the floor of the car was a small black bag, and Clark had turned his flashlight on it and was opening it. Almost negligently, Hogan's hand closed on the unknown's arm. The bag was not locked and on the top were two long metal objects wrapped in a clean white towel. Clark uncovered them carefully and Hogan bent over and inspected them.

"New to me," he said.

"They're obstetric forceps," said the stranger. "I'm a doctor, and I'm—I'm waiting here for a message. If you don't believe me, here's my card. And you'll find my driver's license and the gun license in the other pocket of the car."

Hogan took the card and read it carefully. A doctor waiting for a baby case! Well, the laugh was on them, and as usual when he felt uncomfortable, he covered his uneasiness with bluster. It was not unusual, on nights like this, to find men with cars, ready and only too willing to take for a ride young women caught by the weather, and Hogan took his cue from this.

"Not waiting here to make a pick-up, then, doc?"

"Why should I?"

"That's your business! Why ask me?" But he stepped back, and he grinned as he touched his cap.

"Sorry, doc," he said. "Better get your messages over the telephone after this. . . . All right, Clark?"

Clark nodded and slipped the revolver back into the car pocket.

From across the street, the man at the service station had been watching with interest, and as the ruffled owner of the coupe drove off, he came across the street.

"Nothing doing, eh?" he inquired, cheerfully.

"Nothing in your line, anyhow."

"He'd been there for 30 minutes when I called up. I couldn't make him out."

"He's all right. Waiting for a baby case."

"Then what was he doing there?" said the service man. "Think I was having it?"

The two policemen were rather puzzled as they went back to their own car.

"What do you make of it?" Hogan asked.

"Waiting for a woman," said Clark laconically. "She's late, and we scared him. Thought it was a husband, maybe!"

They dismissed the incident, but the excursion into the cold air had started Hogan's tooth again, and he loudly demanded help. Two or three blocks away they found a drug store, and the pharmacist suggested a toothache gum. Hogan sniffed at it suspiciously.

"Smells of carbolic acid."

"There is some in it."

"Suppose I swallow it? I'm not going to poison myself. I got a wife and a kid."

"Don't swallow it, then."

Hogan took out a piece of the gum and applied it gingerly. The pharmacist watched his tall figure with reluctant admiration.

"How do they select you fellows? By the foot?" he asked.

Hogan, however, had not heard him. The door of a telephone booth at the rear had opened, and a young woman had come out. She was a comely young woman, and although Hogan was married, he certainly was not blind. He watched her as she went quickly through the shop and out of the front door.

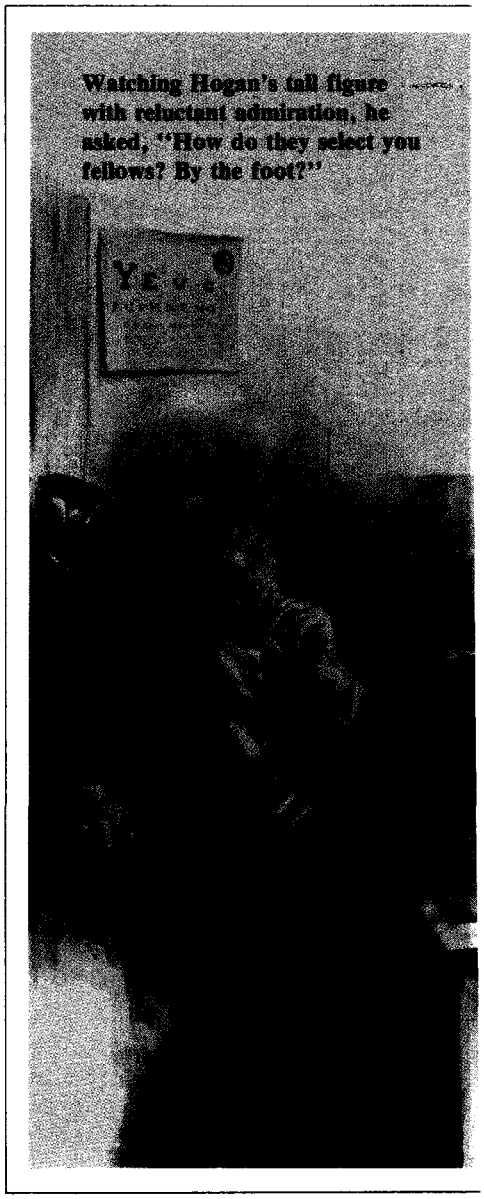
"Nice-looking girl," he said, as the pharmacist wrapped up a sandwich for Clark. Clark was always hungry. "Looked kind of worried, didn't she? Or am I seeing things?"

"Maybe. When a woman with a telephone in her own house uses the booth here, she's usually got something on her mind."

"And she's got one, has she?"

"Sure she has. Lives only a block away. Up Race Street. Name's Wallace. Husband's a queer duck."

Hogan sighed. He was a good



Watching Hogan's tall figure with reluctant admiration, he asked, "How do they select you fellows? By the foot?"

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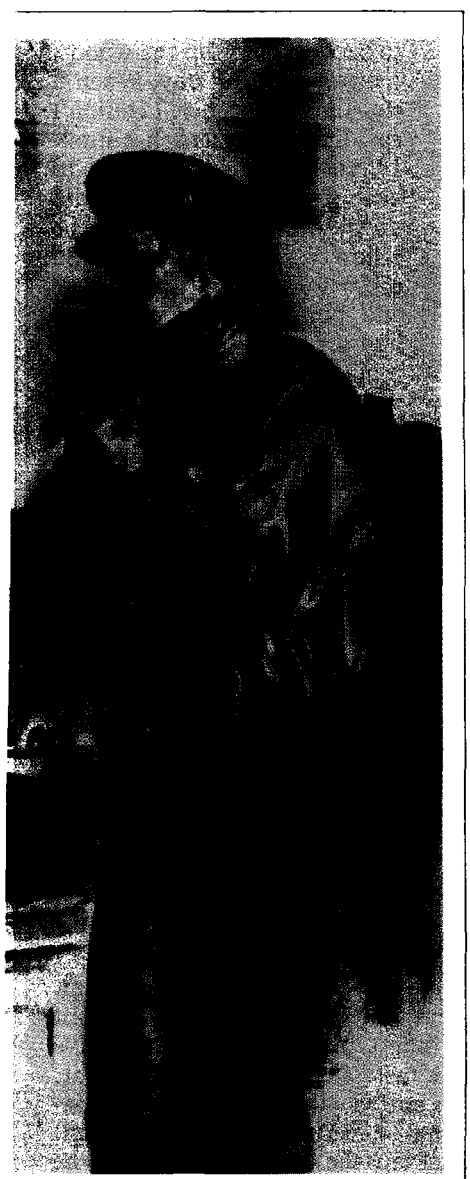
husband and father, and the sigh was merely a tribute to the freedom of his past. A moment later, however, he had swung toward the man behind the counter, alarm written all over him.

"Say, my tongue feels all numb!"

"So does the tooth, doesn't it?" He grinned. "Beats me how you fellows go out every night looking for trouble, and then get scared over a thing like that. Say, did I ever tell you the story about the man with hiccups?"

But Hogan was in no mood for a story. He turned and stalked out. The man behind the counter looked after him enviously. He wished he was a policeman. Those fellows in that car, now; they saw things, did things. He drew a long breath and went back to his compounding behind the partition.



The snow had stopped when Hogan returned to the car, and with the usual contrariness of inanimate objects, the windshield wiper had commenced to work again. Clark was swearing at it as Hogan got in and they drove off. For a wonder, the radio was silent for a moment or two, and in the unaccustomed silence, both men relaxed.

Clark munched his sandwich comfortably. It promised to be a quiet night, and they were glad of it. All over the city similar cars with similar crews were patrolling, each with its district. While a few patrolmen, nightstick and all, still covered certain districts, the police of the city were largely motorized. Cruising cars carrying short-wave radio-receiving sets, and alert young men on motorcycles, now made it possible for law-abiding citizens to sleep at night. A telephone call to headquarters and, in an incredibly short time, the law was there.

"How's the tooth?"

"It may be aching, but it doesn't know it."

"Funny thing about the doc, eh? He was sure scared."

"You never can catch those bozos," Hogan commented. "Get 'em touching 60 and they're on the way to a case!"

He leaned back and investigated the gum, which seemed to have remained in its proper position. Clark had turned the car into the drive of a private house, set well back among the trees, a house which looked as though the occupants had long since retired. But the two patrolmen knew better. It was a well-conducted gambling establishment, occasionally patronized by the chief himself, and their business there was purely personal.

As the car stopped, a man on the doorsteps peered at them, and then opened the door and called inside: "All right, Sam. Two cups of coffee." He closed the door and advanced to the car. "Hello!" he said. "Anything new?"

"Nope," Hogan replied. "Except I've got a toothache. Say, Mike, d'you suppose I could have some whiskey to hold in my mouth? I've heard it helps."

The man shook his head and looked reproachful. "You know the old man won't have it on the place, Frank. He's bone dry."

Hogan knew that. He abandoned the forlorn hope and drank his coffee, when it came, without comment. They handed back the cups, and Clark put his foot on the starter.

They drove away and had almost reached the street again when their number was called: "Police Cruiser No. 66. Go to empty grocery store, 1116 Race Street. Code No. 96."

After the manner of such calls, it was repeated, but before the repeat came, the car had turned back and was racing in the direction from which it had come. "Code No. 96," Hogan said, referring to the manual once more. " 'Meet an unnamed woman at a given address.' Say, the bozos who got this up didn't have much sense of humor, did they?"

Clark slid around the corner where they had found the parked coupe. The car skidded and scraped a street water plug. Clark straightened it up and sped onward.

"It ought to be in this block," was all he said. "Yep. Here's the grocery, and here she is."

The car came to a grating standstill and Hogan got out. From the doorway of the grocery, a woman's figure slowly advanced, and Hogan, when he saw her, put his hand to his cap in that military salute which was all he had brought from the great World War. Then he stared. It was the young woman of the telephone booth.

" 'Evening," he said. "Understand you wanted to see us."

The girl—for she was quite young—merely nodded. She seemed uncertain how to begin, and Hogan, who was about to assume his best protective manner, scowled when he saw Clark crawling out of the car. It was a shame about Clark anyhow—him with a wife and a houseful of kids. But the sight of the second officer seemed to give the young woman courage.

"I'm afraid it sounds silly," she said in an attractive voice, "but I'm afraid to go home."

Hogan looked at her more carefully. After all, it wasn't his job or Clark's, either, to escort young women home. When they were afraid, it was generally because they had done something they shouldn't.

"Why's that?"

"Because my husband has a gun, and I think he means to kill me."

(continued next issue)

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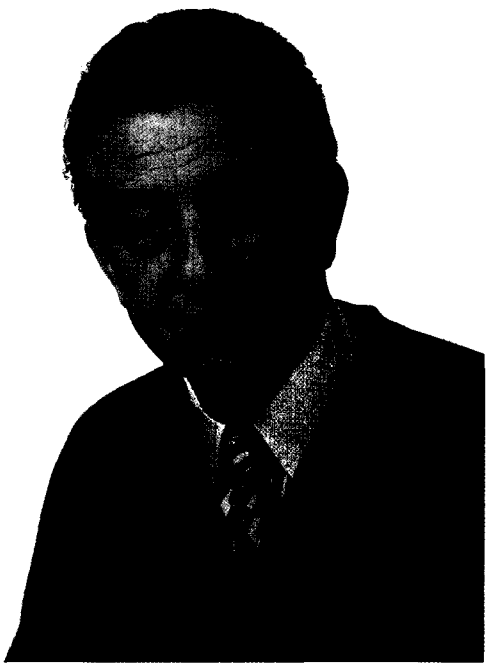
A MATTER OF TASTE

Unable to stand so much as the smell of food, all he could do was stand in the woods—and wonder if he really was crazy.

by Berton Roueché

Adolph (Rudy) Coniglio says his trouble began on the night of July 27, 1969, a Sunday. He was then 53 years old and the proprietor of a restaurant called Rudy's Pizza, in Closter, New Jersey. He remembers:

"Two of my people, the cleaners, they didn't show up that night to clean. So I stayed after closing and did the cleaning myself. I did the kitchen, the counter, the dining room, where I got 20 tables—I did it all. So I perspired even in that air-conditioned place, and I got so hot that I didn't sleep good all night. So I got up the next morning with this heavy cold and fever. I don't feel good. So my wife goes down to run the place, and I went over to this doctor—this local, family doctor—and he prescribed some yellow antibiotic pills. I took those pills and stayed three days at home. On Thursday, I went back to the restaurant. I got there early, and I felt all right. Not bad. So I start to work in the window up front and make some pizza dough. Pizza is my specialty, I make it all myself. Well, now the dough is rising good, so I get out some tomatoes and the other stuff for a *pizza alla napoletana*. All of a sudden, I start to smell something funny. Something bad. I'm peeling a tomato, and I smell it. It smells rotten. It smells like garbage. Then I taste it. It has the taste of garbage. I call the wholesaler, and I'm mad. What's the matter, you send me rotten tomatoes? He says I'm crazy—he don't handle rotten tomatoes. Now *he's* mad. I hang up and go out to the kitchen to find some good tomatoes. But—oh, my God! Did you ever when you're a kid burn a plastic comb? Everything in the kitchen smelled like that. I had to get out. I went back to the front, and it was just as bad. That smell—that garbage stink. Some of my people were coming in, and I told them, but they don't smell nothing. So it must be me. It must be that heavy cold.



Only by standing out in the woods could Adolph (Rudy) Coniglio escape the terrible stench of everything from food to grass—even his pillow. Eating remained out of the question. He thought he was going crazy. Then he met Dr. Henkin.

"I figure I'm still sick. So I got my car and went home. The street was almost as bad as the place—the exhaust fumes. It was the same stink. It was better at home. Some. But not much. My wife went down to the restaurant again. I went outdoors, out in the backyard. It was better there than in the house, but it had a smell. The grass had a smell. It smelled like regular grass—only 20 times stronger than normal. It smelled so strong it smelled bad. I got some woods behind my house, so I tried there. That was better. It was okay. I tell you, it felt good to get away from that garbage stink. I sat down on a log, and it was nice sitting there, so after a while I lit a cigarette. Oh, my God! The smell was like everything else—and the taste! It burned on my tongue like a hot pepper. So I don't have anything to do but just sit in the woods. I stayed there all day. When it was time for dinner, I couldn't eat. Everything had that stink. I thought I might as well go to bed. I got ready and laid down, but I had to sit up. The pillow—it smelled like dirt. So my wife went out to the store and bought a new pillow. It had a smell, but it wasn't too much. But I had to sleep on my back. I couldn't have my face in the pillow. So the next day I went back to the doctor.

"The doctor was surprised. But he thought like me—it was still that cold, that flu I had. He gave me a new prescription, for some pink antibiotic pills, and said to come back in a couple days. But the pills didn't help. I went back to the doctor. He told me to wait a while. Be patient. So I had to hire somebody to run my place. All I could do was stand in the woods all day. Of course, I had to eat—I didn't want to die. But the regular food—it was all like garbage. I could drink a little cold milk. I could eat a little cold boiled potato. I could eat a white grape. I could eat a little vanilla ice cream. That stuff, it didn't taste good, but it didn't taste bad. It didn't have any taste at all. So I lived on that. No coffee—God forbid. Even a banana—I couldn't go near it. I went back to the doctor again, and he sent me to another doctor—an ear-

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nose-and-throat man. A specialist. He looked at my nose, and he took some x-rays, but he couldn't find anything wrong. He called the family doctor and said, this Rudy, what he needs is psychiatry, his trouble is psychosomatic. He sent me to a psychiatrist. So the psychiatrist started talking about my life history—did I like my work? My God, I love my work. I listened, and I went out, and I didn't go back. Well, now it was almost September. I wasn't any better, I was losing weight, and the only time I was comfortable was out in the woods. So I decided to go to Italy. My mother is there, and I thought maybe the Italian doctors could help me. I went to Naples and saw a doctor there, and I went to a doctor in Rome. But they were the same as at home. It was all in my mind. Did I like my work? They gave me some tranquilizer pills. Five a day. Ten a day. I stayed a month and came back home in October.

"By this time, I don't know what to think. Am I crazy? Maybe those doctors, they're right. They keep saying it's my mind. Or maybe they're making me crazy. I try another doctor. Not in Closter—in another Jersey town. This doctor looks at my nose with a needle, and a little blood comes out. Ah, he says, I know what you got. You need an operation. So he gives me a date. But I don't take his word. I go to another doctor next day. He says he first wants x-rays. But I just had x-rays yesterday. He wants to know who, and I tell him, and he calls that doctor and they talk. Then he looks at my nose again, and he finds where the needle touched me. Ah, he says—that's it. You got a tumor. Very serious. Operate at once. But I went home. I thought I was going to drop dead. Then I thought I better kill myself. I've lost 40 pounds of weight, and I've spent a hell of a lot of money, and now I've got a tumor in my nose. But, thank God, I've got a neighbor friend. His job is hospital administrator at a big hospital in New York, in Manhattan. I talk with him sometimes, and so one day—this is maybe December—he says, maybe you better try my hospital. He says they've got good men, and so he arranges everything and I get a date. So I walk in the hospital, and they're waiting for me—three doctors. Everything is organized right. But first another x-ray. Okay. And then—my God, good news. The head doctor says no tumor. They don't find anything. But the head doctor is interested. He says he wants to see me in his office. He's got a private office up around 57th Street, and I went there the next day. We visited and talked for an hour. He couldn't find what was wrong. He ordered me again some pills and a spray for my nose. He says to come back in a couple days so he can see the reaction. But he don't find any reaction. No better. No change. So then I tell him what I'm worried about. I say, listen, doctor—they send me to all these psychiatrists, and they talk about psychosomatic. I say, I'm willing to go to the crazy house. I don't care anymore. I had enough. But I want to ask one thing. Do crazy people have their food taste like garbage? And the doctor says no. He says they eat like everybody else. He says, I don't know the trouble with you, but I know one thing. You're not crazy.

"He says, 'How does it taste?' I tell him, 'No taste at all.'... He says—'Now I know what you got. But I can't treat you here.'"

"That made me feel better, so I was ready to go. But he said wait a minute. He said he couldn't help me, but he thought he knew a man who could. He said there was a doctor down in Washington, a specialist at the National Institutes of Health, who was coming up to New York pretty soon. He wanted me to see him. So I went home and waited. At least I wasn't crazy. But I still can't eat or work or do anything but go out and stand in the woods. It's Christmastime, and I'm living like a dog. Well, I wait a couple weeks, then I get the call. There's a Dr. Gould, with an office on 77th Street, and this man from Washington is waiting for me there. So I go over and meet him—Dr. Henkin, of the National Institutes of Health. He takes me into a little room. I talk and he listens. Then he says, 'Open your mouth. So I open. Stick your tongue out. So I do, and he puts a drop of something on my tongue. He says, 'How does it taste?' I tell him, 'No taste at all.' 'Good,' he says—'Now I know what you got. But I can't treat you here. You've got to come down to the Institutes of Health.' My God, I didn't know it then, but there was a god. That's all I can say about Dr. Henkin. He's a god."

Dr. Henkin is Dr. Robert I. Henkin. He was at that time chief of the Section of Neuroendocrinology, Experimental Therapeutics Branch, of the National Heart and Lung Institute of the National Institutes of Health, in Bethesda, Maryland, an appointment he had held since July of 1969. Since 1975, he has been director of the Center for Molecular Nutrition and Sensory Disorders at the Georgetown University Medical Center, in Washington, D.C. He says:

"Well, I *thought* I knew what Rudy's trouble was. I thought he had what we call idiopathic hypogeusia. It's a condition that involves a loss of taste acuity—the ability to distinguish tastes—and it is often accompanied by a distortion of taste and smell. The cause is unknown, or idiopathic. The reason I suspected it in Rudy was simply that I had it on my mind. I had seen the same condition twice before—and only a few weeks earlier. Aberrations of taste and smell are not, of course, at all unusual. They are common symptoms of the common cold. And hepatitis. And pregnancy. But my introduction to idiopathic hypogeusia was entirely accidental. I had occasion to mention the loss of taste acuity, with a related distortion of taste and smell, in a refresher training course in the basic sciences that I was teaching at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in the fall of 1969. It was sometime in early September. Well, about a month later, I got a call from one of the officers who had taken the course—an Air Force colonel down in Texas. He had a patient at his base he thought I might want to see. Sergeant Mack, I'll call him. Mack's complaint was pretty much what I had been talking about. Everything he ate or drank smelled and tasted foul. But he didn't have a cold, he didn't have

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hepatitis—he seemed in every other respect to be in normal good health. I said I was very much interested. I said to send him right up.

"Mack came into the N.I.H. clinical center on October 18. He was 46 years old and a big, powerful man. He said he had lost some weight in recent months, but he still weighed a good 200 pounds. We gave him the usual workup, including neurological and ear-nose-and-throat evaluations, and the results were, as we say, uneventful. He was a little hard of hearing from working around airplanes, but that was all. He was, in general, in excellent health. I sat down with him, and we had a long talk. His trouble had come on gradually. Back in June, he said, he began to notice that onions had a peculiar taste. In July, he began to notice that meats of all kind also tasted peculiar—tasted as if they had been cooked in rancid grease. Then other foods began to taste bad. Vegetables had an 'iron and tinny' taste. Cigarettes smelled like Vick's Vapo-Rub. For the past three or four months, he had been living on lettuce, cottage cheese, milk and ice cream. It was weird—fantastic. I wondered if he might be crazy. I'd never heard of such a thing except as a manifestation of some other and demonstrable disease. I took him down to the hospital kitchen. I got out a cold roast of beef and cut off a beautiful slice and asked him just to taste it. I've never seen such a look of revulsion. He said he wouldn't, he couldn't—he would vomit. Just the smell of it made him feel sick. I took him back to his room. I had to believe him—but I certainly had something to think about. And I thought about it. I knew from a study I'd been involved in a couple of years before that a substance called D-penicillamine can diminish taste acuity and even distort taste. This has happened a number of times to patients being treated with that drug for various diseases—rheumatoid arthritis, idiopathic pulmonary fibrosis, scleroderma. When D-penicillamine was discontinued, normal taste returned. Our study also showed that the administration of D-penicillamine was usually followed by a drop in the concentration of copper in the blood. We treated those patients with supplemental copper, in the form of copper sulphate, and normal taste returned. That certainly suggested that copper might play a role in the physiology of taste. We then began to wonder about the possibility of a similar role for other metals that are minutely present in the body—zinc, for example. We tried the same experiment again, only this time using zinc sulphate instead of copper. We got the same result. Normal taste returned. Well, with that in mind, I arranged to measure the levels of copper and zinc in Mack's blood serum. Which was done. And the results were normal. There was no decrease at all.

"I can still work, but my nerves are bad, and I think maybe I better sell out—get rid of the place before I get worse, so I sold Rudy's."

"That was rather a shock. I had been all set to start him on one of those metals—probably zinc. It has a very low toxicity. So now what? But I still wanted to *do* something. And I thought, what's the harm—why not try it anyway? So I wrote out an order for oral zinc sulphate—400 mg a day. And what happened? It was really quite dramatic. Two days later, he said things didn't seem to smell as bad as they had. The next day, there was more improvement, and the day after that, I dragged him down to the kitchen again and offered him another slice of roast beef. He ate a couple of bites, and said it didn't taste too bad. A few more days, and his taste was back to normal. He was well. It was a gratifying recovery, and it raised an interesting point. Mack's serum-zinc level was never less than normal, and yet he had—or seemed to have—a certain zinc deficiency. I wondered if something could happen to deplete the supply of zinc in a specific area—as in the taste buds on the tongue. In any event, the zinc had seemed to work. Mack was discharged on November 4 with a good supply of pills, and that was the end of him as far as I was concerned. I never heard of him again.

"I didn't forget him, though. That wouldn't have been possible. And for several reasons. One was this. I have an old friend, an English colleague, and about a week after Mack went back to Texas, my friend—I'll call him Wilson—turned up in Washington on his way out West somewhere. I hadn't seen him for a couple of years, and I picked him up at his hotel and drove him home to dinner. On the way, I happened to mention that my wife was cooking a leg of lamb. I thought Wilson acted a little strange. He cleared his throat and looked a bit embarrassed. Finally, he said something about not eating much these days. He wondered if he might have something very light—a little cottage cheese, perhaps, and some lettuce. The truth was, he said, he couldn't eat meat anymore. He couldn't stand the smell of it. As a matter of fact, there were very few foods that didn't have a most unpleasant smell. It was like talking to Sergeant Mack. I asked him how long this had been going on. A couple of years, he said. It was a nuisance, but he had learned to live with it. I felt—it's hard to say how I felt. But I said I thought I might be able to help him. He gave me a hopeless look. I asked him if he would let me try. Would he come into the hospital for a week or two? He shrugged. He didn't see much point in it, but—all right. I made the arrangements, and he came in, and we worked him up very thoroughly to exclude any other possibilities—liver disease, a tumor, all the rest. We found nothing. He was normal in every way but one. His serum-zinc level was down. I put him on placebos for three days. If he improved on placebos, which are nothing but sugar pills, that would strongly suggest that his problem was functional—was rooted in some emotional disturbance. There was, however, no change. Then I started him on oral zinc. It wasn't like Sergeant Mack—it wasn't in the least dramatic. But after four or five days his serum zinc began to rise. His sense of smell improved. He could eat a little something—an egg, a slice of meat. But then he had to leave. He couldn't postpone his engagements any longer. I discharged him on November 17. I gave him a supply of zinc-sulphate pills. Zinc sulphate is not a prescription drug, you know. We were using it in an

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entirely experimental setting. The official view is spelled out in the standard text *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics,* which says, 'The systemic actions of zinc have no therapeutic application. . . . All drugs must by law have a specific use. Zinc is not recognized as having any usefulness internally except as an emetic.' Well, Wilson went on his way, but he called me a few weeks later, just before flying back to England. He had continued to improve. He wasn't all the way back to normal, but he felt enormously better.

"And that was when I heard about Rudy Coniglio. A friend and colleague named Wilbur James Gould made the arrangements, and I went up to New York and saw him. It sounded like the same sort of thing. I gave him a drop of relatively concentrated hydrochloric acid. This is a compound that normal people find extremely sour. But Rudy didn't bat an eye. He couldn't even taste it. That didn't immediately rank him with Sergeant Mack and Dr. Wilson, but it was more than a little suggestive. I certainly wanted to know a bit more. Those first two cases had merely whetted my curiosity. I was really interested now. So I got Rudy into the Bethesda clinical center as soon as I could—on January 11. We started with a very comprehensive workup—all the routine tests, plus a skull series, EEG, brain scan, sinus series, a neurological examination, an ophthalmological study, copper and zinc evaluations and a tongue biopsy. An examination of tongue tissue could tell me if there had been any anatomical changes in the area of the taste buds. The test results were essentially normal—all but the trace-metal evaluations and the tongue biopsy. Zinc and copper—serum and urinary both—were low. On the fifth hospital day, I started Rudy on oral zinc sulphate: 400 mg a day. There was some improvement by the end of the first week, and it was marked by the end of the second week. That was when I saw the results of the tongue biopsy. They were quite impressive—startling, even. The normal structure of the taste buds was almost totally absent. I was looking at the pictures—the photographic enlargements of Rudy's electronmicroscope examination—and you couldn't miss it. The taste buds looked frayed, worn down, moth-eaten. But now it was two weeks later. So I made another tongue biopsy. And waited with some impatience for the results. They were very interesting indeed. They looked like a normal tongue. Very close to it, anyway. Rudy had left by then. I had discharged him on January 31, with the usual supply of pills. I asked him to call me in a couple of months to keep me posted on his progress, and I also arranged for him to come back to the center in July for another checkup. He called me in March. He was taking his 400 mg of zinc sulphate every day, and he was fine—he was all the way back to normal. On July 12, he came into the clinical center again, and he stayed a little over a week, until July 21. His trouble seemed to be completely under control. But I wanted to follow him—I had lost track of Mack, and Wilson was back in England. I wanted to be sure, so I made arrangements to see him again in another three months or so."

Mr. Coniglio says: "I wonder how many people went into the crazy house with this thing I had. I mean, years back—before Dr. Henkin. I bet plenty. I was almost there myself. But Dr. Henkin fixed me up. I came back home that second time from the hospital, and I never felt better in my life. It was even better than the first. I felt better in my mind. For almost a year now, I could eat and drink and work at my place. I had a normal life. But I think it was around the beginning of October that I noticed something different. It starts very gradual, very slow. At first, I don't believe it. But things are beginning to smell again. They stink. I'm taking the pills, but I'm losing. They don't do any good. Oh, my God—I'm scared. It wasn't as bad as before, thank God, but I know that smell and that garbage taste. I know I'm going backward. I can still work, but my nerves are bad, and I think maybe I better sell out—get rid of the place before I get worse. So I did. I sold Rudy's. I did all right—I got a good price. But the way I'm feeling, I don't really care too much. Because it is getting close to time for me to go back to the hospital. I got to go back, and I don't know what I'm going to say to Dr. Henkin. He thinks I'm cured. He thinks he made me well, and I'm not. I almost don't want to see him. You know, I'm embarrassed. But the time came, and I got the appointment letter and I went down to Bethesda and Dr. Henkin came in and I told him. And he laughed."

Dr. Henkin says: "Laughed? I don't know—maybe I did. But it wasn't because I was amused. If I laughed, it could only have been from relief. I was pleased. Rudy had confirmed an important hypothesis. Maybe *I* was a little embarrassed,

Dr. Robert I. Henkin, director of the Center for Molecular Nutrition and Sensory Disorders at the Georgetown University Medical Center, recognized Rudy's bizarre symptoms. He had seen similar ones—and only a few weeks before.

continued on page 108

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THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS: NOT JUST WHISTLING DIXIE!

America's largest Protestant denomination baptizes more than 30,000 persons a month and invests more in missionary work than the budgets of some nations.

by Wilmer C. Fields

The Southern Baptists have broken out of catfish-and-honeysuckle country into a sunbelt renaissance that is rapidly altering life in America. Surging out of Dixie, "the fatherland," after the 1940s, Southern Baptist churches, 36,000 of them, now dot the land in all 50 states. Some can even be found north of the Arctic Circle.

Stereotypes of this dynamic denomination as Deep-South rustics living only among armadillos, possums and magnolias and being indentured to the land of cotton must, therefore, be updated.

Baptists first appeared on the world scene in England early in the 17th century and later moved to Amsterdam. Roger Williams established the first Baptist church in the United States at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1639. Organization of the first national Baptist body in the U.S., however, required almost another 200 years. A split in that body, partially over the appointment of slaveholders as missionaries (the argument being that if the South wanted to have any part in sending missionaries, it must form its own organization to do so), gave birth to the Southern Baptist Convention.

Living up to its name, the SBC remained in the South for the next hundred years. Seventy-four percent of its members still live there today. After the upheaval of World War II, however, organized congregations began forming wherever two or three Southern Baptists happened

Full-immersion baptism is a fundamental practice of Southern Baptists (right), and so is helping others, as in missionary Mike Haywood's work with the blind at Camp Piankatank in Virginia (above).

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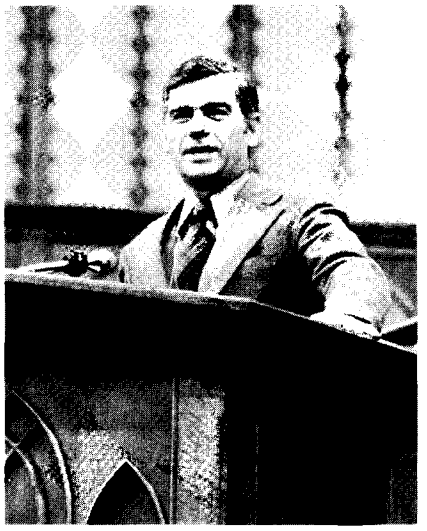
to locate.

The 41 SBC churches in California, for example, have proliferated to 1,023, with a membership increase from 3,500 to 350,000. Though the SBC is new to the Great Lakes, this area already boasts more than 2,000 churches. While their numbers may not be great, SBC churches flourish in all 50 states. The U.S. territories of American Samoa, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands are not without their SBC adherents.

Truly ecumenical, rolls of the denomination list surnames of Asian, European, African and Middle East origin, with members representing 82 ethnic groups. Red, yellow, black, white, brown, they worship in 79 different languages. Approximately 750 congregations, with a total membership reaching a quarter million, are predominantly black. These include some of the largest and fastest-growing churches, especially in the inner cities.

With such a mingling, one can little question the disparities to be found. While Southern Baptists are homogeneous, it is virtually impossible to describe a typical Southern Baptist. Or a typical church, for that matter. Unlike McDonald's, they don't all look alike. In contrast to Dallas' five-block complex in the heart of the city, with its 22,000 members, its 1983 budget of $8.7 million and its 125-member staff, new and struggling congregations may meet in private homes or behind old store fronts, where 10 people are considered an overflow crowd.



Mark Hatfield (above) and fellow U.S. Republican Senator Jesse Helms may be at arm's length on legislative issues, but still go hand-in-hand on SBC doctrines.

Visitors at worship services are as likely to hear Mozart and Bach as they are toe-tapping gospel music. Pastors themselves range from black-robed dignified clerics to charged-up pulpit pounders; from erudite theologians to self-educated preachers; from internationally known figures such as Billy Graham to faithful but unheralded bivocational pulpiteers.

The well-known persons who have embraced Southern Baptist doctrines have had their own dissimilarities.

Former President Harry Truman upset more than one SBC congregation with his profanity. And though many of his coreligionists respect the faith of former President Jimmy Carter, as many again do not agree with his politics.

Hugo Black, the U.S. Supreme Court Justice from Alabama, whose opinions helped form the legal basis for the civil-rights movement, was a Southern Baptist. So was Lester Maddox, the former governor of Georgia and presidential candidate who stood in the doorway of his cafeteria and wielded an ax handle in defense of segregation.

In the U.S. Senate, Republicans Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Jesse Helms of North Carolina often take opposite sides on public issues, yet each attends a Southern Baptist church.

Jerry Falwell, though not a Southern Baptist, finds both opposition and support in SBC ranks for his Moral Majority. On issues of military defense, peace with justice and U.S. foreign policy, the denomination has its full share of both hawks and doves.

Southern Baptists respect individuality and thrive on this diversity. Based on a principle of equality they derive from the New Testament's "priesthood of believers," they are highly democratic. Each congregation is free to ordain, hire and fire pastors and staff; select its own literature; set its own budget; determine its own membership and chart its own course. Yet for all their autonomy, the congregations voluntarily pool their resources (receipts totaled $3.1 billion last year) for mutual assistance. The 36,000 churches support 6,600 missionaries at home and abroad, operate 26 hospitals, several children's homes and retirement centers and carry on a wide variety of

After leaving the White House, former President Jimmy Carter and Rosalynn were honored by the SBC Christian Life Commission for the effort they had made in strengthening family ties.

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evangelistic, educational and humanitarian programs.

The Southern Baptist search for a more effective and efficient way to reach people has produced the Cooperative Program. In this unified funding program, each Southern Baptist is urged to give voluntarily through his local church. One-and-a-half million members tithe their incomes, giving a minimum of 10 percent. Some give more, some less, some nothing at all. Membership is not based on contributions.

Each congregation decides how much it will contribute through the Cooperative Program to the ministries of the state Baptist organization and the national body, the Southern Baptist Convention. (A church can remain Southern Baptist even if it gives little.) The $164.8 million in Cooperative Program and designated funds given to Southern Baptist national causes last year provided support for 3,200 foreign missionaries in 96 countries as well as 3,430 in the United States, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and American Samoa.

SBC overseas missionaries work under the laws of the countries in which they live. No smuggling of Bibles, no clandestine broadcast of sermons—only the attempt to give a straightforward, consistent, careful presentation of the gospel through a day-to-day sharing in the lives of the people. The missionaries include specialists from 86 vocations. They dig water wells, teach sanitation and nutrition, conduct literacy classes, provide medical care and perform many other services.

Without the usual publicity of high-pressure fund raising, Southern Baptists also operate year-round relief programs. Immediate aid follows in the wake of wars, hurricanes, earthquakes and various other disasters. More funds go for the development and rehabilitation projects.

If voluntary cooperation in reaching people is the key to understanding Southern Baptist solidarity, the Bible must be seen as the guidebook for their efforts. Southern Baptists readily describe themselves as "people of the Book" and "New Testament Christians." From the Sacred Word and through the witness of the Holy Spirit, they accept Jesus as God's Son, the incarnation of divine truth and light, and the only Savior through whom flawed mankind can be redeemed and reconciled to God.

Former President Harry S Truman's forthrightness belied his Southern Baptist heritage; some congregations became upset with his colorful speech.

Within their own ranks, they forcefully debate the Bible—what it says, what it means and how to apply it. To an outsider, the current debate among the ranks over Biblical "inerrancy" may seem obscure. Yet within the Convention, it is a heated, emotional issue that affects the future of the "strength-through-diversity" approach.

But even as the debates continue, Southern Baptists not only read the Bible, they attempt to live by it. John 3:16 ("For God so loved the world. . .") is the first scripture most Southern Baptists memorize, with Matthew 28:19-20 a close second. Jesus' words "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them. . ." are taken as a divine commission, personally and corporately, to declare the whole Gospel to the whole world.

Although missions remain the primary thrust of the SBC, education is a strong corollary. Today, one out of five seminary students in the U.S. and Canada is enrolled in an SBC seminary. The two largest, in Fort Worth, Texas, and Louisville, Kentucky, are the first- and third-largest theological seminaries of any kind anywhere in the world.

The broad range of involvement of the Southern Baptist Convention's national agencies, commissions and auxiliaries challenges the imagination.

The Baptist Sunday School Board in Nashville, Tennessee, the denomination's major publisher, is also the leader of educational programs in the churches. It employs 1,500 people, publishes more than 150 periodicals and 450 undated publications and spent $2.6 million in 1982 for postage alone. The mail volume is so great that the Board has its own postal zip code. The Board also operates 65 bookstores, with product sales of about $100 million yearly. In addition, the Board will begin beaming instructional materials and conferences to churches via satellite over "Baptist," a Baptist educational television network, by 1984.

With current assets in excess of $1 billion, the Annuity Board, located in Dallas, administers retirement and insurance programs for SBC pastors, church staff members and agency employees. In Fort Worth, Texas, the Radio-Television Commission produces a wide range of radio programs, such as "Country Crossroads" and "Master Control," along with numerous television specials. The Commission is also putting together an ambitious network of low-power television stations and cable channels, to be known as the American Television System (ACTS), expected eventually to cover all 50 states.

The Brotherhood Commission in Memphis, Tennessee, and the Woman's Missionary Union in Birmingham, Alabama, promote the awareness of and participation in the missions. From Nashville, Tennessee, the major administrative center for the SBC, the Christian Life Commission leads Southern Baptists in ethical and moral concerns; the Stewardship Commission promotes giving; the Historical Commission keeps Baptists in touch with their heritage; and the Educational Commission works with the Baptist institutions of higher learning. The Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs in Washington, D.C., a combined effort of nine Baptist groups, gives attention to religious liberty and the separation of church and state.

Through the Baptist World Alliance, Southern Baptists share historical and theological roots and

continued on page 93

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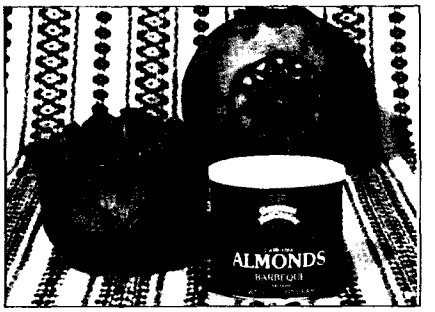

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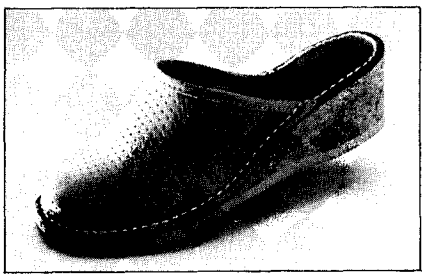

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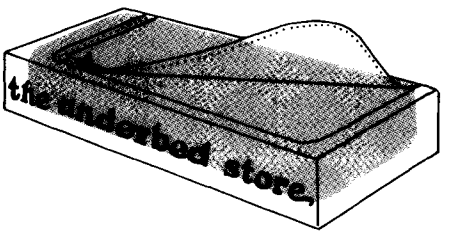

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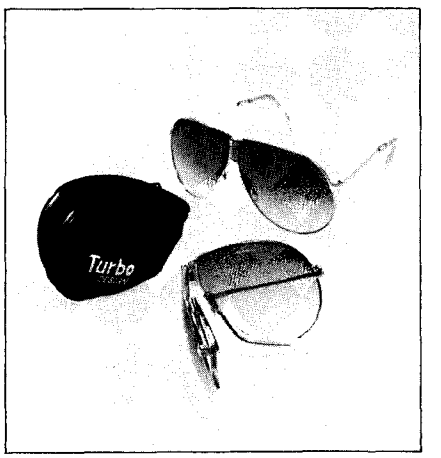

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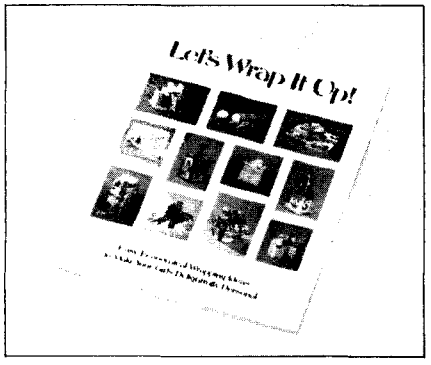

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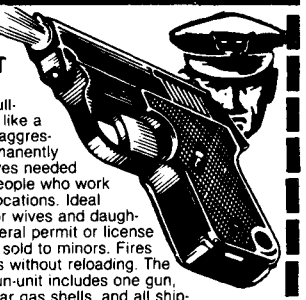

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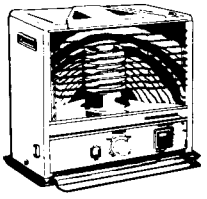

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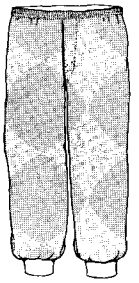

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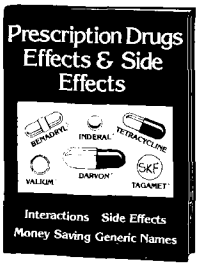

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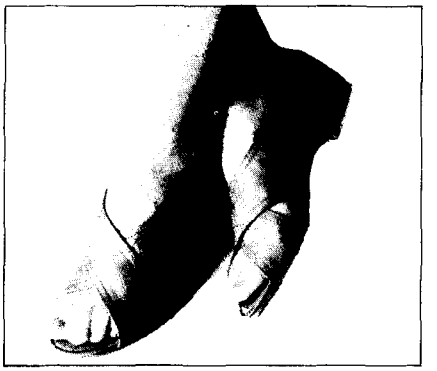

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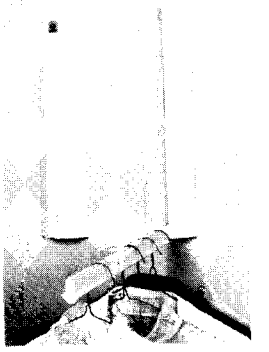

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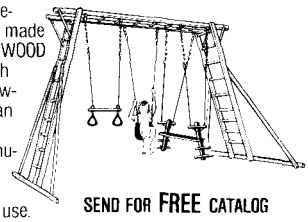

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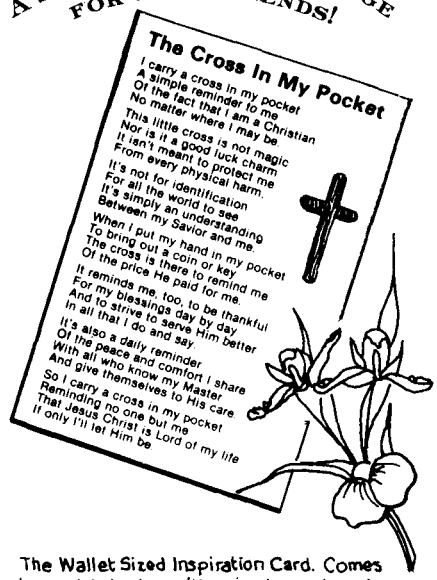
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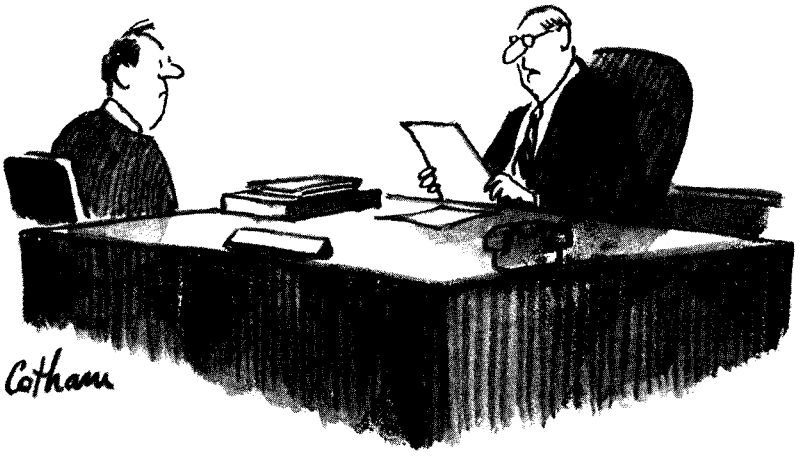

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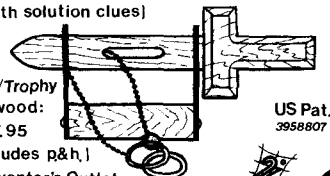

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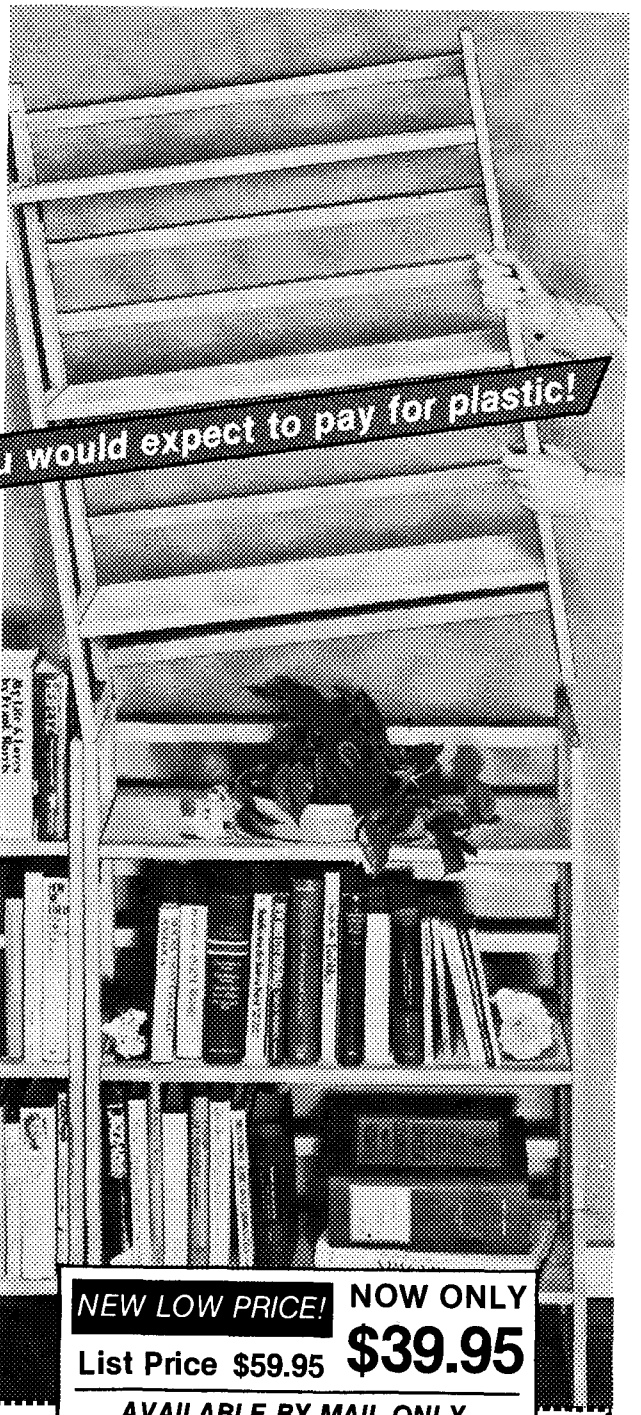

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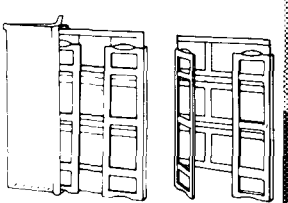
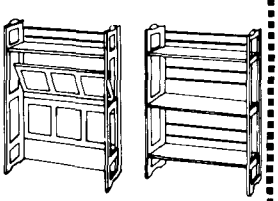


1. Remove from carton. 2. Open hinged sides.



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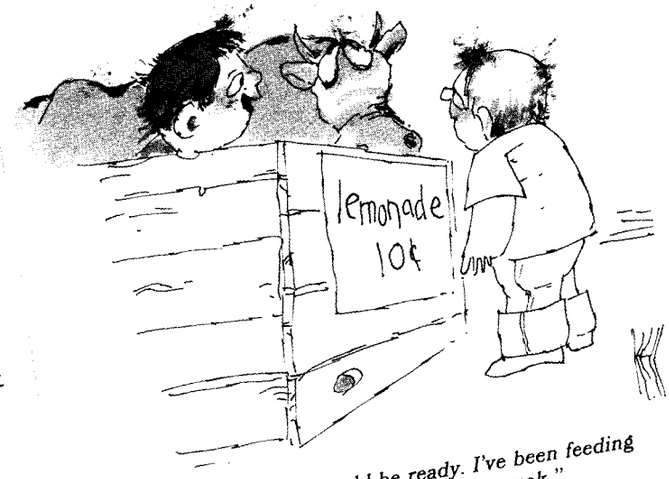
"The piped-in music raised production, all right, but it was sheer torture milking full-grown Holsteins while they were doing the Virginia Reel."



"The lemonade should be ready. I've been feeding her lemons and sugar for a week."

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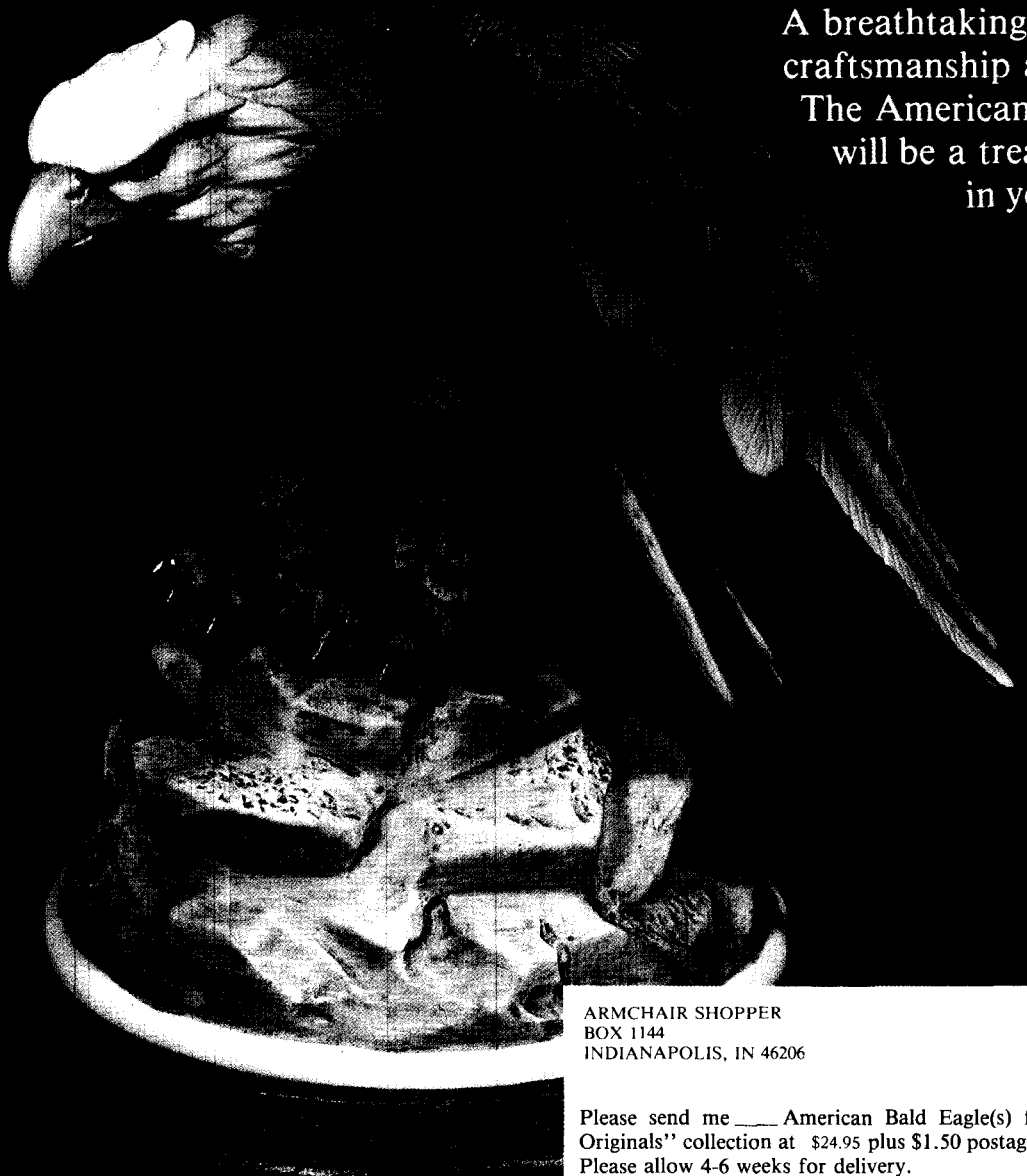

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LOOKING AT ALASKA

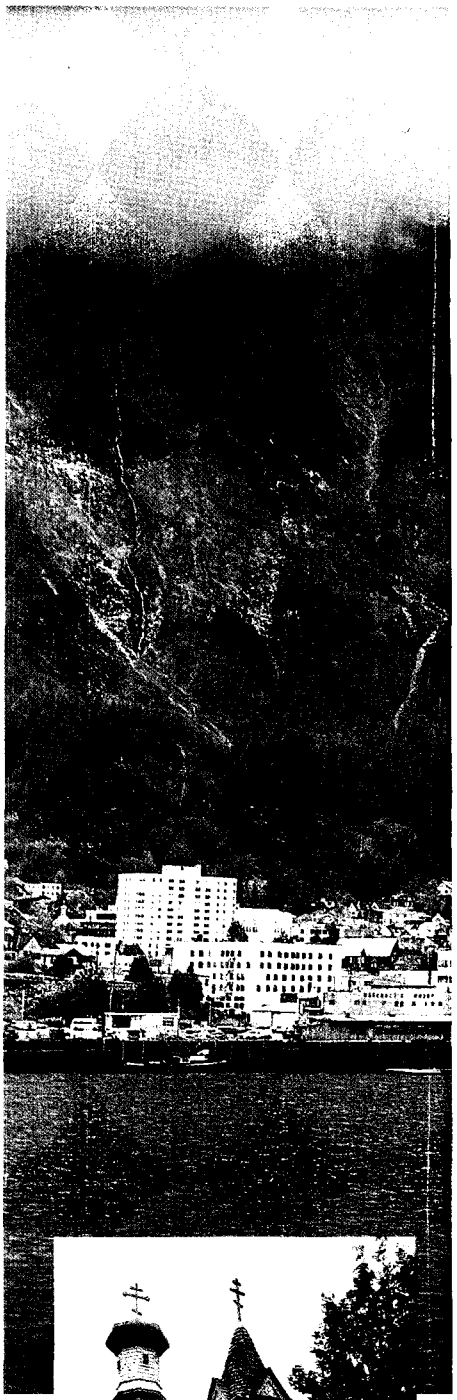
Only by experiencing this colossal state from air and sea and land can visitors from the lower 48 begin to fathom its grand design.

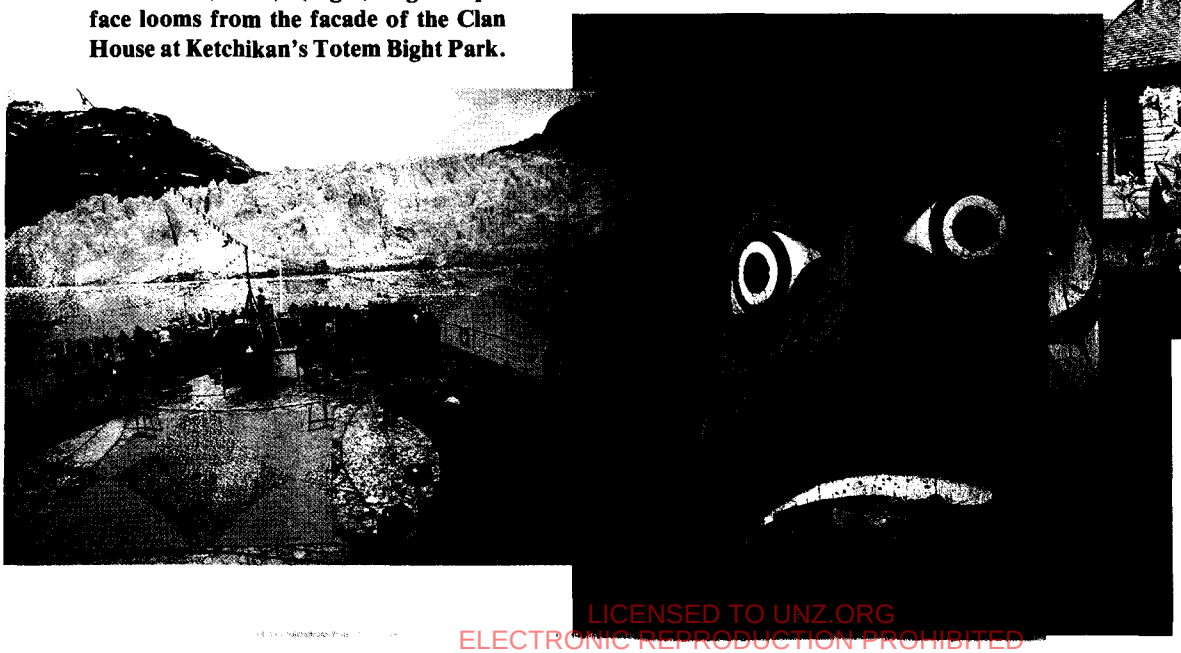
by William and Barbara Kraus

In size, it seems more a country than a state. In height, its Mount McKinley stretches taller from base to summit than any other aspiring peak in the world, including Everest. Its brawny young cities are straining at their boundaries, yet Alaska remains predominantly a wilderness on the edge of a wilderness, still the "Last Frontier." To confront this majestic land is truly an emotional encounter, and to grasp its magnitude, one must view it from all three perspectives: land, air and sea. You can do this by taking a saturation trip that combines an Inside Passage cruise with a journey to the interior. Our trip began with a flight to Anchorage over the saw-toothed, icy coastal range, where far below, in the dark green waters, islands and deep inlets look as though they've just emerged from the Creation.

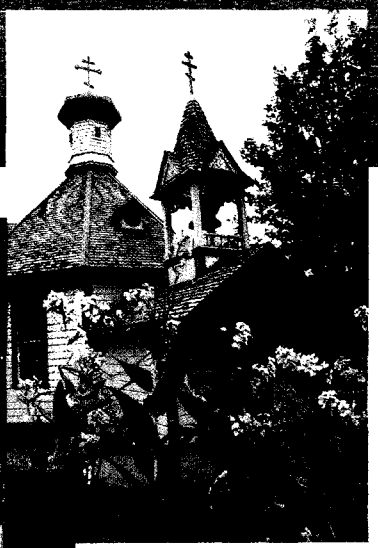
Our first stop was Ketchikan, accessible only by air or sea, a jaunty little town, handsomely propped on a narrow shelf of Revillagigedo Island and wrapped around a picturesque commercial fishing harbor. Ketchikan (total population less than 12,000) is the state's fourth-largest city, the salmon capital of the world and an important logging center. It also gets doused each year with 162 inches of rainfall, locally called "liquid sunshine." Vestiges of its early days as a rough-and-tumble mining town remain along Creek Street, where well-preserved old frame houses cling precariously above pristine Ketchikan Creek. The Heritage Center at Ketchikan houses a collection of weathered totems, a reminder that Alaska is a bicultural state, where Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians mingle with transplants from the lower 48. Nearby, Totem Bight State Historical Site offers a rebuilt Tlingit clan house and a brightly colored collection of totems used by Tlingits and Haidas of the region as family emblems.

An hour-and-a-half flight from





Visitors to Glacier Bay get a whale's-eye view of Margerie Glacier's 300-foot-high wall of ice (below). (Right) A grotesque face looms from the facade of the Clan House at Ketchikan's Totem Bight Park.



Built in the late 1800s, tiny St. Nicholas Russian Orthodox Church was a haven of peace during the booming gold-rush days that put Juneau on the map.

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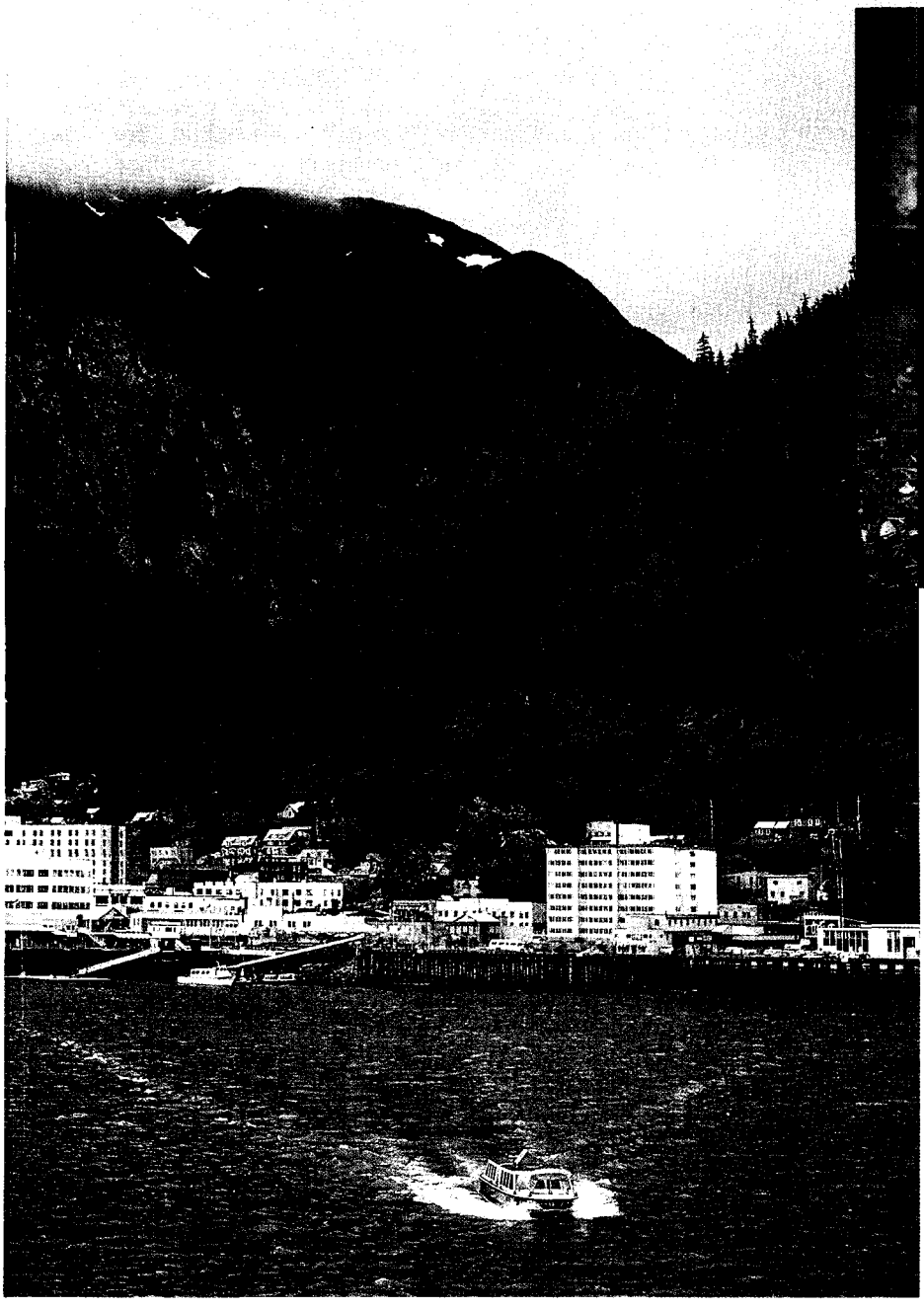

A shore tender heads toward a cruise ship from the dock at Juneau (left). (Above) Nathan Jackson carves a raven's beak for a totem pole at Ketchikan.

Ketchikan lies the nation's newest national monument, Misty Fjords. Here, hundreds of waterfalls tumble earthward over sheer granite cliffs 4,000 feet high. Alpine lakes abound. Our tiny float plane landed on one of them for a taste of true solitude.

Where are all Alaska's people? Well, at least half of them are north at Anchorage, that teen-ager of a city that hasn't quite decided what to be when it grows up. Many a chamber of commerce would give an eyetooth for this city's physical setting, the snowy Chugach Mountains for a backdrop and a window on the silken waters of Cook Inlet. Anchorage is a good jumping-off place for a day's cruise to Valdez via Prince William Sound and the Columbia Glacier. During summer, Columbia's five-mile-wide face calves, shedding many-tonned slabs of ice from its 400-foot height. Often it gives off creaking sighs as its impatient mass shoves relentlessly seaward.

The road back to Anchorage winds through the forest and farmlands of the Matanuska Valley, past the Alaska pipeline. The 48-inch pipe hangs suspended about eight feet from the ground to protect the thin layer of wet and spongy tundra with its mat of vegetation and wildflowers masking a deep layer of permafrost.

A few hours north of Anchorage, fabled Mt. McKinley, or the Great One, as the Indians call it, stands in lofty isolation. Much of the park is taiga, a Russian word meaning land of little sticks, an apt description of the spindly spruce struggling for survival in these northern climes. The day we were there, we saw several small herds of caribou, along with Dall sheep speckling the upper slopes of chocolate-covered, ice-raked mountains. As we watched, a pair of magpies chased and scolded a red fox, while a young grizzly shambled across a meadow, oblivious to its beauty.

From Anchorage, a bus to Fairbanks and a plane south to the Yukon Territory brought us to Whitehorse, Canada, last stop for thousands of greenhorn prospectors in the gold stampede of '98 before they headed for the gold fields near Dawson. Whitehorse was the end point of a tortuous journey on the Yukon River, which followed a long trek up the Chilkoot Pass from Skagway, Alaska. Today, you can cruise the blue-green Yukon aboard the *M.V. Schwatka* as it flows to the Bering Sea through the lushly timbered narrows of Miles Canyon. Or view the *S.S. Klondike,* one of the largest sternwheelers to ply the Yukon, now glowingly restored and designated a Canadian National Historic Site.

Whitehorse is the departure point

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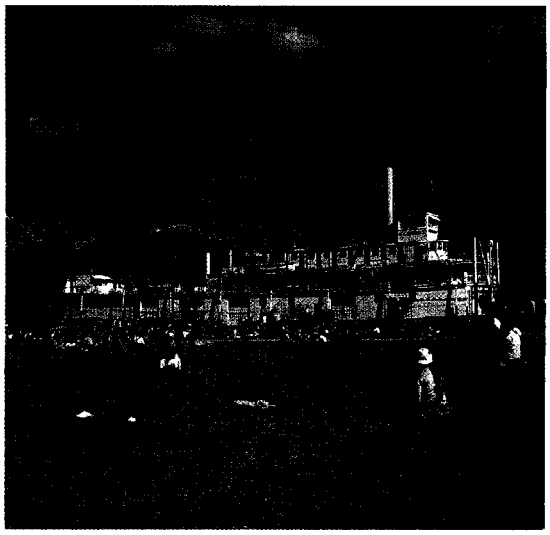
for the narrow-gauge White Pass & Yukon Railroad jaunt to Skagway. Miners' hopes ran high here as they loaded up with enough grub and supplies to last a year—2,000 pounds, by order of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It took several trips to haul everything up the Chilkoot Pass. Today, Skagway is an ebullient little town. Its gravel streets, boardwalks, horse-drawn carriages and wooden buildings evoke the free-wheeling spirit of the frontier, and most of the town has been declared the Klondike Gold Rush National Historic Park.

At Skagway, you can board the *M.V. Fairweather* for a cruise to Juneau, through starkly beautiful Lynn Canal, where turquoise icebergs drift by and American bald eagles soar along the green forested shoreline. Alaska's state capital, roosting on a thin ledge of land between forested mountains and the Gastineau Channel, has Mendenhall Glacier for a backyard. One of the most colorful cities of the far north, Juneau dates its vigorous and exciting history from the discovery of gold. The search for gold brought Joe Juneau and Dick Harris, cofounders of the city of Juneau, up the waters of Gastineau Channel back in 1880. They discovered gold in Silver Bow Basin in the snow-fed waters of Gold Creek, which still runs through the town. This strike was the start of a fabulous gold-producing era with two of the world's richest gold mines—the Alaska Juneau and the Treadwell Mine. Today there's still treasure to be found strolling Juneau's narrow, twisting streets, past swinging-door saloons that survive a bygone era, shopping for exquisite pieces of scrimshaw or jade carved into bears or seals or cribbage sets. The town's centerpiece is the onion-domed Russian Orthodox Church of St. Nicholas, built in the late 1800s. Here you can see centuries-old icons, Bibles, books and robes woven with gold thread, the paraphernalia of the church that has been a major influence on the religion and education of the native Alaskan people who still worship here.



Residents and visitors to Whitehorse enjoy a Sunday-afternoon concert beside the fully restored Yukon River paddlewheeler, *S.S. Klondike*.

The Inside Passage cruise begins its return leg at Juneau. The first day is spent cruising, ever so slowly, Glacier Bay. In 1794, when Captain George Vancouver sailed into the bay, it was little more than a nick in the shoreline. Eighty-five years later, when John Muir canoe-trekked in, Grand Pacific Glacier had retreated 45 miles, and by 1916, it had receded another 20 miles. Nowhere else on earth are glaciers retreating at such a rapid rate.

On the second day out, the ship calls at Sitka, capital of Russian America, where Russians first set foot on Alaskan soil in 1799. Through the iron-handed rule of its Russian Governor, Alexander Baranof, Sitka flourished and became the "Paris of the New World." In 1867, Sitka was the site of the historic transfer of Alaska's incredible 586,412 square miles of beauty to the United States, at a price of about two cents an acre. Surrounded by mountains, Sitka's historic harbor front is picture-postcard pretty. St. Michael's Russian Orthodox Church with its collection of old icons is high on the list of attractions. The Sheldon Jackson Museum, one of Alaska's best, is a trove of all things relating to Indian life, from skin-clad kayaks to intricately beaded ceremonial robes. The brightly costumed new Archangel Dancers keep the Russian heritage alive with ethnic dances. Nearby, in a bayside rain forest, where quiet trails lead past lovely old totems, Sitka National Historic Park commemorates the site where valiant Tlingits unsuccessfully battled their Russian overlords in 1804.

The last day at sea is spent watching the panoply of the Inside Passage. Now there is finally time to reflect on the unmatchable beauty of this place called Alaska.

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Crowley

continued from page 61

That was 18 years ago. Betty progressed from being a displayer to joining the management ranks, which qualified her for all the benefits of a full-time employee. She credits Mary C. and company with assuring her financial security she never dreamed possible for her family.

"When we saw our attorney about drawing up our wills and arranging for our son's future, he was amazed at the profit-sharing plan and all the other benefits that Home Interiors provides. It's unbelievable. Really incredible."

Mary wouldn't have it any other way. Her business philosophy is based on service—her sales reps serve their customers and her company serves its sales reps. One way she offers assistance to her girls is by teaching them how to realize their full potential, professionally and personally. If she helps build her people, she says, they'll help build the business. And when the business succeeds, everyone prospers.

"We believe a woman comes into this business to develop some part of her life, either financial, emotional

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or educational. To do that, she must look and act like a professional. We have a dress code and a behavior code. We offer training and help the girls set and meet their goals. It's our responsibility to assist them in becoming achievers and feeling like winners. I tell them I cannot accept mediocrity because it's the greatest negative force in the world."

The work is hard, the hours are long, but the rewards are great. Mary and her son Don Carter, who serves as executive vice president of Home Interiors, delight in spreading the wealth among those who earn it. Incentives such as minks, jewels and vacation trips await the industrious salespersons who excel in Mary's organization.

"It's the best-paying hard work in the world, but it's hard work," says Mary. "We don't kid our people by telling them it's easy, because it's not. We believe in the dignity, excitement and glory of work. We give people an opportunity to feel good about themselves. Our goal is that everyone who comes in contact with us, whether it's a supplier, employee, customer or displayer, will feel better about himself."

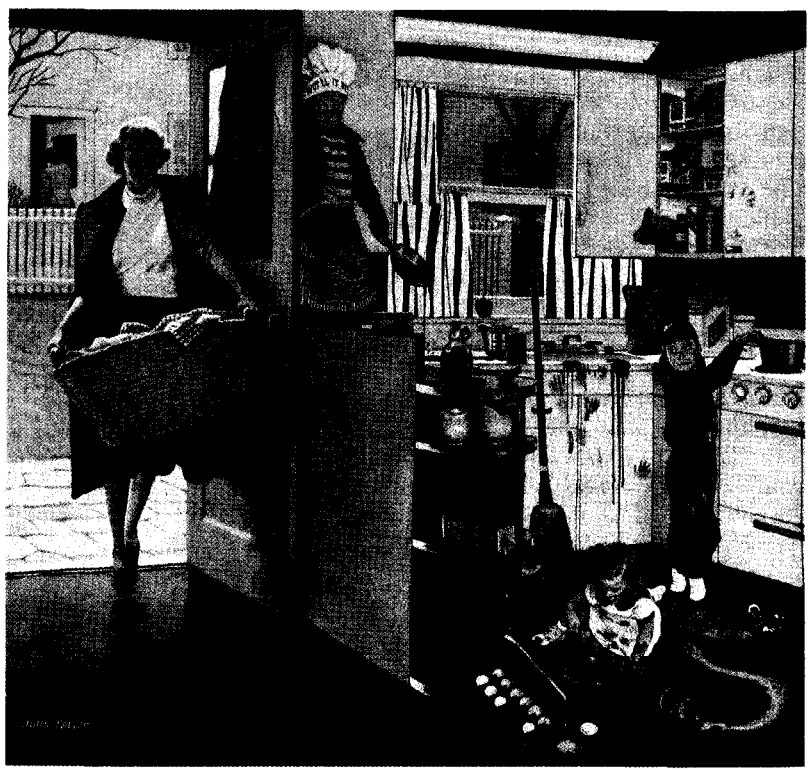
High performance standards are set not just for the sales force, but also for workers in the company-owned factories that manufacture Home Interiors products, the scores of handicapped employees who work in the home office and even for the members of the family who are carrying on the tradition in the business. All of Mary's grandchildren have done tours of duty in the warehouse.

"One reason we worked so hard this summer was we were determined that nobody would be laid off at Home Interiors. I believe America was built on the philosophy that everyone must be productive, and that's the way we can rebuild the country."

She's doing her part in that rebuilding. In celebration of the company's silver anniversary she's planning a gala seminar that will draw some 19,000 displayers and managers to Dallas. Final plans are still taking shape on the drawing board, although Mary has made her recommendations: lots of beautiful flowers, a party atmosphere and plenty of gifts. Of course, sales ideas will be exchanged, business updates given and new products discussed. But learning should be fun, and growth can best be achieved in an environment of tender loving care. That's been the Home Interiors tradition for 25 years now. Why argue with success?

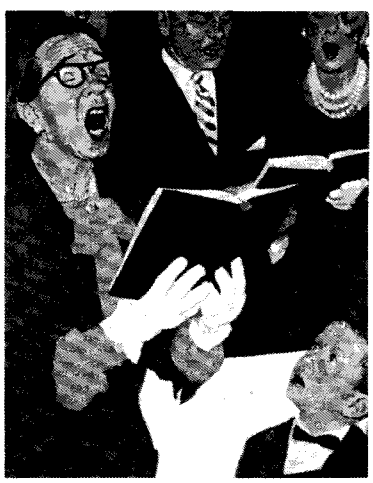
"In most companies, P & L means 'Profit & Loss,' " says a little sign in the office of one of Home Interiors' vice presidents. "In Home Interiors, that means 'People & Love.' "

Those words, perhaps more than any, personify Mary Crowley.



Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, SatEvePost, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by April 15, 1983.



Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Selma Glasser of Brooklyn, New York, for the winning entry in our Jan/Feb picture-caption contest.

Mama said, "Go to church—you should try it."
Not wanting to start a small riot,
On Sunday, I went,
But that day's event
Found me praying for some peace and quiet!

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We take the other cleaners to the cleaners.

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FOOD

HEALTH RECIPE CONTEST: A NEW BATCH OF WINNERS

Three lucky ladies from around the country have cooked up some delectable dishes and cashed in on the Post's *dazzling array of prizes.*

First Prize

Mrs. R. H. Borth
Drummond Island, Michigan

Mrs. R. H. Borth of Drummond Island, Michigan, has a winning way with recipes. A little more than a year ago, she won a prize in the Pillsbury Bake-off. Now she has taken first place in The Saturday Evening Post Society Health Recipe Contest—a shiny new Winnebago Motor Home, valued at $26,000.

The *Post* reached Mrs. Borth at her winter residence in Sarasota, Florida, to tell her the good news. Her reaction: "Honest? I can't believe it!" Mrs. Borth said she loves to create her own recipes. She whipped up her winning "Apple Americana" especially to tempt the rather persnickety tastebuds of our Health Food Recipe Contest judges, who like foods with plenty of flavor, but consider the use of salt or sugar absolute cheating.

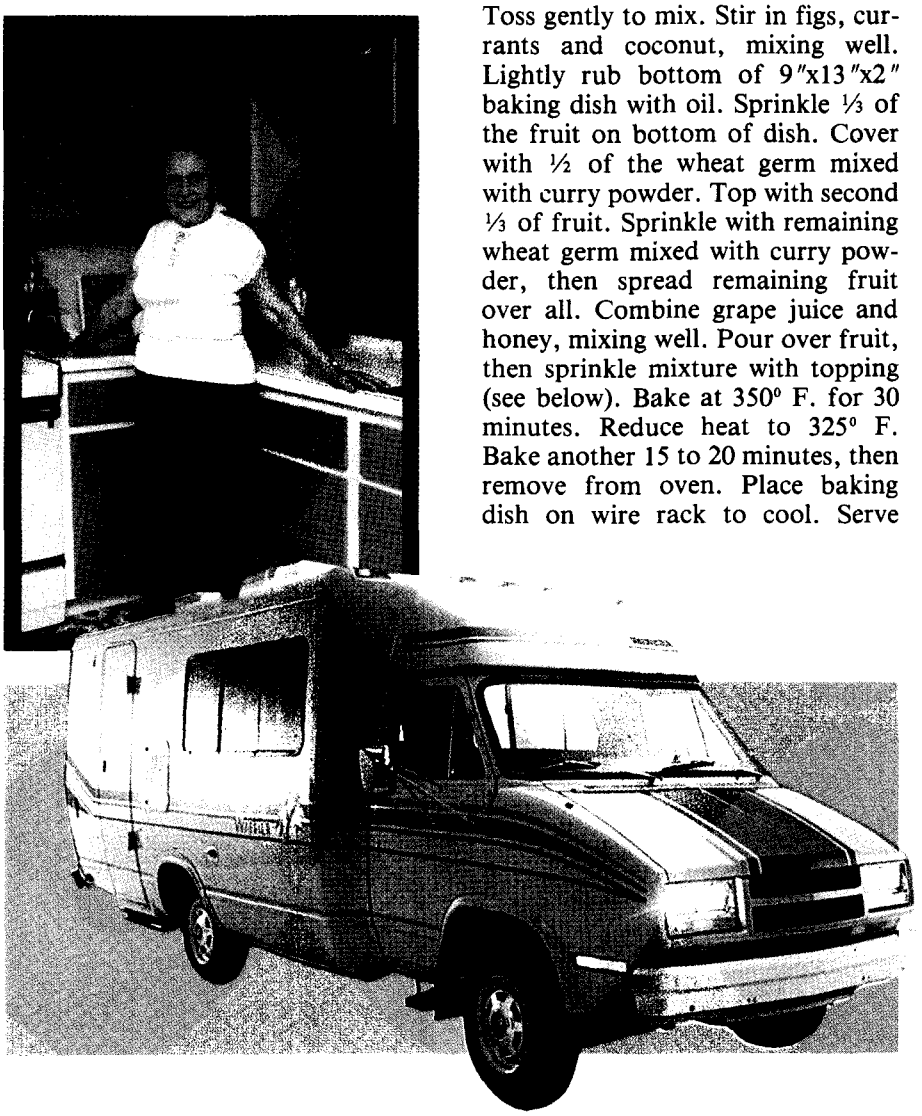
Mrs. Borth, who is a mother of two grown children and will celebrate her 55th wedding anniversary in June, told us she is a victim of Guillain-Barre Syndrome and that a year ago last September she woke up paralyzed from the waist down. Hospitalized for four months on respiratory machines, she underwent therapy and is now back to normal, which for her means an active life of playing golf, swimming, hiking, reading (especially *The Saturday Evening Post*) and, of course, cooking.

Apple Americana

(yields 12 servings)

4 cups finely chopped red delicious apples, unpeeled
1 cup fresh Michigan cultured blueberries
2 tablespoons fresh lime juice
½ cup chopped, dried figs
¼ cup currants
½ cup flake coconut or shredded fresh coconut, if available
1 cup white grape juice
½ cup clover honey
⅓ cup wheat germ
¼ teaspoon curry powder

In a large mixing bowl, combine apples, blueberries and lime juice. Toss gently to mix. Stir in figs, currants and coconut, mixing well. Lightly rub bottom of 9″x13″x2″ baking dish with oil. Sprinkle ⅓ of the fruit on bottom of dish. Cover with ½ of the wheat germ mixed with curry powder. Top with second ⅓ of fruit. Sprinkle with remaining wheat germ mixed with curry powder, then spread remaining fruit over all. Combine grape juice and honey, mixing well. Pour over fruit, then sprinkle mixture with topping (see below). Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes. Reduce heat to 325° F. Bake another 15 to 20 minutes, then remove from oven. Place baking dish on wire rack to cool. Serve while still warm.



Topping

½ cup sesame seed
½ cup wheat germ
½ cup slivered almonds

Combine in order given. Mix well. Use as directed.

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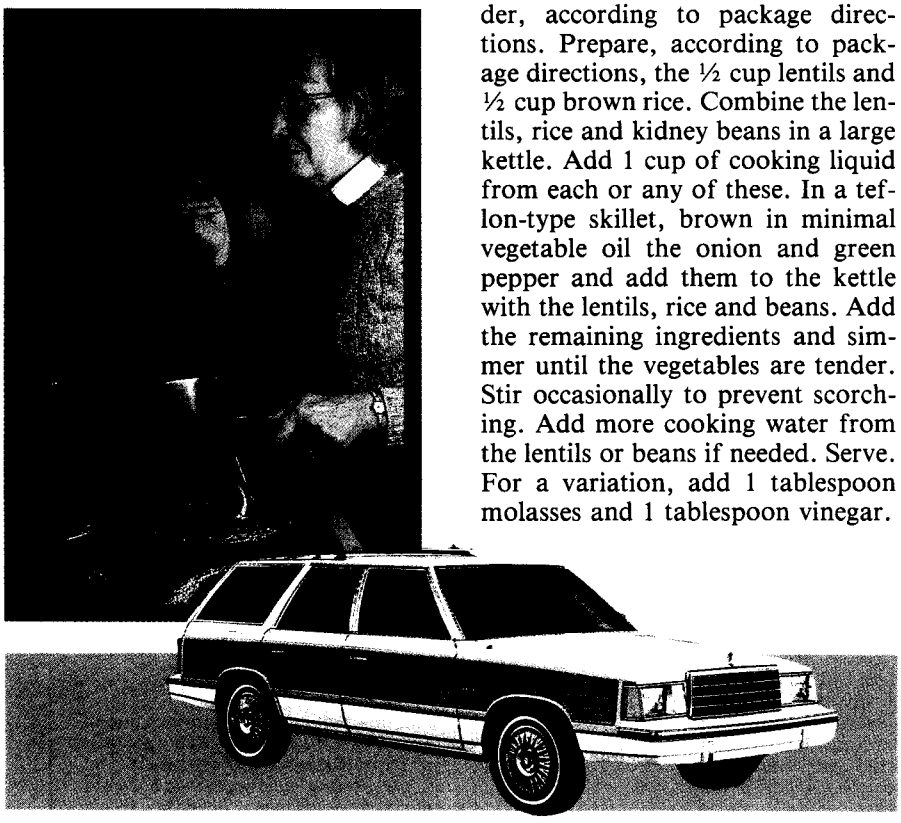
Second Prize

Margaret M. Lee
Chester, New Hampshire



Margaret M. Lee of Chester, New Hampshire, converted to health-food cooking five years ago, and is she ever happy she did! One of her homemade recipes has taken second prize in the *Post*'s Health Recipe Contest—a new $10,000-plus Plymouth Reliant station wagon.

Her winning recipe, New England Chili, evolved slowly. She started with lentils, one of her favorite ingredients, "and then I just went on from there."

Mrs. Lee has a hint for *Post* readers who are looking for a good substitute for salt. She uses celery powder and recommends Spice Island brand. Be careful, she warns. It's sharp, but it adds wonderful flavor.

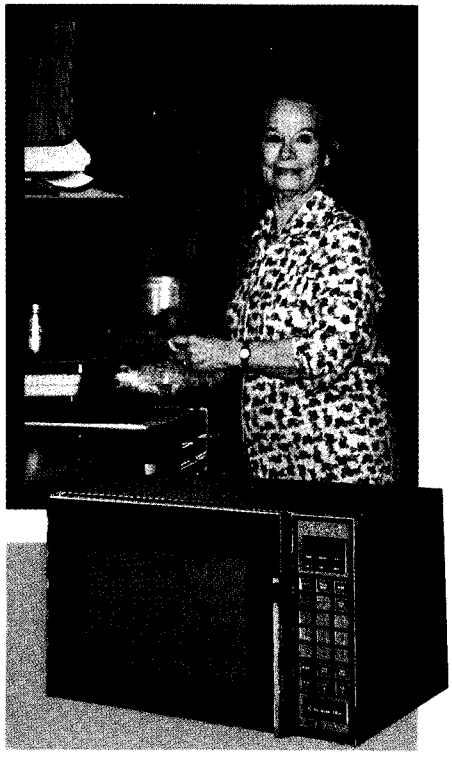
New England Chili

1 cup kidney beans
½ cup lentils
½ cup brown rice
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped green peppers
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped carrots
1 cup tomatoes, quartered
2 tsp. chili powder
½ tsp. oregano
1 tsp. ground celery powder
1 tsp. garlic powder

Wash, sort and soak overnight the 1 cup kidney beans. Cook until tender, according to package directions. Prepare, according to package directions, the ½ cup lentils and ½ cup brown rice. Combine the lentils, rice and kidney beans in a large kettle. Add 1 cup of cooking liquid from each or any of these. In a teflon-type skillet, brown in minimal vegetable oil the onion and green pepper and add them to the kettle with the lentils, rice and beans. Add the remaining ingredients and simmer until the vegetables are tender. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching. Add more cooking water from the lentils or beans if needed. Serve. For a variation, add 1 tablespoon molasses and 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Third Prize

Ethelyne Orear
Kernville, California



If Ethelyne Orear of Kernville, California, continues to win recipe contests, she may end up with a completely refurbished kitchen. Already she has won an electric skillet, and now, she'll be installing a Jenn-Air Microwave oven worth more than $800—third prize in the *Post*'s Health Recipe Contest. Mrs. Orear and her husband, both retired, live at the edge of the Sierras and travel frequently.

Mrs. Orear said she has become interested in whole grains and fiber in the last couple years. Hence her winning Brown Rice Salad with Pecans and Oranges. "I'm just so thrilled and so happy I sent in my recipe," she said. "I know whoever makes it will enjoy it."

Brown Rice Salad with Pecans and Oranges

(serves 6)

1 orange
2½ cups chicken broth
1 cup brown rice, washed and drained
1 tablespoon vegetable margarine
3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons vegetable oil or olive oil
1 cup finely chopped celery
3 tablespoons minced green onions with tops
3 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
¼ cup sour cream
½ cup pecans, coarsely chopped
1 head Boston or romaine lettuce
½ cup pecan halves
About 6 cherry tomatoes
A few orange slices, halved

Peel oranges, removing all white pith, and slice into segments. Cut each segment in half crosswise and set aside. Heat chicken broth in a heavy medium saucepan. Bring to boiling over medium heat, add margarine and rice, cover and reduce heat to simmer. Cook until rice is tender and all the liquid is absorbed, about 45 minutes. Transfer to a large bowl and sprinkle with lemon juice and oil. Toss well. Add celery, onions, parsley, sour cream, mustard and pepper to taste. Toss well. Stir in chopped pecans and orange pieces. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate about 2 hours. Arrange lettuce leaves on platter, remove rice salad from refrigerater and spoon over lettuce, shaping a mound. Top with pecan halves. Garnish with cherry tomatoes and halved orange segments.

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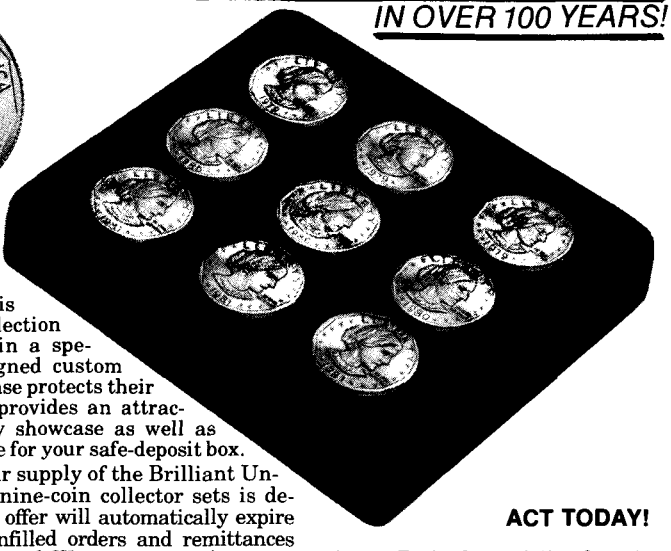
UNITED STATES TREASURY MINTING ERROR*

Creates Rare Collecting Opportunity

Actual Size of
Susan B. Anthony $1 Coin

THE FIRST SUCH OPPORTUNITY IN OVER 100 YEARS!



AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS MAY NEVER OCCUR AGAIN IN YOUR LIFETIME! It's the result of a most unpredictable turn of events. When the United States Mint first issued the Susan B. Anthony $1 coins in 1979, they never intended them to become rare coins for astute collectors or investors. But, since they stopped minting them in 1981, this is how it seems to be turning out.

Here is the story that makes the Susan B. Anthony coin a rarity. In 1979, the United States Mint produced millions of SBA coins for general circulation, and then found that no one wanted to use them. In 1980, they drastically curtailed the minting and in 1981, they did not mint any at all for general circulation.

What's so remarkable about this set?
Consider these facts:

- These are most likely the last one dollar circulating coins the United States will ever issue.
- For every 75 Susan B. Anthony coins struck in 1979, the first year of minting, *only one* was minted in 1981, the third and final year of minting.
- This final 1981 minting was *never released* through banks to the public.
- Congress has debated whether they should order the U.S. Mint to melt down the remaining Susan B. Anthony coins.
- This may be the only complete "closed" coin issue you will ever be able to buy in your lifetime at this price.
- Susan B. Anthonys are undoubtedly one of the shortest lived American dollar coins ever minted.

LIMITED AVAILABILITY

The Washington, D.C. Columbia Mint has acquired a limited quantity of Susan B. Anthony coins in Brilliant Uncirculated condition and assembled them into complete nine-coin collections, consisting of one coin for each of the three years they were minted (1979, 1980, 1981) and from each of the only three mints (San Francisco, Denver and Philadelphia) that minted them. Each coin bears the individual mintmark S, D, or P of the mint that produced it. This unique collection is housed in a specially designed custom case. The case protects their value and provides an attractive display showcase as well as convenience for your safe-deposit box.

When our supply of the Brilliant Uncirculated nine-coin collector sets is depleted, this offer will automatically expire and any unfilled orders and remittances will be returned. We urge you to place your order immediately. We regret that we must restrict each individual order to a limit of three collections. This limit applies whether you are a collector or a professional dealer, ensuring the same opportunity for all. Do not delay, order today.

SIMILAR COIN WORTH $39,000! WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF??

The last time there was a similar collector opportunity was more than 100 years ago when 20-cent coins were minted in 1875, 1876, 1877 and 1878. The similarities between that 20-cent coin and the Susan B. Anthony coins are astounding. The old 20-cent piece was about the same size as a quarter just like the Susan B. Anthony. Consequently, the people rejected it—just like the Susan B. Anthony. Circulation quantities of the old 20-center were struck in large numbers only the first year—just like the Susan B. Anthony. Believe it or not, one of the old 20-cent coins recently sold for $39,000. Just think about the potential of the Susan B. Anthony coins for you.

Not only will these SBAs enrich your own collection, but they should become family heirlooms to be passed along to your children and your grandchildren.

Again, we must emphasize that our nine-coin collector sets are severely limited. These coins will never be minted again. We challenge you to try to assemble this complete nine-coin set yourself. Go to any bank and ask for a Brilliant Uncirculated Susan B. Anthony dollar from just one of the three years of minting and you will then quickly realize the opportunity you have. We strongly suggest—to avoid disappointment—that you not delay in ordering.

ACT TODAY!

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(charge orders must be signed to be valid)

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MINTING ERROR

* The error that makes this a rarity? Take a quarter and lay it on the Susan B. Anthony pictured above. Note the similarity in size that turned out to be its problem. People refused to use it—perhaps you were one of them. When the U.S. Government became aware of this public rejection, they recognized that there had been an error in judgment. Susan B. Anthony coin minting ceased, destining the coins to collector status. *

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Baptists

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work with other Baptist groups in the U.S. and around the world. Although not a member of either the National Council of Churches of Christ, in the U.S., or the World Council of Churches, the Southern Baptist Convention nevertheless does seek to understand—and be understood by—all religious groups. Formal dialogues have been going on in recent years with several groups, including Roman Catholics, Lutherans and Jews.

Southern Baptists look to the future with an optimism befitting their past records of achievement. Since 1976, the major SBC focus has been "Bold Mission Thrust," an ambitious plan to "present the message of Christ to everyone in the world by the year 2000 and offer them a chance to respond to that message."

Plans include increasing the number of commissioned missionaries to 5,000 in 125 countries and 5,000 in the United States. The SBC Home Mission Board is in the process of involving 42,000 Southern Baptists as short-term mission volunteers. The Foreign Mission board expects to utilize 10,000 volunteers for short-term assignments overseas. Churches are being challenged by the Sunday School Board and the Home Mission Board to enroll a total of ten million in Bible study and to have at least 50,000 congregations established by the year 2000.

In short, Southern Baptists have taken to heart Biblical admonitions about Christian witness and work. They are out in force to reach the entire world in a redemptive, reconciling message of Christian love and hope. And they expect to make their greatest effort in that direction during the next 17 years.

Kinchlow

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Now, I can determine whether or not whatever happens to me turns out to be good or bad. I'm the final judge. It's my attitude toward circumstances or conditions that determines the verdict. If I begin to mutter and complain and criticize and gripe and 'woe is me,' then the littlest things can become a tragedy. On the other hand, if, as the Scripture says, we give thanks for everything, if we rejoice in the Lord always, if we praise Him unceasingly, then we'll see everything turning out all right."

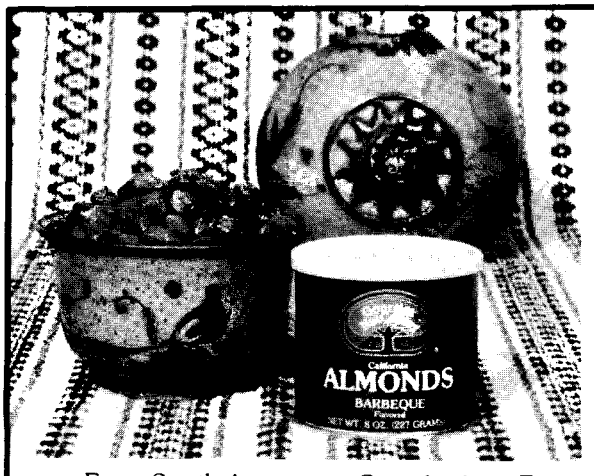
We suggested that his own life was proving this to be true. He modestly replied that, as Paul said, there was no good thing in him that was in his flesh. If anyone saw anything good or loving or kind or merciful, what they were seeing was the reality of Jesus Christ.

"That's all I can say, because I still live with Ben Kinchlow," he told us. "I know how selfish he is and how vain he can be. I know all about him. So if anyone ever sees any good in me, at the risk of sounding sanctimonious or like some kind of religious fanatic, they're looking at the measure of the Lord Jesus Christ that he is pleased to reveal at that given time."

He turned to the Bible, reading, "He that has the Son has life, and he that has not the Son has not life. These things have I written unto you that believe in the name of the Son of God." Pointing to the margin opposite the word "you," where he had written the word "Ben," Kinchlow explained, "That is a direct letter to *me*. And if you believe that Jesus Christ is the only begotten, the unique Son of God, it says then for you to put your name right there where I have put mine. Because who is Paul talking to? You. These things have I written unto *you*, he says, that you may know you have eternal life.

"If you believe with all your heart, not only just accept it intellectually, but rest your weight down on it—whewwww, that settles the issue," concluded Kinchlow. "It's not how many good works I do, not that kind of stuff. It's trusting in the completed works of Jesus Christ. *That's* salvation."

And then it was time to say goodby. As millions of CBN viewers and visitors already have learned, however, you never really say good-by to Ben Kinchlow. Wherever you may journey, whatever the toll of time, once you have experienced the aura of his faith, you can't shake him. He goes with you.



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Perot

continued from page 51

knees, "painful but superficial." He quit IBM, took $1,000 from his modest savings and founded EDS, a one-man corporation.

Perot is five-foot-six, and his hair is as close-cropped as it was when he was a naval cadet at Annapolis. He can appear stern. Perot doesn't complain, explains only what he has to and doesn't flinch. Bullets could crease his eyebrows and he probably wouldn't blink.

So at age 32, he marched into the offices of executives and told them they should let him and the staff he was recruiting enter their premises, set up data-processing departments and operate them. In effect, Perot, the mighty mite of Texas, was telling these executives, most of whom were not knowledgeable in this emerging, bewildering world of high technology, "Let us take this headache away, and we'll run your data processing cheaper and more efficiently than you can."

Perot's determination and conviction won him business. By 1968, when he made his company public (and became a temporary billionaire in the process), he was employing 303 people. Today, it's 12,000, and he's still hiring.

"Capitalism works," he says, "it's better than any other system. Our company is strong and growing, and we put our financial resources into expansion.

"We mostly hire young people out of college, and their training is more and more specialized. We made it our highest priority to hire Vietnam veterans before that war was even over. We have several thousand of them now. If you go across the top of my company, you will find many Vietnam veterans, and they are among the finest executives in the computer industry."

So at a time when most executives are deep into cost-cutting measures and dreading the chore of laying off employees, Perot thinks about the new people needed to service the new business EDS is developing. In the past five years alone, EDS has increased its net income by 178 percent, its total revenue, 242 percent.

EDS is no longer a spectacular new entrepreneurial success. In 20 years, it has become a mature company, and Perot was intelligent enough to realize it couldn't always be a one-man show. In 1979, he turned over much of his authority to Morton H. Meyerson, now EDS president, and oversees his company (he owns 53 percent of the stock) from the board chairman's position.

"We are in a highly competitive industry," Perot says. "We are constantly providing new computer service for our customers. We are currently developing software for the home-computer market. You know how that market is growing. That means more jobs."

"Mom and Dad will be right down. They're arguing about who invited you over in the first place."

The man really means it; he is not putting out rhetoric for the Tuesday luncheon of a civic club. Perot's record shows he does what he thinks is right and will take punishment for his action if need be.

Just before Christmas 1969, Perot chartered two 707s, loaded them full of Christmas dinners and went to Vietnam in hopes of serving this wonderful cargo to American prisoners of war in Hanoi. When that mission failed, he was scoffed at and made fun of.

The penalty came four months later when, in a single day, Perot lost $450 million as EDS stock plunged—an apparent reflection of a loss of confidence in the company run by the "Lone Star Santa Claus," as one headline called him.

That didn't shake him. Less than a year later, he was on Wall Street, pumping money into a brokerage firm in trouble, saving it (in a civic way, perhaps, because his rescue averted a panic).

Perot became an authentic legend because of another rescue operation, the one he directed in early 1979 in order to free his executives, held for an incredible bail of $12.5 million. He had recruited a 15-man "commando squad" from his own company and got an ex-Green Beret colonel, Arthur "Bull" Simons, to direct the mission.

Perot used a forged passport to enter Iran and, luckily, arrived at the prison when an American State Department official was there inquiring about Perot's executives. Prison authorities thought Perot was also a U.S. official, so they let him go to the cell. The faces of his two men nearly turned sheet-white when they saw their boss.

He told them quietly that he was arranging a prison riot, that they should wait until the cell doors were open and the guards gone and then come to a car at a given location.

It all worked. The riot broke out, 12,000 prisoners ran out, and Perot's men escaped to the Turkish border. The success was due to the daring of Perot's commando team and to the rather large amounts of money Perot spread around to willing Iranians.

"De Toqueville said America is great because Americans are good," says Perot, reflecting on that success. "Patriotism is not some mindless flag-waving jingoism, as critics charge. Patriotism is doing what our people did on that mission. It is love of country.

"When the Carter administration tried to rescue the hostages and had that tragic failure, the same people who went with us to Iran came to me at 8:30 a.m. that morning and volunteered to go back if they could rescue those left in the desert. That shows the goodness of Americans—

continued on following page

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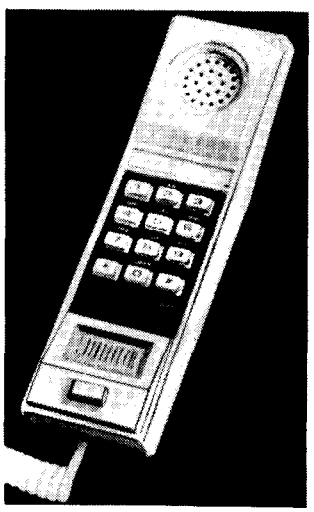
New UDS Computer Telephones To Be Sold For Only $10 Apiece In Mammoth Publicity Drive

All who wish to apply for a new Computer Telephone should write to the company address below before Midnight, June 30, 1983

NEW YORK—One million new UDS Computer Telephones with electronic memory and pushbutton dialing will be sold as part of a publicity campaign for only $10 apiece to the first one million persons who write to the company address before Midnight, June 30, 1983.



These are the same famous UDS Computer Telephones to be nationally publicized in *The New York Times, TV Guide* and other leading magazines, with *electronic re-dial* (which automatically keeps re-dialing busy or unanswered numbers till they answer) and *electronic "mute"* (which lets you talk "confidentially" without putting your hand over the mouthpiece.)

Only half the size (and half the weight) of standard phones, they also have adjustable electronic ringers, which means you can turn them "off"—for complete silence—whenever you don't want to be disturbed. And when you finish your call, you don't have to bother hanging up—simply put the unit down (anywhere you please) and it will hang *itself* up, automatically.

These new UDS Computer Telephones are FCC-approved and require no installation. Simply plug them into the same modular outlets as your present rotary dial or pushbutton phones. *You can then legally return your present phones to the phone company, saving yourself up to $8 a month (or over $90 a year) for each phone you return.*

These new UDS Computer Telephones will not be sold at this price by the company in any store. To obtain one at this price, apply in writing to the company address no later than Midnight, June 30, 1983.

Each phone carries a full one-year money-back guarantee, and the company will replace it, free of charge, if it ever fails to function. There is a limit of two (2) phones per address at this price, but requests which are mailed early enough (before June 22) are permitted to order up to 5 phones.

To apply for a new UDS Computer Telephone, mail *this original printed notice* together with your name and address and $10 for each phone desired. Add $2 shipping and handling for each phone you are requesting. Mail to: **Carter & Van Peel, UDS Computer Telephone Offer, Dept. 150-44, Box 1220, Westbury, New York 11595.**

(V21410)

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Perot

continued from page 94

just marvelous.

"Our team was asked to consult with the federal government before that effort. But we had a strong difference of opinion with some of the military and with White House staffers. There was a lack of direction and go-go spirit at the White House. And Carter was so indecisive. In a situation like that, you put the right crew together and let them go. Let them size it up and minimize the casualties and carry out their mission. You don't treat them like robots."

Perot prefers "love of country" to the term, "patriotism." Supersalesman that he is, he is also shy and doesn't like being called a "patriot." He actually has a logic worked out about "love of country."

"It is important for people to have this feeling," he says, "so that they can continue to enjoy living in a self-governing country where people can make changes to fit the current need.

"You know, the Mormon Church requires its young people to give one year of service, and it's called a mission. Well, I endorse that, and our government should have the same requirement: Every young American should go on a mission of service to his or her country.

"At some time in your life, you should give a year or two to your country. I wouldn't call it 'conscription.' I would call it 'Service to Country.' Every 18-year-old could work on jobs like conservation projects, hospital service or helping older people. It would have to have substance and be well organized.

"That young person would come out with an understanding of service, of being less selfish and of people. Finally, that young person would have worked around government and would therefore know what it can do and what its limitations are. That youngster would not be part of a future group urging the government to do everything. When we look to government to solve all our problems, government tends to spend huge amounts of money, and then it fails. The War on Poverty is a perfect example.

"The United States can be anything it wants to be. But we must teach our children that the freedom we take for granted can be fragile. We must teach that they have obligations to their country, that the country is not a magic box to serve them.

"We now expect life to be so extraordinarily good to us that we must be paid $20 an hour for a job that you could train a monkey to do—or we think the world is being unfair. The real lesson is that, if you give a lot to the world, the world will give a lot to you.

"I was taught this at home, at school and at the Naval Academy. I was taught that there is no other country like ours in all civilization. We were painstakingly taught the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights. It is no accident that Texas children, taught about their state, are proud of it and their country.

"Communist children are taught communism and to love their country. They know more about their countries than our children do about ours today. It's no contest when a Russian or a Chinaman is having a dialogue with one of us—they have the encyclopedic knowledge of their country.

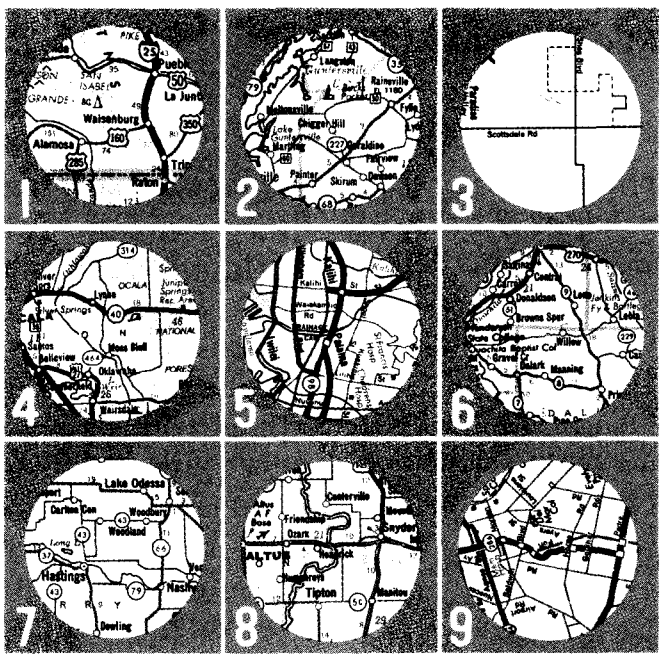
"This is partly because we've been through 25 years of fads in education—new math, new alphabet, new style of reading—whatever some professor could come up with. Out of that, we produced a generation of children who cain't figure, cain't read, cain't spell.

"I am a great believer in creativity and innovation, but these people went wild with fads and trends. And our children have shied away from hard subjects. They want political history and art history and this and that, but they don't want anything hard, and they certainly don't want engineering.

"You walk into an engineering school today and you think you are in the Orient. Those aren't Japanese-Americans in those classes—those are *Japanese*, and they are flooding our schools. We've got to change that; we've got to get discipline and hard courses back for our children.

"The typical Russian student has an awesome amount of math. Our future economy is based on a technology requiring more math and discipline. We do our young people a disservice by encouraging them to take the easy path."

It was Perot's concern about young people taking the path to drugs that caused him to accept in



Rand McNally

Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 109)

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1979 then-Governor William Clements' request to head the state's antidrug program. Perot had already spoken out many times against drugs, using church and civic meetings for his pulpit.

Once appointed, Perot mustered some 700,000 volunteers—including parents, teachers and students—to join his antidrug crusade. The state PTA led this legion. And Perot showed the world once more that he meant business.

Instead of issuing the usual committee report and platitude-laden statements, Perot had hard-hitting speeches, did a cram course on drug abuse and financed a full-blown campaign against drugs out of his own pocket.

Finally, he came up with a legislative program, vigorously solicited the legislature and warned that the "drug lobby" would fight him and the "Texas War on Drugs."

By spring 1981, Perot had persuaded the legislature to pass a series of laws to stop the sale and flow of illicit drugs in Texas. Soon after, physicians were complaining that Perot made them run the risk of criminality, and some legislators griped that Perot ran roughshod over them. Whatever, today there are no tougher antidrug laws in the U.S. than those in Texas.

Ross Perot's real first name is "Henry," and he was born the son of a cotton broker in Texarkana, Texas, June 27, 1930. He was a newspaper carrier boy, broke in horses for his father, became an Eagle Scout and president of the student council at Junior College. In 1949, he got himself an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy. He served eight years in the Navy, four of those years on an aircraft carrier. Somehow, he wound up as his ship's official greeter and one day met an IBM executive who was touring the ship.

Soon thereafter, Perot decided the Navy was too slow for him, so he resigned and joined IBM in 1957. By now, he had a strong interest in philosophy and, while he was out in the daily sales grind, mused over thoughts of the great. One was Henry David Thoreau, whose declaration, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," stuck in Perot's mind as he worked the Dallas business beat for IBM.

continued on following page

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Perot

continued from page 97

So on his 32nd birthday, Perot left IBM and incorporated EDS. Dallas, with its large banking and insurance industry, was a prime market for the computer services he offered. Perot plunged into his new work with a fervor that could only match that of a fundamentalist preacher. He hired young men who would adhere to his dress code: dark, conservative suits, white shirts, single-color ties, no beards or mustaches were allowed. They became known as the "warrior saints" of the "Dallas Crusader."

It is ironic that Perot's business boomed because of one of the great accomplishments of President Lyndon B. Johnson's "Great Society," the Medicaid and Medicare systems. These huge federal payment programs begged for computer services, and Perot's EDS supplied them.

EDS was so highly regarded by Wall Street that, when Perot went public with his company in 1968, he immediately became worth $1.5 billion on paper. The enormous publicity that gathered round him in those years caused him to draw inward and reflect even more on the meaning of life and his beliefs in God, country, his family and himself.

The media made him a star in sometimes unflattering terms. He was variously called "America's first welfare billionaire". . ."The commando leader of the free enterprise system". . . "A Promethean Patriot". . ."Texas Titan" . . .and "Right-Wing Yippie."

"I ignore any kidding about my love of country," Perot says. "My interest in this country is deep, complex and very well thought out. Simply put, we just can't take from our country, we must also give. It is easy to criticize the dirty river. It's a challenge to clean it up.

"The media likes to deal in personalities. It sells newspapers and magazines and makes television. Right now, the media is going big on dramatic stories about a single person who is out of work. But that one person's plight doesn't have anything to do with the big picture. It is human, touching and heart rending. Therefore, it produces, on television, an audience share, ratings and higher advertising rates.

"I only wish that it became good business for the entertainment industry to go patriotic. The current trend in schools and elsewhere to feel apologetic for teaching the people the values of our country might change. Maybe even television comedians, with all their influence, might show some love of country."

Ross Perot really means what he says. In the top floor office suite at EDS, there hangs an authentic Gilbert Stuart painting of George Washington. He enthusiastically tells you about it. There is a "Spirit of '76" painting by Willard—the real McCoy. There is a bronze casting of Remington's "Bronco Buster"—the genuine article. There are Norman Rockwell signed paintings; Iwo Jima miniatures; an oil painting of an American POW in a North Vietnamese prison; and a photo of released POWs with the signatures of all those thanking Perot for his help in freeing them.

Perot is the man who gave each of the 52 hostages held in Khomeini's Iran an American flag he flew all 442 days they were held captive. Perot is the man who worked as hard as anyone did to settle the dispute over the "V"-shaped memorial to the Vietnam veterans so that a proper tribute would also be presented to them along with the controversial piece of sculpture in Washington.

More important than any of this, of course, is Perot's undying love of country and his unwavering belief that Americans will eventually be able to work out their problems.

"It's immature to think that the U.S. economy is going down, as some do today," he says of the doomsayers. "This is a country where people can *change* things. We have control over our destiny. You can't beat that!"

Then he looks you straight in the eye and declares: "The love of our country is very fundamental to the success of our great country. That's what every last one of us must keep in mind."

You be the Judge

By John Ritter

Steve and Mary were newlyweds staying at an oceanfront hotel. After an evening of dancing and dining, they returned to their room and were shocked to find three burglars ransacking their luggage. The thugs beat Steve and tore the new diamond ring from Mary's hand.

After recovering from the experience, the newlyweds sued the hotel for the stolen ring and mental distress.

Does a hotel have a legal duty to protect its guests from crime?

If you were the judge, would you decide for the hotel or the guests?

The judge decided that the hotel guests must bear their own loss. The law does not require hotels to guard individual rooms against criminals.

(Based on a 1977 case in Hawaii)

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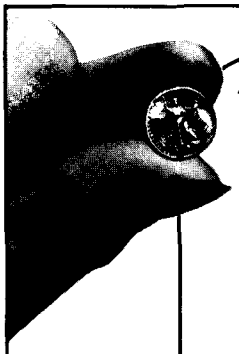

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Fat

continued from page 23

Guidelines for Successful Weight Loss

1. Set sensible short-term goals for yourself. If you're 75 pounds overweight, the idea of shedding all of that in a short period of time is so overwhelming that most people give up in desperation. Go after 5 or 10 pounds at a time and feel good when you've managed that.

2. Recognize that the tendency to be overweight is an incurable but controllable condition, in many ways like hypertension. You've got to establish a new set of eating habits.

3. Go slow and be thankful for small blessings. It doesn't seem you're accomplishing much if you lose 1 pound a week, but remember, that's 52 pounds in a year! Since it took you 5 or maybe 10 years to gain that much, try to accept a gradual but steady weight loss as a reasonable goal.

4. Weigh in only once a week so as not to become frustrated by a slow weight loss. If you accomplish your short-term goal, reward yourself with a nonfattening treat. You may want to go on a "maintenance" diet for a few weeks before taking on another 5 to 10 pounds, or you may be so flushed by victory as to want to go right on.

5. Use various techniques to modify your eating behavior: Prepare only enough food for the meal; put the food on the plate (a small one) without having extra portions at the table; eat without distractions, never in front of the TV set; eat slowly; realize that it is not a sin to leave food on your plate—the starving Armenians will not find out.

6. If your willpower fails and you give in to temptation, try to be satisfied with the first few bites of "forbidden" foods. And when you do give in, recognize that you're only human. Falling off the wagon temporarily needn't mean that you have to lose the whole wagon and the horse as well.

7. Eat three meals a day and always have low-calorie snacks available. You never know when the urge will strike, and you must be ready with carrots, cauliflower or other ammunition.

8. Don't look for magic from pills or spas. They may provide temporary help, but it still gets down to cutting calories—roughly 500 a day less than what you burn in order to lose a pound a week, since there are 3,500 calories in a pound of fat.

9. Exercise as much as you can, starting slowly and gradually building up your capacity. Be sensible about the form of exercise you perform. Few people will stick with jogging a mile every day. But everyone can walk an extra mile a day, particularly if it's six blocks to the office or shopping center. Make this part of your regular routine and not a time-consuming extra effort that quickly becomes such a burden that you quit. A mile of brisk walking a day burns about 90 calories, enough to shed 7 pounds in a year.

10. Remember that both beer and booze have several calories each. Lower-calorie beer and wine are available. Nevertheless, a six-pack of lite beer is still almost 600 calories.

You need to reduce your caloric intake below your caloric expenditure by 500 calories per day to lose 3,500 calories or one pound of fat a week. To lose two pounds of weight per week, a daily deficit of 1,000 calories is needed. That should be accomplished by a combination of decreased intake by a diet and, to a lesser degree, increased expenditure by exercise.

There are many sources of complete diet programs, but you really may not need to do much more than cut out some high-calorie sweets, desserts, breads and dressings and substitute lower-calorie foods for very caloric ones.

Obesity is common, and we've not been very successful up to this point in overcoming it. Despite spending more than $10 billion a year on weight-losing methods and ideas, millions of Americans continue on their seemingly hopeless quest for a size-six figure or a 34-inch waist.

Much more likely to succeed is a program of prevention. Infant feeding habits can be altered to provide adequate nutrition without increasing the child's risk for later obesity or hypertensions. The renewed interest in breast-feeding is a good sign. In Stanford, California, children in the fourth and fifth grades of school were given an effective instructional program and altered their own eating behavior, increased their level of physical activity and influenced their family's eating patterns as well. If we can reach parents and children early enough, healthy eating habits should be easy to adopt and easier to maintain.

The Perfect Squelch

Young Reverend Atwood greatly admired his own eloquence and power in the pulpit. So when he was assigned as assistant pastor of a large church, he gave his new congregation a full hour of preaching at every opportunity. After each lengthy sermon, he would hurry to the rear of the church to greet the parishioners and collect the congratulations he was so sure he deserved.

Following one especially long sermon on eternity, when compliments were very scarce, Atwood finally turned to the older clergyman whom he assisted. "Well," he said with quiet pride, "I really think I gave the congregation a thorough explanation of eternity this morning."

"Yes," the older man said with a faint smile, "and you demonstrated it pretty well, too."

—Glenn R. Bernhardt

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GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME
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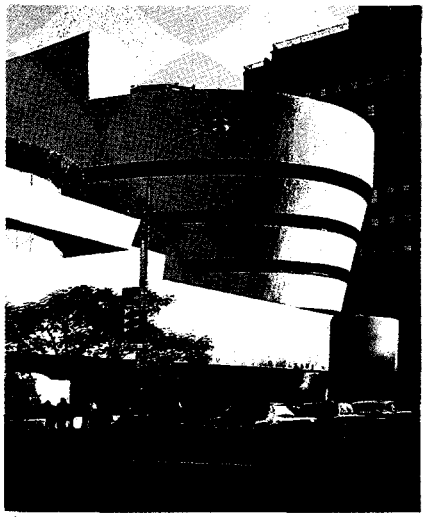
Where in the World?

A building like a beehive, another inside out, an airport in Dixie and a sand dune monument. Can you place them on the map?



A

☐ *Washington, D.C.*
☐ *New York*
☐ *Cleveland*

Styled on the lines of an inverted beehive or perhaps a gigantic flower pot, this spiral structure, designed in the 1950s by architect Frank Lloyd Wright, employs a revolutionary concept for displaying works of art.

B

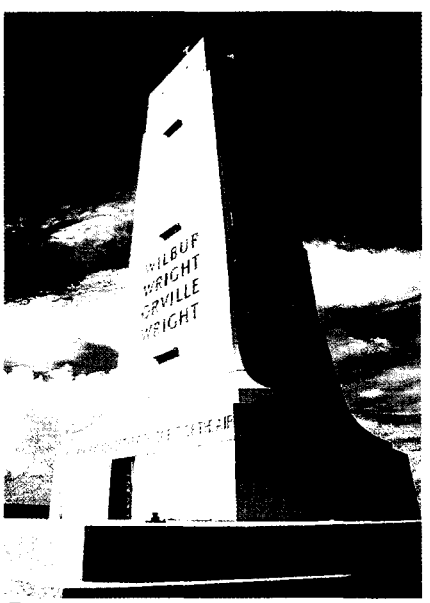
☐ *San Francisco*
☐ *Madrid*
☐ *Paris*

The world turned inside out might be the theme of this experimental piece of architecture named after a president. Citizens here, known for their taste, find it ironic the building is dedicated to the exhibition of beauty.

C

☐ *Memphis*
☐ *Cairo*
☐ *Baton Rouge*

Air arrivals at this city on the banks of the Mississippi River are greeted by a panoramic facade. Andrew Jackson aptly christened the town in 1826 with the Egyptian name meaning "place of good abode."



D

☐ *New York*
☐ *North Carolina*
☐ *New Jersey*

The uplifting experience of two brothers at this spot nearly 80 years ago started something that has kept the world up in the air ever since.

Answers on page 109

Tastiest Yard

continued from page 55

for example, consider high bush blueberries, which appreciate the same kind of soil. The blueberries will repay your effort with delicate flowers in the spring, stunning foliage in the fall and, of course, blueberries in the summer. Currants, gooseberries and elderberries also produce attractive shrubs as well as fruits that are virtually unavailable in the markets. If you want a hedge that will serve as a physical as well as a visual barrier, try blackberry or raspberry, which will grow as impenetrable as privet.

Of course, starting a walnut grove, an apricot orchard or a gooseberry hedge requires an investment of both time and money. If you'd like to start eating your landscape as early as next year, you'll need to do some planning now to figure out how you can blend annual fruits and vegetables into your ornamental beds. Begin by thinking back over the vegetable gardens you saw this year. Did you find yourself stopping to admire any particular vegetable?

In my own garden, the peppers always stand out. I like everything about them, from their glossy green foliage to their modest white flowers and their sensuously shaped produce. Since I only set out about a dozen plants, it's easy to slip them in among the flowers, making sure, of course, that they are close enough to "kiss" for pollination. One of the advantages of growing plants for their looks as well as their fruits is that you're tempted to try new and interesting varieties. Among peppers, for example, you can experiment with Goldenbell's chubby yellow peppers, Cayenne's hot red daggers or Cherry Sweet's miniature red pickling peppers.

Eggplant, another show stopper, also invites innovation when you think of it as an ornamental plant. Handsome as the purple fruits are, they have competition from white varieties such as White Italian and yellow varieties such as Golden Yellow, which has fruits the size of lemons, adding a delicate touch of gold to your garden. Tomatoes, a cousin to the eggplant, were grown as an ornamental by no less a gardener than Thomas Jefferson, who, like other Americans at the time,

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believed them to be pretty but poisonous. Today, you can enjoy both the flavor and looks of tomatoes if you plant determinate varieties that will be more compact. Try filling an outdoor hanging basket with a variety such as Minibel, which will produce a red cascade of tiny tomatoes.

Hanging baskets and other containers are, in fact, one of the best ways to solve a basic problem of landscaping with annual edibles—what to do after the harvest is over and the appearance of the plant begins to deteriorate. The new bush varieties of squash and cucumber, for example, are good-looking through the middle of the summer, but then begin to look spent and rangy. If you've grown them in tubs on wheels, you can position them so they're prominent when they're attractive and hidden when they're not.

Another alternative is to plant crops that can be harvested early among flowers that will spread and close gaps when the vegetables are gone. This technique works particularly well with early root crops such as radishes, baby beets and tiny finger carrots. Carrots, in particular, have a lacy foliage that enhances the beauty of the flowers.

Edibles also do nicely at the edge of the garden. By sowing a two-inch band of leaf lettuce around your flower beds, you'll have a border that is lush and luscious. When you want salad, simply thin out the leaves. For a variegated effect—in your border and your salad bowl—mix together seeds from three contrasting varieties, such as crinkly Salad Bowl, wine-colored Ruby and smooth-leaved Crispy Sweet.

Another border worth considering is one of Alpine strawberries, which have two advantages over other strawberries. First, they don't send out runners, so the border stays tidy. Second, they are true perennials that produce summer-long crops of tiny sweet berries year after year. Perhaps the most dramatic border plant is flowering kale, which produces platters of color when it's touched by frost in the fall. Flower catalogs stress its showy colors—red on green or white on green—but often neglect the fact that it can be eaten like any other member of the cabbage family.

At the back of the garden, try using peas to conceal an unsightly fence or wall in the spring. By the time the other plants in the garden are tall enough to create their own landscape, the peas will be picked and the plants will be ready to be pulled. Pay attention to the length of the vines when you select your varieties. Dwarf Gray Sugar, a snow pea, has attractive violet blossoms, but is only two feet tall. Sugar Snap peas, on the other hand, grow five- to six-foot vines and will require trellising.

Other garden plants not traditionally considered ornamental become attractive when they are trellised. Pole beans, for example, are exuberant climbers, but many gardeners have ostracized them because of the extra work of setting up poles. Take advantage of their habits, however, to plan the arbor

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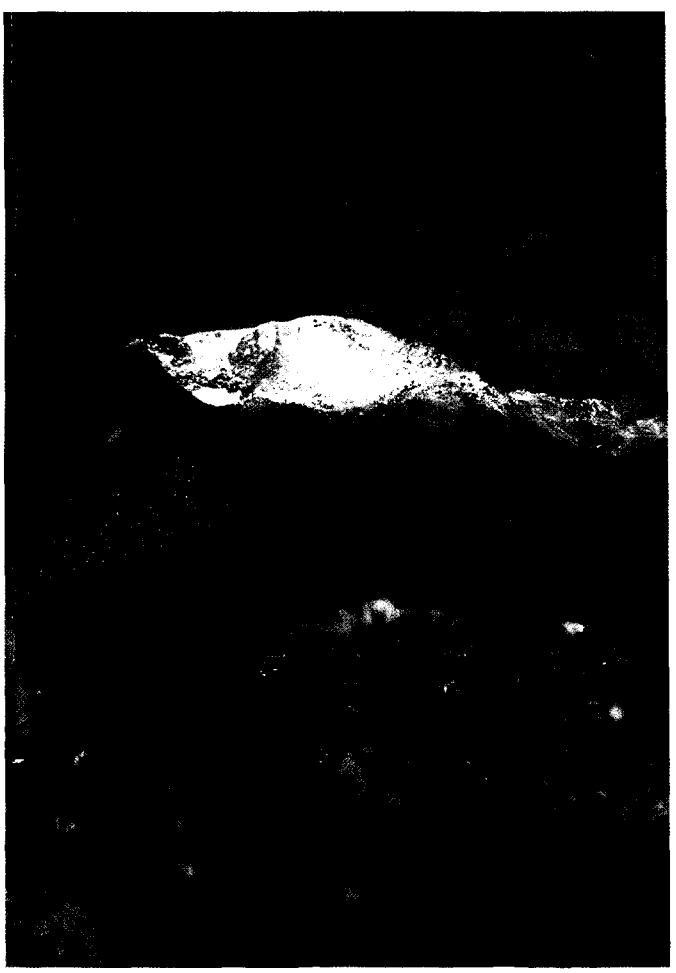

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Botts

continued from page 33

"I just said that to see if I could tempt you to lie out of it. And I am pleased with the results. Although you, Mr. Botts, sometimes skirt the edge of deception, I feel you are basically an honest man. And although you, Mr. Beasley, sometimes tell the truth, I feel you are basically a liar. So I am going to do business with Mr. Botts. Now let's get out of here."

We refueled the boat from the Earthworm tractor and sailed back to Mott's Landing. The Earthworm tractor towed the Behemoth tractor through the swamp back to town. Mr. Montgomery has signed up for no less than 24 Earthworm tractors and one boat. For the past two days, I have been sitting around in the sun and resting myself after my somewhat arduous labors. This morning I asked Mr. Montgomery what I thought was a good question, and I received a good reply.

"Mr. Montgomery," I said, "considering your claim that truth and honesty are such important factors in business, how come you have practiced all these deceptions—such as telling me that your fishing tackle was so valuable?"

"That's easy," he said. "I don't mind telling lies myself. I just don't like other people to lie to me."

Yours,
Alexander Botts

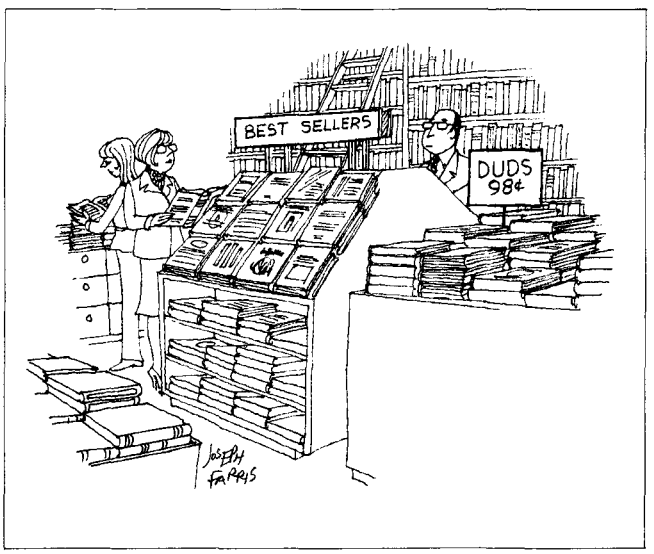
If you do not have a copy of the *Post* in which the first part of this story appeared, you may order one by sending $2 to *The Saturday Evening Post*, Marti Bowman, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Tastiest Yard

continued from page 103

you've always wanted. Some parents create a memorable playhouse for their children by setting up 12 poles teepee style and planting beans at the base of each pole. By midsummer, the children have a leafy hideaway. Although you can raise standard climbing varieties such as Kentucky Wonder and Blue Lake, you may also want to try something special, such as Scarlet Runner Beans, with their flashy red flowers; Royal Burgundy Beans, the purple pods of which turn green when you cook them; or White Dutch Runner, an old-time variety that is particularly attractive to hummingbirds.

Perhaps the easiest way to get started with ornamental edibles is to slip a few herbs into the flower garden. Herbs such as borage and chives have charming flowers that will seem right at home, and herbs such as parsley, sage and rosemary have foliage that blends nicely with other plants. Some herbs lend themselves to more dramatic landscaping uses. Camomile, for instance, makes an acceptable ground cover in areas that don't have a lot of traffic. Mow it twice a year to keep it



manageable and, of course, pluck and dry the flowers for a soothing home-brewed tea. Thyme is another ground-hugging herb that is useful for filling in spots where the mower can't easily manage.

By now, you may be tempted to convert your entire yard to edible plants, but go slow. For an edible landscape to work, it must be matched to your appetites—both for food and for gardening. If you find that you don't care for elderberries, planting them instead of spirea will have been wasted effort. With annual vegetables, you can do your own experimenting to find the varieties that best suit your taste. With berries and fruit trees, try to taste the varieties you are considering, perhaps by visiting fruit growers in your area. At the very least, read varietal descriptions carefully.

A second consideration is that edibles often demand optimum conditions if they are to be productive. They may be fussier about fertility, watering and sunshine than the ornamentals that you've been growing in the same spot. Don't try to force a particular edible into a vacant landscape niche. It will retaliate by producing mediocre fruit. Instead, find out about each plant's needs and try to match it to a spot where its needs will naturally be met. One of the best sources of information about using specific edibles in the landscape is the "Encyclopedia of Edibles" in *The Complete Book of Edible Landscaping*.

Finally, like any other kind of landscape, edible landscaping requires a sense of how to position plants and props for pleasing and harmonious effects. For those of us who have always evaluated our vegetables by the number of days from seed to maturity, this requires looking again to see how tall they get, what color their leaves really are and when they flower. Then it's time to plan—on paper, since plants don't care that much for being moved from place to place. Start with one section of the yard or even a single bed. Draw it on graph paper to get the dimensions right, and then start arranging the edibles that you find attractive and that seem likely to do well in that spot. Some professional designers cut out cardboard markers to represent the various elements in their designs. Others sketch ideas on tissue paper so they can lay one design on top of another. I find it helpful to cut out pictures from old seed catalogs so I can remember exactly what things look like.

The important thing is to try out various combinations in your mind's eye now. Would a froth of asparagus fern look nice behind the snapdragons? Could you replace the dead tree at the corner of the yard with a butternut or a pecan? Maybe you could slip some sweet potatoes into the geranium bed so their vines would fill in between the plants. With that kind of thinking, you'll get both pretty and productive, so next year's garden will look—and be—good enough to eat.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"Say unto wisdom, Thou *art* my sister; and call understanding *thy* kinswoman. . . ."
—Proverbs 7:4

Wilson's Disease

Regular readers will remember Carol Terry, who was a victim of Wilson's disease. Her story was told in the November and December 1982 issues of the *Post* in an article entitled "The Copper Ring Mystery," by Berton Roueché. She was treated as a psychiatric patient and given electroshock therapy and had even attempted suicide before her copper-metabolism disease was diagnosed.

Physicians do not see Wilson's disease frequently. Some estimate that there may be only one case per 200,000 people in the United States, and this makes it difficult for the disease to be high on the list of suspects, especially since the symptoms in a patient can appear in a number of different ways.

It is a tragedy for patients, their families and their physicians when the doctor fails to diagnose a progressive and fatal disorder that could have been treated successfully. Wilson's disease is that kind of a disorder. All the clinical manifestations can be prevented if the disease is diagnosed before impairment occurs. The disease is reversible, even after severe functional impairment develops. But it is not treatable after irreversible damage is inflicted on the brain or liver.

After a suicide attempt, a "schizophrenic" label and electroshock therapy, Carol Terry didn't sue the doctors who failed to diagnose her rare affliction. Instead, she became vice president of the Wilson's Disease Association in an effort to prevent others from suffering needlessly as she did.

In letters to us, Carol Terry tells of two cases that resulted in needless deaths:

One of the victims was a nine-year-old girl who died in July 1980. She died of acute hepatic (liver) failure caused by Wilson's disease. The diagnosis was not made until it was too late for treatment to be of any use. Her two younger sisters were subsequently diagnosed as Wilson's patients while they were still asymptomatic. They are being treated and are doing fine. The death of this young girl was particularly ironic because the town where she lived was Binghamton, New York, the same town where, just three years earlier, two cases of Wilson's disease had received much publicity and resulted in the formation of our Association.

The other victim was a 27-year-old young man who died in February of 1981. His symptoms began when he was 16, but his problem, like mine, was mistaken for a psychiatric one. It was not until almost eight years later, in 1977, that he was finally diagnosed as a Wilson's patient. I met him and his parents after he was diagnosed. They had flown him to Salt Lake City to see the late Dr. Cartwright. When I saw him, he was alert but unable to speak, walk or control most of his bodily functions. He lived another four years with treatment, but the disease had progressed too far to be reversed.

Another case has left a young girl unable to care for herself. At 17, she manifested progressive emotional

"Underneath that hard exterior you have some even harder arteries."

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lability, nervousness, difficulty in handwriting and deteriorating performance in school. A diagnosis of adolescent-adjustment problems was made. A tremor of the hands appeared, and she began to drop things. A psychiatrist prescribed chlorpromazine. Her situation worsened. She was unable to write, and her speech became weak; her tremor increased, and she became withdrawn. An internist noted an abnormal liver-function test, and a neurologist reported "mild extrapyraproamidal (brain) dysfunction." They attributed these manifestations to the chlorpromazine. A second psychiatrist diagnosed a "schizoaffective disorder" and prescribed another drug, but it had no effect. Her condition continued to worsen, and she was referred to a third psychiatrist for electroshock therapy.

The third psychiatrist confirmed the diagnosis of a schizoaffective disorder and hospitalized her. At this point, a consultant noted all of the symptoms of Wilson's disease, including a grossly visible copper ring around her corneas.

At that point, 22 months after the beginning of her disease and too late for reversal of her problems, Wilson's disease was diagnosed.

After two years of treatment, this young person could still not speak. Her spasticity and uncoordinated movements continued to the extent that she was unable to care for herself.

In Wilson's-disease patients, the liver simply doesn't remove copper as it should, and the copper accumulation acts as a toxin. Patients can be treated with penicillamine, which removes copper from the blood and thereby eliminates the toxin from the body.

The bottom line for Wilson's disease is that young people 30 and under who are admitted to psychiatric wards should be given tests for copper in their blood and urine to rule out this rare but treatable abnormality.

Anyone wishing to help Carol Terry and her friends with their efforts to achieve screening and early diagnosis for this "orphan" disease should write to her at Wilson's Disease Association, P.O. Box 489, Dunfries, Virginia 22026.

Nuclear Magnetic Resonance

I visited the National Cancer Institute this week, where the National Cancer Advisory Board was meeting, to hear a discussion entitled *Revolution in Diagnostic Imaging and Its Potential Impact on the Diagnosis of Cancer*. Most of the excitement at the meeting was about the new discovery, Nuclear Magnetic Resonance (NMR), which is looked upon by many researchers and practitioners as being "as significant as the development of the x-ray machine 100 years ago."

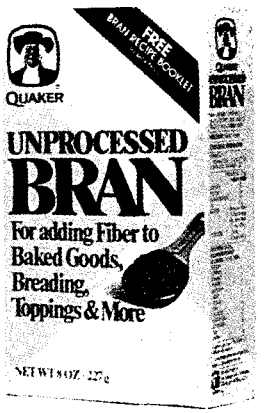
Dr. Paul Capp, who spoke at the meeting, predicted that NMR will make the CAT scanner obsolete within ten years.

Instead of radiation, NMR uses magnetic forces that enable doctors to see through skin and bone. Currently, it is being studied for approval by the Food and Drug Administration, but the new equipment is in experimental use at several top U.S. medical centers.

NMR is in place at the University of Pennsylvania, the Massachusetts General Hospital, Cleveland Clinic and the Indiana University School of Medicine. City of Faith

continued on following page

The Quaker Oats Company wins this month's Benjamin Franklin Award for their contribution to good health with Unprocessed Bran. Quaker is the first major cereal company to make this product available. Unprocessed bran is ideal for adding undigestible fiber to the diet without adding calories. A few tablespoons can be camouflaged in soups and sauces, used for thickening malted milks, for adding fiber to breads and muffins or just eaten as is, by mixing it with other cereals. At this time, Quaker's Unprocessed Bran is available in retail stores on the East and West coasts. We hope our readers will encourage this move on Quaker's part by buying the product so that the company will soon be able to market it in supermarkets throughout the country.



Our congratulations to the management of Quaker Oats for taking a chance on this product, which, for health reasons, should become a household staple in every home in America. Bran, which is mostly undigestable fiber, absorbs water in the intestinal tract. This helps maintain a soft stool and a fast transit time of food passing through the colon. The addition of fiber to the diet has been credited with preventing a large number of diseases, including ischemic heart disease, diverticular disease, gallstones, hemorrhoids, appendicitis, cancer of the colon and rectum, hiatus hernia, varicose veins, adult-onset diabetes and obesity. If you have favorite recipes that include unprocessed bran in ingenious ways, please send them to the *Post* for use in our new Health Food Cookbook. Send your recipes to:

Health Food Cookbook, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

"What's trying to touch my toes got to do with an inflamed throat?"

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Medical Mailbox

continued from page 107

Medical Center has one on order.

Cardiologists are predicting they will be able to see plaque build-up in heart vessels without injecting contrast material or using radiation. With the equipment, the physician can see through the skull to look at damage from a stroke or a brain tumor. Researchers in psychiatry will be able to look at brains after ECT and ascertain whether or not shrinking of brain tissue has occurred.

What makes NMR so remarkable is that, while making the body almost transparent, it appears to be completely safe.

L-Lysine Treatment

Dr. Richard Griffith continues to pursue his studies on the use of lysine for herpes patients. He has discovered that, for the treatment of active disease, 500 milligrams of L-lysine for every 10 pounds of body weight is an effective dosage. In the rare instances that this proves to be too much, a slight burning sensation during urination might result. In that event, he asks his patients to lessen their lysine intake slightly until the burning disappears.

Word is beginning to circulate among physicians that lysine used intravenously has successfully treated the highly fatal herpes encephalitis. The work has not yet appeared in professional journals.

Virus Research

Research from the National Institutes of Health has revealed that vaccination with an attenuated strain of *Herpesvirus saimiri*, which causes cancer in nonhuman primates, has effectively protected laboratory animals exposed to the virulent strain of the virus.

Success of the vaccine in animals validates the concept of boosting an organism's natural defenses to protect against herpes simplex, according to Dr. Lawrence A. Falk, Jr., a professor of microbiology at Harvard University and codeveloper of the vaccine.

Dr. Falk and his colleagues tested the effect of human interferons in tissue culture on herpes viruses.

Low concentrations of interferon inhibited growth of the virus, but when interferon was withdrawn from the infected cell cultures, viral replication recurred.

By using large doses of interferon, they were able to cure infected cell cultures that had been extensively damaged by the oncogenic (cancer causing) viruses, allowing the culture to repopulate with healthy cells, according to Dr. Falk.

"The salesman was wondering how you enjoyed the test drive otherwise."

Dr. Falk said that researchers prefer to use herpes viruses that cause cancer when testing the effect of vaccines and drugs, because the signs of the disease are unmistakable and long lasting. Other diseases caused by the herpes viruses, such as lesions, are transient and difficult to document.

"Though the potential of herpes viruses to cause cancer in nonhuman primates is undisputed, only suspicions and a controversial statistical study link the viruses to human cancer," stated a report by the National Institutes of Health.

Earlier work by Dr. Falk and his colleagues determined that uninfected marmosets can be protected from simian oncogenic *Herpesvirus saimiri* through vaccination with an attenuated strain of the virus.

Antibodies to the *Herpesvirus saimiri* antigens were detected as early as 10 days after vaccination with the weaker strain.

Taste

continued from page 69

too. Rudy's suffering those past few weeks was all my fault. He should, of course, have called me when the first symptoms returned. That's what I told him to do. I realize now why he didn't—he didn't want to disappoint me. Which tells you a lot about Rudy. It was terrible that he didn't call. I could have helped him right away. Because the pills I sent him off with in July were not zinc-sulphate pills. They were placebos. That was something I had to do. This is a research hospital. My work is clinical research. Sergeant Mack had dropped out of sight, and Dr. Wilson was in England. But I still had Rudy. He gave me an opportunity I had to take. I had to see if the recoveries I had seen were truly in response to medication—if it wasn't a matter of spontaneous remission or a psychosomatic response to a sympathetic hospital and medical situation. And now I was sure—reasonably sure. It was only necessary to put Rudy back on the old regimen. Which I did. And then I *was* sure. In Rudy's case, at any rate, oral zinc sulphate, at 400 mg a day, was genuinely therapeutic."

Adolph (Rudy) Coniglio has the distinction of being the first victim of idiopathic hypogeusia whose experience has been recorded in definitive detail. He thus is classically commemorated in the infant annals of the disease. He is, however, no longer alone in affliction. Others—many others—have since followed his enigmatic footsteps. More than 10,000 cases of taste and smell dysfunctions are now known to Dr. Henkin from correspondence with colleagues throughout the United States, and some 1,500 more have been diagnosed, attended to and treated by him and his associates in Bethesda and Georgetown.

"Call it 10,000," Dr. Henkin

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says. "But I'm inclined to think that those cases we have on record are only a fraction of the real total. I'll tell you why. Fifty-five of the cases we saw at the clinical center were our own people—National Institutes of Health employees. There were around 10,000 men and women working in one or another of the several institutes, and 55 cases gave us an incidence rate of roughly one in 180. Now, let's project that on a national population of more than 200 million. And what do we get? It suggests that more than one million Americans are suffering from hypogeusia or its related disorders. That really is a lot of cases. I think it's a reasonable figure, though. Hypogeusia isn't a new disease, of course. It's been around for a long, long time. It's merely a newly discovered disease. I think loss of taste is probably just as historical an affliction as loss of sight or hearing. But we don't know much about it, because it's only just been recognized. Remember all those doctors who thought Rudy Coniglio's trouble was psychosomatic?

"So we're beginning to get somewhere. I think zinc sulphate is therapeutic. It works—not always, less often than we would like, but often enough to prove its worth. We're beginning to understand that problem. We understand, at any rate, that it is an immensely complicated one. But treatment isn't all. We've also been learning something about the nature of the disease. One thing we know is this: As a group, the victims of hypogeusia are measurably deficient in zinc. There are a number of conditions that can bring about hypogeusia. We know it can happen in pregnancy—perhaps because a portion of the mother's zinc is transferred to the baby. We know it can be brought about by head injury, by a fall or a blow. We know it occurs in cancer—I've seen it in my own experience. About ten percent of the patients we've studied who were found to have hypogeusia have later been found to have cancer. Which raises an interesting question. Is hypogeusia a disease? Or a symptom? Hypogeusia and its related disorders occur in a variety of infectious diseases. Hepatitis is one. Flu is another. About half the people in whom we have confirmed a

continued on following page

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WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. Colorado
2. Alabama
3. Phoenix, Arizona
4. Florida
5. Honolulu, Hawaii
6. Arkansas
7. Michigan
8. Oklahoma
9. Corpus Christi, Texas

WHERE IN THE WORLD

(Answers from page 102)

A. New York City's Guggenheim Museum houses the Solomon R. Guggenheim collection of modern art. Its unique exhibition space consists of a six-story spiral ramp where paintings are "floated" from hidden metal supports.

B. The Georges-Pompidou Art Center in Paris has been called "an everlasting hymn to modern intestinology." The building's parts are visible outside. Inside, art collections are displayed in a fresh, bright manner.

C. When it was dedicated in 1929, Memphis International Airport consisted of a 200-acre field that handled four airline flights. Today, it ranks among the top three U.S. cities in number of air carriers.

D. The Wright Brothers National Monument at Kill Devil Hills in North Carolina is a 60-foot soaring monolith marking the spot from which Orville and Wilbur made their first four heavier-than-air powered flights in 1903.

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MEDICAL FILE

concise up-to-date information on effective treatment of common medical problems

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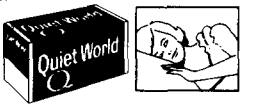

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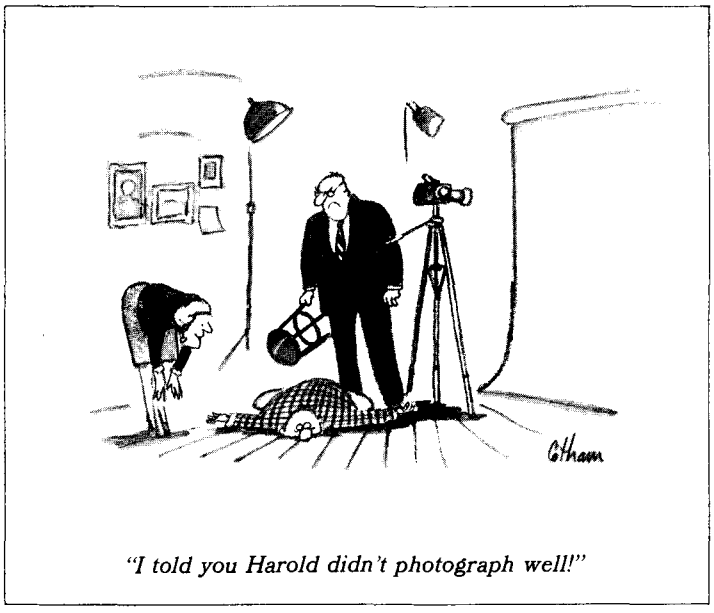
Taste

continued from page 109

loss and distortion of taste and smell developed the disorder following an attack of flu. Like Rudy—Rudy is our model case. Another group of our patients developed aberrations of taste and smell after some surgical procedure. I don't know why. Maybe stress is a factor. That casts some possible light on a rather familiar phenomenon. Postoperative patients are always complaining about the quality of hospital food. Can *all* hospital kitchens be that bad? Or could it be the patients' sense of taste? I wonder. And then we have a third group. These are the patients whose hypogeusia is truly idiopathic. We can't find any precipitating insult. I think we will in time, possibly in the area of nutrition.

"A team of pediatricians at the University of Colorado Medical Center, in Denver, has reported some interesting findings. They examined a group of 132 boys and girls with ages ranging from four to 16. Zinc concentrations were normal for all but nine of the group. Seven of the nine were found to be below normal in both height and weight, and they also reported poor appetite. They were then tested for taste acuity. All were found to be suffering from hypogeusia. They then were treated with oral zinc sulphate. Normal taste acuity returned. Other studies, here and elsewhere, have confirmed our conviction that zinc can be a crucial factor. One of our studies involved a group of normal people—volunteers. We biochemically depleted their body zinc. We used an essential amino acid called L-histidine, which has the power to strip zinc from its binding proteins and excrete it through the urine. The immediate effect of depletion was appetite loss. That was followed by a loss of taste and smell. Then distortions of taste and smell appeared. Oral zinc therapy reversed the condition, even in the face of continued administration of L-histidine. So once more, zinc emerged as a major marker for normal taste acuity.

"Much of what we feel we have learned has come from a double-blind test that we staged in 1973 at the N.I.H. The true effectiveness of a drug can best be established in a double-blind test. The test we did on Rudy was a single-blind: The patient didn't know the nature of the drug he was given, but the doctor did. In a double-blind test, the true drug and the placebo are delivered to the clinician in containers labeled in a code known only to the investigator who prepared the medication. The doctor is as blind as the patient—he can't anticipate results. Our double-blind test involved a group of 106 patients. Half of them were given placebos, and the other half got zinc sulphate. The results were a shock. Some of the people on placebos got better. Some didn't. Some people on zinc got better. And some didn't. Statistically, we could not distinguish between the group that got placebos and the group that got the zinc. We couldn't believe our eyes. What was going on here? We thought we had been put back to zero. Then we calmed down and took a closer look at the data and we got a clue. In a single-blind test, we give the patient the placebo first, and if there is no response we then try zinc. If, however, he responds to the placebo, we drop him from the study. A placebo response suggests that other factors are involved—maybe a functional debility, maybe a psychosomatic problem. In any event, when we dropped the placebo responders from the double-blind study we ended up with results much like those of our single-blind tests. So we had another confirmation. But the study actually gave us something more than that. It encouraged us to reconsider, to rethink. We realized that there is a great diversity of taste and smell disorders, with a great variety of causes, and we were forced to conclude that zinc is no magic bullet. That is to say, it is a drug like other drugs. Magic bullets are rarer than people like to think. There are, for example, insulin-resistant diabetics. And the famous antibiotics are far from being comprehensively effective.



"I told you Harold didn't photograph well!"

"We were also encouraged by the study to reconsider some of our criteria. We had been using serum-zinc levels—the concentration of zinc in the blood—to measure both zinc deficiency and the response to zinc therapy. We decided that there might be a more definitive approach. We had plenty of room to maneuver in. The phenomenon of taste has never been of very great interest to medicine. The reason probably is that its pathology had never seemed to have much diagnostic value. Not like vision, for example, or hearing. Consequently, very little is known about the mechanics of taste. The conventional explanation supposes it to be entirely a neural process. Our studies have suggested a different explanation. We now think the perception of taste is initiated chemically. We don't know just how this chemical information is then translated into electric signals to the brain or how those signals are coded to define the basic qualities of salt, sweet, sour and bitter. But we do know that taste is initiated at the taste buds, of which there are more than 1,000 in the oral cavity. We thought that zinc must be present in the bud. But then the question arose: How does the zinc get there? Well, the first possibility that came to mind was the obvious one—the saliva. Saliva serves the oral cavity as blood serves the rest of the body. We decided that our next move would be a study

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of the saliva.

"That took a little time. We had to develop a technique for measuring zinc in the saliva. What we did finally was adapt an atomic-absorption-spectrophotometric technique to measure the tiny amounts of zinc involved. We isolated the zinc-containing protein in saliva, and named it gustin. Gustin is responsible for the growth and maintenance of the taste buds, and in hypogeusia victims, it is diminished in concentration. The result of our work was to establish that zinc is one essential of the taste process. And realizing that enabled us to revise our clinical thinking. We had made the mistake of using the serum-zinc concentration as a diagnostic measure. But now we know better. We now measure salivary zinc—and with notably accurate results. We find in an impressive number of cases that victims of hypogeusia have a low level of salivary zinc. And we find that an impressive number of such cases respond to zinc therapy. The salivary-zinc level goes up. And taste acuity returns. We're beginning to know who we can help—and who we can't. We've still got a long way to go. But I think we're over the hump.

"I mentioned that more than a million Americans are suffering from some form of taste or smell dysfunction. That's a lot of people, and problems of taste are very disagreeable problems. Eating is a basic pleasure. I would say that eating and sex are the two basic pleasures in life. We're being told now that the pleasures of sex may well be enjoyed into very ripe old age, and I hope it is true. But it is certain that eating is with us *all* the years of our life. A life without pleasure in eating —a life in which nothing tastes good and much tastes awful—would be hard to endure. We hope that we're on the way to bringing help to those unhappy people who are forced to endure it. Oh, there's so much ahead of us. I'm an activist and an enthusiast, and the potential in our work could hardly be more exciting. We're on the threshold of a new technology. I'm thinking beyond the treatment of hypogeusia—important as that is. I'm thinking, for example, of the day when we can order the chemistry of saliva in such a way as to prevent dental caries and gum disease. I'm also thinking of what a fuller knowledge of the physiology of taste could mean to the food industry. We know now that the taste receptors can be manipulated. Sour or bitter can be made to taste sweet. Think what the refinement and application of that phenomenon would mean to the diabetic, the obese, the hypertensive, the heart sufferer. Sweetness without sugar, sweetness without sweeteners. No more worries about saccharin or the cyclamates. Think—just think—how happy the U.S. Food and Drug Administration would be!" ▲

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Robertson describes the Soviet Union as "a malevolent dictatorship bent on world domination." The threat of impending nuclear war is made plain: "Aggravating the danger is the internal weakness of the Soviet Union. Its economy is falling apart. Its citizens see Marxism as a failure. Its leadership is old. In short, communism does not seem to work.

"A widely held view in the West is that these seemingly overwhelming difficulties might force the failing Soviet leaders to begin a military adventure simply to continue in power.

"Given this view, plus the unquestioned Soviet military power, along with the vulnerability of the governments controlling Middle East oil, our age appears to have in place the ingredients to touch off World War III."

Robertson's chapter one is definitely not bedtime reading for some-

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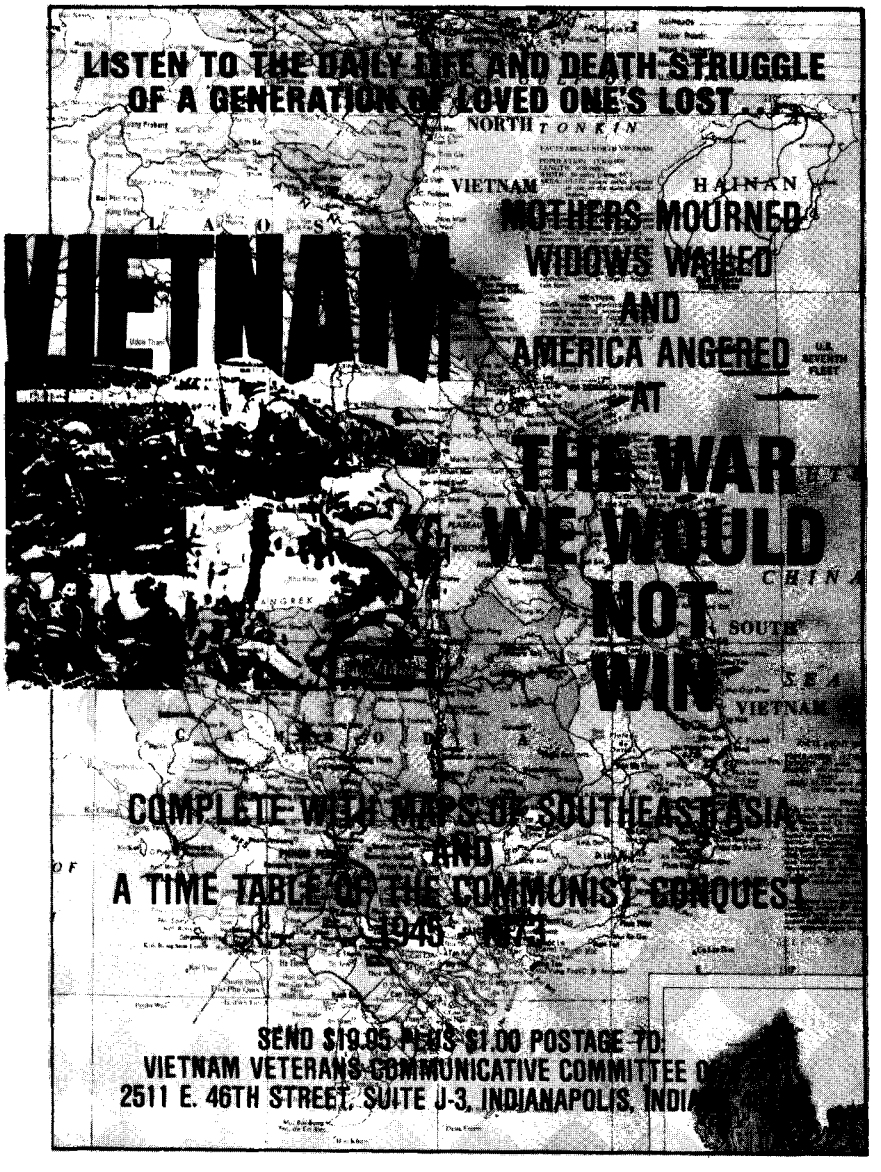

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Secret Kingdom

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one who wants to get any sleep. Yet each of the chapter's sections, so filled with gloom and dismal statistics, ends with the same message: "There is hope."

That's what the other 14 chapters are about.

According to Robertson, an invisible world "undergirds, surrounds and interpenetrates" the visible world. He describes those who allow the present world situation to frighten them as being much like the servant of Elisha who went outside the tent one morning and saw Syrian troops ready to close in on them from every side.

" 'We're surrounded!' he yelled.

"But Elisha calmly asked the Lord to open the young man's eyes. Then he saw the invisible world. Chariots of fire, the heavenly host, were everywhere about them, protecting Elisha. As the prophet had indeed said, '. . .those who are with us are more than those who are with them.' "

Robertson believes the reader can bring God's kingdom into the visible world by adopting its principles. "I began to realize," he writes, "there are principles in the kingdom as enunciated by Jesus Christ and that they are as valid for our lives as the laws of thermodynamics or the law of gravity. The physical laws are immutable, and I soon saw that the kingdom's laws are equally so." He goes on to state that the kingdom's principles are found in the Bible. He insists, "There *can* be peace; there *can* be plenty; there *can* be freedom. They will come the minute human beings accept the principles of the invisible world and begin to live by them in the visible world."

Robertson teaches that God's kingdom has complete abundance—no recessions or unemployment there—and that it is possible to have total favor with the person in charge of all that abundance. How? Again, by following the kingdom's laws and principles. He devotes a chapter to each of the kingdom's laws.

The Law of Reciprocity is simply stated: "Give, and it will be given to you"—in other words, follow the Golden Rule, and treat others as you'd like to be treated yourself.

In the Law of Use, the reader is told to use what talents and resources he has been given, or it is likely that even those talents, meager though they be, will be taken away.

The Law of Perseverance refutes a popular Christian opinion these days that all a believer has to do is "claim it, and it's yours." Robertson advocates asking for things in faith, but he also says, "Most of the secrets of God come forth with effort; the blessings of God are the same."

The fourth law is a warning: "Exercise of the Law of Use will bring success, but the rewards of those two laws *demand* observance of the Law of Responsibility." According to this law, when we're given opportunity and success, both God and man expect more of us. To refuse to handle our successes responsibly breaks a kingdom law.

In the Law of Greatness, Robertson says that, in order to lead, one must become a servant. He cites the examples of Albert Schweitzer and Mother Theresa of Calcutta. Of the latter, he says, "Hers is a role of a servant through and through. . .yet we somehow know she has attained greatness." Becoming a servant does not mean allowing people to walk all over you. Robertson gives examples to show how the Law of Greatness has brought prosperity to businessmen who've used it.

The Law of Unity asserts that God's power is released when there is harmony and oneness of purpose. "If we need further support for the point," he says, "we only have to look at the recent history of the church. Division and disunity have been its most distinguishing characteristics, with the results that it has been impotent to move the world."

The Law of Miracles: "Since God is almighty, the only absolutely free person in the universe, not bound even by His own creation, He is perfectly able at any time to change the way things are done. He can heal a body instantly; He can still a storm; and He can move a mountain. Those are miracles." But a primary rule of the Law of Miracles is to take one's eyes from the impossibility of a given situation and to view the possibilities of God.

In the Law of Dominion, Robertson states that God has always intended for man to have authority over the earth and everything in it. Man lost that authority by behaving irresponsibly with what had been entrusted to him, but Robertson believes it is possible for man to regain his dominion over the earth by returning to God. This chapter will make the skeptics grab for their Bibles to find a valid Scriptural basis for his claims.

Robertson's thesis throughout the book is that God wants His children to know the mysteries of His kingdom: "He wants you to live in that realm right now, to master its principles so you will be ready for the new world order that appears to be rushing around us. Why? Because you are to rule with Him in it, and how can you rule if you aren't experienced in its laws?"

Those who choose to live by the kingdom laws stand a good chance of changing the individual world in which they live. Thus *The Secret Kingdom* is an important, original work, sure to attract the attention of theologians everywhere.

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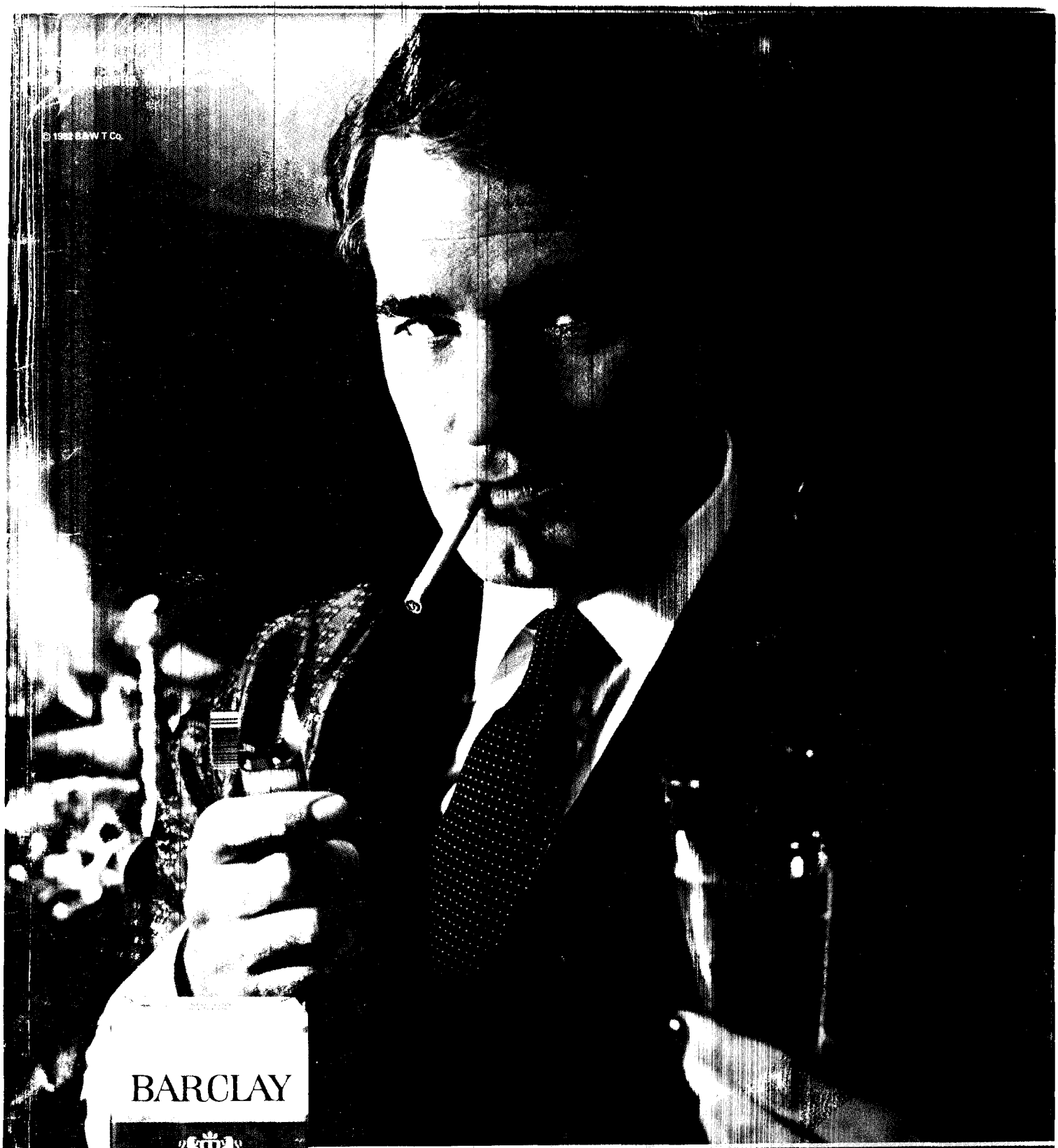

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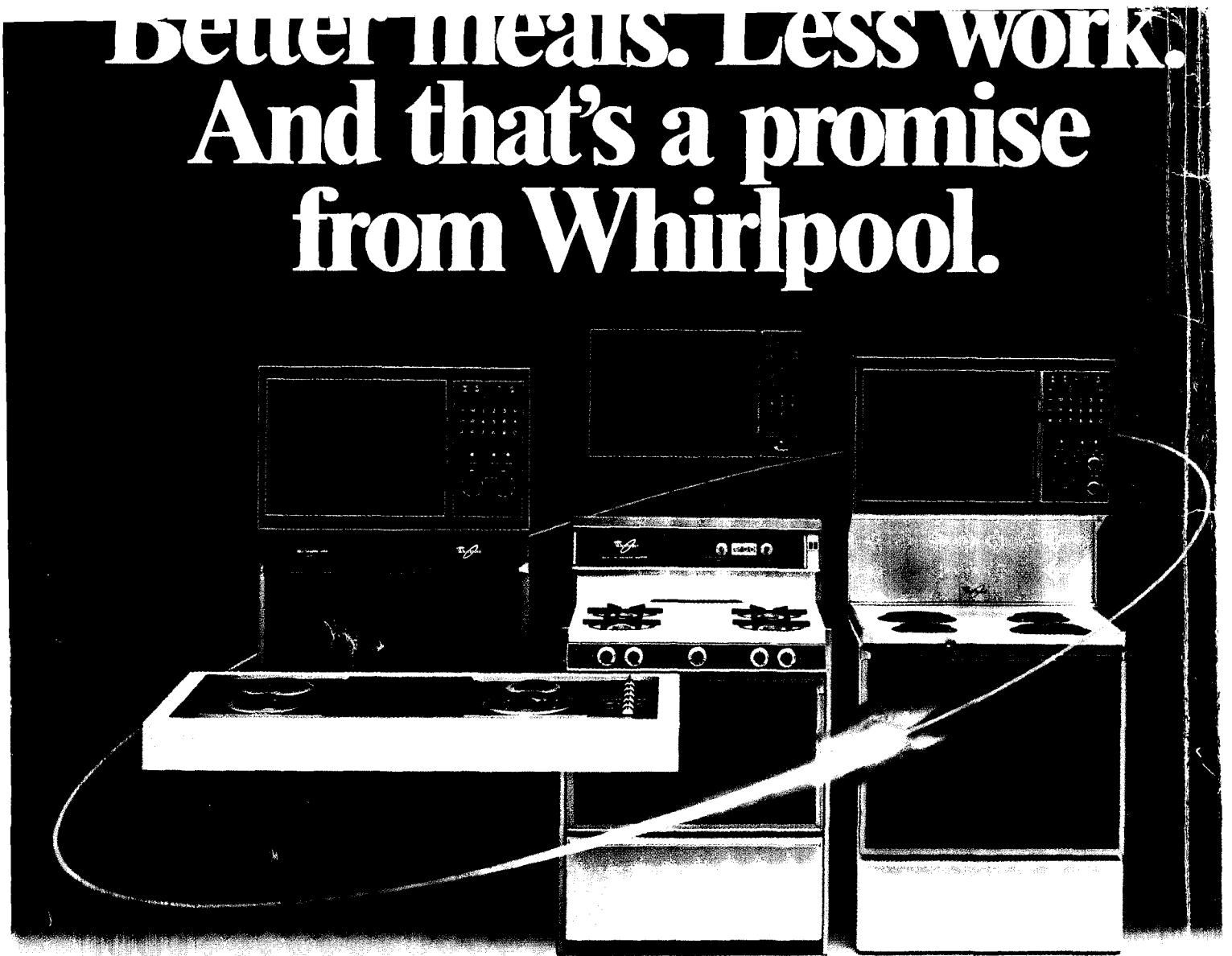

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